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THE MAN FROM AIDONE.

I.

ALONG the road which leads up the mountain to Castrogiovanni, the men were returning from the day's work in the fields. The tramp of weary feet and the voices talking made a dull sound, like the noise of a forest before a storm. It was Saturday, so that Felice Mendola, the herder of horses in the meadow below Aggira, was coming to pass the holiday at his father's house. But contrary to his custom, he did not announce himself by a song before he could be seen at the turn of the road.

"What's the matter with Felice, that he does n't give us the voice?" said the father, master Calogero, who sat in the doorway smoking a pipe.

The mother, comare Nunziata, could not say; and the daughter, Caterina, who was dishing the minestra, let fall the wooden spoon, and ran along the road to meet her brother.

"What is the matter with you, little brother, that you don't sing this evening?"

"And what should it be? Nothing."

But in the house Felice remained with a clouded face, talked little and ate less; and after supper he went out, and stood with his shoulders against the hay-rick, his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, staring at the ground.

"See, mamma," said Caterina, "to me it seems that Felice may have certain thoughts in his head. Perhaps he would like to talk to you about a marriage."

"Eh, these girls! Always marriage and marriage. Instead, take up those crumbs of Heaven's mercy from the floor, so that at least the hens may eat them. If not, before issuing from purgatory, bless you, you will have to pick them all up with your eyelashes. Give them to me here in my hand, that I may carry them to the coop."

With the pretext of the bread crumbs, Nunziata went out to find her son, who stood there making a great show of ill humor.

"And you, Felice, tell your mamma what is the matter with you."

"And what should it be? Nothing, I tell you, nothing."

"Who knows? There's Caterina who says that you must be thinking about a bride."

"That is true. She has hit the mark. It is this way: until I can know that comare Agata Borello's Marina will have me, I cannot give myself peace. Rather, this blessed evening I'll go to find Marina."

"Was ever seen such a mad boy! Oh, why will you be in such a haste? Wait until I go there first for propriety."

"Will you go there for me, mamma?"

"Surely. Monday morning, if the Lord sends us the day, I'll go to borrow the weaving-comb from comare Agata. Give yourself peace about it, my little son, and come into the house, for your father will be glad to talk with you."

Felice straightened those stout arms and legs of his that leaned inert against

the hay-rick, and smiled, showing his teeth, white and square like kernels of unripe maize. All that melancholy, all that ill humor, which meant, according to the custom of Sicilian lads, "Mamma, go speak to the mamma of my girl," was suddenly past, like a cloud from over a meadow. Felice followed his mother to the house, and seated himself on the doorstep beside his father. Caterina came near him.

"Look, little brother, I made you a cake this morning, while I waited for the oven to heat for the bread, which *santa Zita* sent to us well baked, crust and crumb. And then I forgot to put the cake before you at supper."

Felice, who had fasted that evening, in order to make the figure of a despairing lover, now ate his cake willingly. "Thank you, little sister," said he. As he broke the cake, he talked with the father, who had filled the clay pipe again. Washing the dishes, indoors, the two women exchanged certain glances.

"Who is it, and who is n't it, *mamma*?" whispered Caterina.

"'Tis *comare Agata's Marina*. Monday, I told Felice, I will go to borrow the weaving-comb."

"Are you pleased, *mamma*?"

"And why not? If Felice is content, content am I. *Comare Agata* has brought up Marina as she ought. That girl does n't wear the mantellina half-way to the back of the head, or stretch her neck out of the window to look at those who pass by."

"You know that with Marina I made a little-finger friendship, so that we are true *comari* between ourselves. I would willingly call her sister-in-law."

Between master Calogero and his son nothing was said about any marriage. They talked of the weather that promised well for the fields, where the grain was already rather tall and of a fine green color; and about the horses of master Turi Lucermi, of which Felice was herder. At the end of the week, pro-

vided there were no horse or colt ill, — a thing which rarely happened with those beautiful robust animals, — Felice could leave them in care of Pietro, the boy, and come home to pass Sunday, have his clothes mended, and put a provision of bread and onions in his bag.

"Do you know, daddy, I'm almost inclined to quit the life of a herder. Down there I feel myself too lonely, and I'm growing dumb as a beast. One can talk to the horses, it is true; they understand you just like Christians. They look at you with kind eyes, and nod 'Yes, yes,' with their heads, and they rub against you with their noses, as if they would say, 'A pity that we have n't speech.' But, all the same, speech they have not, poor beasts! I run beside them all day; and at night I sleep under the stars, with my head on the shoulder of the roan, that fine three-year colt of *la Baia*. And I take the frost and the heat there as Heaven sends them, for I'm all one with the horses; for me, they are like so many persons of my own town. And they are all good. There is none that bites or fires off kicks. I love them like so many brothers, — I love them. But here's the trouble: to wander so over the plains and the hills, how shall I do in order to become a little instructed, so as not to remain a simpleton? Of learning I have n't any, except the *A B C* book of *san Francesco di Paola* which was thrust into my swaddling-clothes the day that I was born."

"And if so much has been enough for me, it might serve also for you, one would say. But do as you will, for a good lad you have been always."

"Next week, perhaps, I will talk with master Turi, to take leave and get my pay. And if I can bargain for the roan colt, then I will buy me a cart and be a carrier. On the road to *Caltanissetta* there is always enough to do."

"Do what you think best, my son. I don't oppose it."

Now, even into the head of daddy Calogero, who thought over things slowly, as cattle chew the cud, there entered the idea that, since Felice complained of feeling lonely, and wished to change his trade, the young fellow might be thinking of marriage.

The father said as much, in the night, to his wife. But she did not wish her husband to squeeze those grapes before they were ripe, talking about the affair that was not yet settled, among his cronies in the piazza Sunday afternoon. So she answered him:—

"T is twenty-nine years, my old man, since you have talked about brides. You are turning silly again, as in the days when you used to wait for me beside the font of holy water at the church door. If our son were troubled with love, do you believe that he could snore up there in the loft, like the blessed pig of sant' Antonio? It must have been some annoyance about the horses, or some displeasure with Pietro." She pushed her husband in the ribs with her elbow. "You have more notions in your head than there are holes in a sieve. Holy night and the saints watch you, Calò."

Sunday morning, Marina came into the church with her mother and the little sister Rosaria. Marina appeared to compare Felice like a ray of the sun that made everything into gold. She was tall and graceful as a palm-tree, and walked as if she were a princess. When Felice hastened to offer her the holy water, the drops on her fingers sparkled like diamonds.

"Come to-morrow," he said in his heart, "my mother goes to ask for you, beauty!" He stayed in the church until mass was over. He would not have been surprised if padre Serafino, walking up and down the platform as he preached the sermon, had addressed praises to comare Marina. For she looked like the blessed santa Matilde, whose day it was, descended from heaven on purpose. All must admire Marina,

even the dogs that strayed into the church. Don Neddu Longo, the sacristan, did his best, however, to drive the dogs out, *passicani, passicani*; pushing them with his stick, but quietly, in order not to make confusion among the devout.

The beautiful March sun was shining to make the grain grow. For it is not true that the sun lives like a lord, with his hands on his belt doing nothing. In the afternoon the men of Castrogiovanni met as usual in the piazza. Daddy Calogero had found compare Gianpaolo Burgio and uncle Mommù Bricca the carpenter, and mastro Neddu Longo. They sat together on the steps, and delivered their opinions. Comare Nunziata, when she met mistress Agata and her daughters, was bursting with the wish to say four words in favor of her son. But things ought to be done in order; and one does not borrow weaving-combs on Sunday.

"T is a long time that I have not seen you, comare Agata," she said. "Indeed, I have the intention to come to visit you to-morrow."

"And you will be welcome, comare Nunziata."

But Caterina, who had not so many scruples, asked Marina, "Are there blossoms on the carnation plant on your window-sill?"

"There is a bud that already shows a red streak."

"Make it bloom before my brother comes home the next time, I counsel you, *cumaredda*."

For these girls had vowed themselves comari, when they were children: each had pulled out a hair of her head, and with these hairs twisted together in their hands they had hooked their little fingers, and swung their arms in cadence. "Fly away, hair, into the sea, we are comari, comari are we," they had sung, as little girls do, in order to establish a friendship.

At those words about the carnation Marina turned scarlet, so much so that

the flower could hardly have outdone her. Rosaria, Marina's little sister, who had not yet begun to think about lovers, opened her eyes wide, for she saw no point to the discourse.

Meanwhile, Felice, not to lose time, had begun to ingratiate himself with master Peppi Crocco, the carrier, who, it was said, was going to America, and therefore would sell his cart.

"Master Peppi, if I come before dawn to disturb you about the cart, it is because I must be early with the horses."

"Sunday it is; but I will say that I would sell my cart to you rather than to another, for you are the son of a respected father. And also, I would let you have the harness at a low price, if we should come to terms."

Now, on a day that is not a holiday, few compliments are made when people bargain. But it is always a pleasure to hear words of esteem to one's address; and Felice already saw himself on that cart, with a load of wine or grain, driving the roan along the Caltanissetta road. When, later, he joined his family to go to the house, Caterina pulled his sleeve.

"Comare Agata did not appear at all displeased when mamma spoke of visiting her to-morrow; and also I did not fail to speak a little word in the ear of Marina," she told him.

"You are a good little sister," he said, thrusting aside the pig of comare Santa Burgio, that had planted itself on the stones of the narrow lane, as if it would have people walk in the mire.

Now that the ground was broken, so to say, there was no longer any reason to be silent before daddy Calogero. He certainly had a right to know it when they intended to bring a daughter-in-law into his house.

"Do you know, Calò," said his wife, "that to-morrow I go to borrow the weaving-comb of comare Agata Borello?"

"And how much dowry does she give her daughter?"

"What do I know about it? If we come to agreement, comare Agata will send me the estimate in writing; and she is not a woman to wish to make a poor figure when she marries her girl."

"That is true. Listen, Felice. You may tell master Turi to give you the wages all in money; because for the roan colt I will pay, myself, and make you a present of him. But bargain carefully, for if that horse is well trained it is because you have taught him; and you must make master Turi observe as much, when the price is talked about."

"If I can have Marina and the roan, I shall feel myself equal to more than Charlemagne!"

"And don't boast; otherwise you will draw envies on yourself."

Now that the mother would speak for him, Felice could hope everything. While the morning star was still in the sky, he went to master Crocco, and made the bargain for the cart and harness. Then, singing fit to split his throat, he went down the mountain, and followed the road toward Aggira.

Far off he recognized Pietro, and called him: "Ohè, Pietro! How are the horses?"

"Well they are."

And even before Pietro's voice he heard the neigh of some horses that expected him. "That is Baia, and that is the dapple-gray; and that, like music, is my roan!"

As Felice came near, the horses ran toward him, galloping in circles, with their manes to the wind. The old Baia, the mare that wore the bell, mother of many colts, stood still and waited for him. The roan trotted near, and rubbed his muzzle against the shoulders of Felice.

"Here I am back again, my fine Riuzzu!"

And the horse answered him in the trilling whinny that seems like the speech of one of those towns where they talk a sort of Greek, but you understand

that they mean well by you all the same.

Riuzzu — that had rightly his name, for indeed he appeared a prince among horses — returned to nibble clover. The others stood eating, or lay on the thick grass. The mares had their young colts beside them.

"If you were to have the care of the horses, Pietro, would you treat them like the gentry that they are, never throwing stones or shouting at them without manners?"

"What is come into your mind, master Felice? Do you think to go away from here?"

"If it is the will of Heaven."

II.

Meanwhile, after daddy Calogero was gone into the fields, mamma Nunziata betook herself to the tavern of comare Agata Borello. There was a fresh bush over the door, which stood open to invite customers. Nunziata knocked, *tuppi, tuppi*.

"Who is there?" cried comare Agata within. Then she opened the door.

"Oh, good-day, comare Nunziata."

"Thank the Lord," she responded, entering.

The hostess brought forward the best chair.

"Accommodate yourself, comare."

"If I come so early to inconvenience you, mistress Agata, it is because I would ask the favor that you lend me a weaving-comb, like this, either of *sidici* (sixteen) or of *nove* (nine). And I don't conceal from you that the former would suit me best."

"Run, Marina!" said comare Agata.

"It seems to me that the fowls cackle as if a weasel were near the coop. And you, Rosaria, go to the cellar to bring a pitcher of wine, of that good sort, that mistress Nunziata may moisten her mouth."

The girls sent off, comare Agata looked her visitor in the face. "I go to get the comb of *sidici* for you, comare."

Of course, the more or less teeth of the weaving-comb that she did not need mattered nothing to comare Nunziata. But to hear from the mouth of Marina's mother a fine "si" instead of an ugly "no" made her as content as if she herself were the accepted bridegroom. Instead of going at once to seek the weaving-comb, mistress Agata went down to find Rosaria among the casks. "You stay here and do a little cleaning. Or else go out and search for eggs. I have to talk of affairs with comare Nunziata Mendola."

"And what affairs, mamma?"

"That you don't come into; and if you stick your nose in, I'll call the black babau to come to take you," answered the mother in the best humor.

Rosaria narrowed her eyes, remembering the evening before, when Caterina had said that foolishness about the carnations. It seemed to her that she understood something. "Mistress Nunziata is come about a marriage for my sister," she said within herself.

To Marina there was no need to say anything. She comprehended very well, and would not show herself until comare Nunziata should be gone away; for she was a well-educated girl. Meanwhile, comare Agata took the weaving-comb, the first that came under her hand, without heeding the number of its teeth, and carried it into the room where comare Nunziata awaited her. The latter, like a good housewife, had looked around her. Everything was well kept. The linen on the table was woven without ugly knots, and clean enough to be a pleasure to see, even to the angel that passes, when the tablecloth is spread, to put the mercies of Heaven upon it.

"One sees that in your house the art of weaving is known, comare Agata."

"My daughter Marina it is who does so well."

"And because you have taught her."

"She is only eighteen, and already she has spun and woven a chest full of linen and woolen cloth."

"So that she is not unprovided, if there should arrive the husband to her liking."

"Oh, for that there's time. I am not sorry to keep her yet like a carnation-flower at my window."

"But of those that are always at the window, comare Agata, your daughter is not. As I have observed to my son Felice, that girl is at the loom in the house, and with her nose inside the mantellina in the street."

"That is just, comare. And your son, what is he doing?"

"He is gone back this morning to the pastures. But he has told his father that he means to buy a horse and cart, to be a carrier on the Caltanisetta road. He is a good boy, who has never given us displeasures. Now, when he shall have the cart he will be a serious man, and he could take a wife."

Now they were coming to the point. Comare Agata Borello nodded, to show that she understood.

"I confess that to every girl I would n't say, Welcome, daughter-in-law! But if Marina"—

"You do her honor, comare Nunziata."

"Also Calogero would be disposed to love her like a daughter of his own."

"He has a great heart, like a mountain, has compare Calogero."

"So say I, who am his woman these twenty-eight years. And for disposition, Felice is all his father, good as bread."

"Also my Marina, I don't say it for the sake of talking, is mild so that she lets herself be guided, until now by the mother, as in future by the husband. If that is the will of Heaven."

At this point, Rosaria entered with a pitcher of wine and poured a glass for comare Nunziata, who, after the due

compliments, took leave, and went home quite content.

When Marina went with her jar to get water at the fountain, there were already comare Nunziata's Caterina, and Sabbedda and Arcangela Burgio, and master Neddu Longo's daughters, Grazia and Peppa, all chattering together like sparrows on a threshing-floor.

"I will help you to fill your jar, Marina," said Caterina joyously.

"And you do me a favor, cumaredda."

As they filled the jar, Caterina spoke in the ear of Marina. "My brother wishes to marry you."

"Me? Compare Felice wants me? But I'm brown and ugly, you know."

She said it with feigned surprise and loud enough for the others to hear.

"But you are beautiful as a princess," Felice's sister told her.

"Pepper is black, but is worth so much gold," added Arcangela Burgio.

"The night is dark, but it wears the moon and the stars." This fine compliment was from master Neddu's Grazia.

"'Tis really the will of Heaven," said Sabbedda. "Do you remember, Marina, a year ago, when your mamma put your garter under the dust of the road, fate willed that he who passed there first was master Turi Lucernini. A sign that also your bridegroom would be a herder of horses. It was written above that you were to marry compare Felice Mendola."

And the girls made her so many fine speeches that Marina believed certainly that the will of Heaven was that she should marry compare Felice. Upon this she was quite in accord with Providence. Also, she had heard songs under the window at night and had recognized the beautiful voice of Felice, with whom she had so many times alternated verses on the threshing-floor, or of winter evenings in the barns. So what comare Caterina said did not come as news to her.

"What have I to say to my brother from you, Marina?"

"You will tell him that I thank him for so much esteem." And, with the jar of water on her head, Marina went home and Caterina accompanied her.

Now that those two were gone away, the other girls redoubled the chatter, so that it seemed like sparrows when they come to a quarrel over a choice morsel. Says the proverb: Who is born is beautiful, who weds is good, who dies is holy. But it is also true that when a girl is newly courted or betrothed, the others say things of all colors about her and about the lad. A little for envy, on the part of those who have n't seen even the shadow of a lover for themselves; a little for curiosity; and also because in talk, vinegar has more taste than honey. And they commiserate the young man who, it appears, has made a poor choice. Although, it is true, no other girl would have had him, not even were he made of gold.

"Oh, what sort of a trade has compare Felice, that he thinks to marry? He will have to leave his wife alone in the house, while he stays away with the horses until Saturday evening."

"But have n't you heard, Sabedda, how he has bought the cart and harness of master Crocco, who goes to America? And his father, Caterina says, will give him the horse, that he may be carrier on the Caltanissetta road."

"And who knows if he will do a good business? A new trade is always a risk. To sell figs to-day and pottery to-morrow, there's a chance to lose by it. For me, I prefer certainties."

"And it appears that you have them," murmured Grazia Longo with malice. For in fact, comare Sabedda was the eldest of master Burgio's children, and was getting a little mouldy, according to those girls.

"I would like to know whether compare Felice leaves master Turi of his own will, or whether he was dismissed.

And why should master Turi send him away? Certainly Felice would be good with the horses."

"Good, yes. Even too much so. But he might have a little more wit; it seems as if don Serafino, baptizing him, had taken too scant a pinch of salt."

So they rent the garments of the neighbor, as is the saying; yet truly those girls wished no harm to anybody. Talk and talk — by way of not letting their tongues rust.

The betrothal of Felice Mendola with comare Agata Borello's Marina was soon known. Everybody, even the mammas who would not have been sorry to send the list of their own daughters' dowry to the house of master Calogero, spoke well of the young pair. And little by little the spites of the girls changed into that curious worship which they pay to one who is soon to be a wife.

The next Saturday evening, compare Felice sang with full lungs as he came up the mountain. He was in the best humor, and did not disdain the supper that his mother and sister put on the table. Daddy Calogero had, in course of the week, made an errand to Aggira about some lupines that he wished to sell to master Turi. He told Felice that mistress Agata Borello was content as Easter day to have him for son-in-law, and it only remained for him to talk to the girl. Then the father and son together had bargained with master Turi for the roan. The horse-owner said that Felice must stay with the animals until after the fair of Castrogiovanni, for he himself was old and Pietro was but a boy. Felice would be needed to lead the horses up the mountain, in midst of that crowd of beasts and carts and carriages and people, so noisy that it would appear like the end of the world!

Therefore Felice agreed to herd the horses until after the fair in May, to lead the string to be sold, and bring back those that should remain after the three days of the sale were ended.

"I have thought, daddy, that Lorenzo Burgio might take my place, and so I told master Lucernini. To-morrow, in the piazza, I will talk about it with Lorenzo. If he will, I can readily tell him the disposition of the different horses: the gray, that is wild until he is sure that you are his friend; the little bay mare, that nips the others and then squeals as if she were hurt; old Baia, who tells you beforehand by her ways when there is to be wind or rain; the black, gentle as a lamb, but if you give him the word he flies like an eagle. They are all good, those horses. But the best is my Riuzzu!"

After supper, Felice went to the tavern of comare Agata. There at a table were some men that he knew, eating sausages and macaroni. As he entered, they called him.

"Ohè, compare Felice! Sit at table to eat a mouthful with us." For they wished to congratulate him.

"Thanks, so many. Excuse me this time, for I have already eaten at home. I come on a message from my mother to comare Agata."

So, for manners, they said no more and contented themselves with drinking the health of compare Felice. He, standing near, drank a little glass and thanked the friends. Then he went into the kitchen where comare Agata was toasting sausages. The daughters were beside her. He saluted them, in midst of the smoke and hiss of the frying-pan.

"Blessed are they who see you, compare Felice. Now, let us hope, you will no longer make yourself so wished for. I have heard from your mother that you are leaving master Turi."

"It is true."

"Here, Rosaria, take these sausages to the table. For Lorenzo Burgio and company have an appetite!" Rosaria carried away the platter.

Marina, quite red, stood twisting the corner of her apron; while Felice, from the other side of the room, turned cer-

tain sweet glances upon her through the unctuous smoke.

"T is very warm here," he stammered, partly because he felt so, to be near to the oven and near to Marina, and also because he wished to say something in order not to appear awkward.

"Go, you others that have n't this job of the sausages, to seat yourselves in the doorway. At least one can breathe there," said mistress Agata.

This was a sign of very great favor to Felice, and so he esteemed it. The young people went to sit on the threshold, each pressing against a side of the doorway, withdrawing from one another for shyness. Marina spoke first:—

"If Heaven please, compare Felice, this year your father will have a fine crop of grain. And also the vineyards will do well, as was seen in the rainbow of last evening."

"That is true. In the *arcobaleno* there was much of yellow and of red. Little of green, however—which is a bad sign for the olives."

"It must have been really by miracle that Noah made the beasts ascend, two by two, upon that ark! Because to look at it now, it seems as if not even a goat could climb it, more than upon a cupola."

"You say well, comare Marina."

"Shall you have many horses to bring to the fair?"

"A fine string of them, between horses and colts. But the best, Riuzzu the roan, has been bought by my father, who has made me the gift of him. So, with the cart of master Crocco, I can earn enough, in case"—

Felice, quite red, feared to have said too much. Marina—who while they were talking about Noah's ark, which now and then appears in the skies to rejoice Christians after the rain, and about the horses, had remained stiff against the doorway—now made herself a little more comfortable without minding that her shoulder approached that of compare Felice. The mamma, every now and

then, gave a glance with the tail of the eye at the lovers.

However awkward Felice might be, he was able to perceive that Marina did not take it amiss, that "in case" of his. So he took courage and went on:—

"If I have thought best to change my trade, comare Marina, it is in order to plant a beautiful palm-tree at the door of my father's house, to call a dove to alight upon his roof."

Felice was all in a perspiration with this fine speech. So it is that love can make, for once, a poet of a peasant, who before was dumb like his beasts.

"If you will do me the honor to marry me, comare Marina, I will carry you in my hands like the banner of a saint. And rough as I am, I will do my best to make you content."

Between the ornate phrases that belonged to the occasion and the sober words which came from the heart, Marina let herself be persuaded.

"Oh, why do you want me? I'm ugly, as I made your sister observe when she brought me your compliments, compare Felice."

"You are beautiful, so that you appear like the morning-star. And I want you, comare Marina."

"What will your mother say to it?"

"You know very well that she came willingly for the weaving-comb. You will do her a pleasure if you take me. Also to my father and to Caterina, your comare of the little-finger. Look, I love you so much, so much, Marina! And to me will you not say a little word?"

Marina gave him a smiling look which was worth a hundred words. Compare Felice, against his duty, let off a great kiss upon her cheek, the sound of which was smothered by the sputter of the sausages, and therefore did not reach the ears of comare Agata. Other customers were arriving, some men from Catania, and mistress Agata and Rosaria must make themselves into four to prepare the supper.

"And why don't you make Marina give us a hand, mamma?"

"Oh, have n't you a crumb of brain? There's compare Felice discoursing with her."

"He might talk with her another time."

"Would you like to eat wedding sugar-plums,—yes or no? So it is; one must speak clearly to you, Rosaria. Compare Felice will marry Marina."

"Yes, I would willingly eat sugar-plums," said little Rosaria quite gravely. And she went into the next room, carrying a dish of lasagne to the table.

Now it was for mistress Agata to cause the estimate of the dowry to be made; and if this should content the parents of Felice, as indeed she could not doubt, the betrothal would be made before the eyes of people, and the young pair could be married after the wheat harvest. For 'tis unlucky to wed in May; and then there would be the fair of Castrogiovanni, to which customers come from all Sicily, from Calabria, from Naples, from Rome, and from places still more distant. Afterward, they must stand ready from day to day to cut the wheat; for, says the proverb, In May, sharpen the scythe. So mistress Agata told the neighbors, who took it as an invitation, that on the next Thursday the dowry would be appraised.

There came donna Maria Alimena, the dressmaker, who was an expert and knew the just value of every thread. There came don Egidio Russo, the notary, long and lean as a cane of the vineyard, with his bag of papers, to write the list as donna Maria would prompt him. All the women and girls of the neighborhood were at the tavern; not one was missing. They came for curiosity to see all that linen and woolen, the gowns stretched across the room, the sheets and pillowcases and towels and tablecloths and chemises, folded in piles of four and four, upon comare Agata's bed. The walnut-wood chest of drawers,

the chairs and table, the dishes and pans, were set in order. The women crowded about, feeling the quality of the linen, examining the furniture, everybody saying her say. The girls were certain that they too, one day, would have an outfit which should make this of comare Marina appear a poor thing. Donna Maria Alimena was quite glorious: she had power to appraise everything, and there was no appeal, as if she were a pope. She ran back and forth, speaking in the ear of don Egidio, who wrote just as she dictated, so much for this and for that, on a large sheet of paper with the initials of the Holy Family written at the top, while the women strained their ears, but without avail, to hear some of those ciphers. Don Egidio wrote deliberately, now and then passing the nib of the pen over the edge of his thumbnail, because the ink was thick. But what a beautiful caligraphy — who ever had instruction enough to read it!

Marina stood at one side of the room, modest, with her eyes cast down, as if she wished to appear without interest in the matter. The girls, now that certainly none of them could marry compare Felice Mendola, — as if they would! — seemed to enjoy her good fortune. The mammas said various kind things to comare Agata and also to Marina, so that her cheeks became red as embers. Now donna Maria Alimena had estimated everything, down to the last skein of yarn.

"An outfit, mistress Agata, that is a pleasure to appraise. It can't be said that your daughter goes empty-handed to the husband."

And don Egidio Russo wiped the pen on the side of his black trousers, and replaced the papers in his bag. Then he consigned the estimate to mistress Agata. "There has been something to write, we may say. I wish good fortune to the happy pair."

He accepted the glass of wine that was offered to him. Then he went away on

the horse that had awaited him, tied to a fig-tree near the door.

As soon as the notary was gone, the women, who had spoken softly from respect for him, began to buzz like bees. They surrounded donna Maria Alimena, who told of a visit lately made by her to Catania, where, in a shop, she had seen some gowns that came from Paris of France. "Certain fashions, however, that, on her conscience, she could n't recommend to Christians." But even the devout showed much curiosity to learn how those gowns were cut.

"Low-necked, so that they appeared fit only for puppets, not to offend the ears of these girls by naming worse," said donna Maria.

Comare Santa Burgio crossed herself, to hear about such things; although truly donna Maria Alimena was a judicious person, who spoke with due reserve. After the dressmaker was gone to her own house, the women who remained at the tavern, all in the vein of talking, told the seven wonders about their poultry, their pigs, their husbands, their spinning and weaving. Each had a story to out-rank the others. Finally, one saw by the shadow on the mountain that it was near to Ave Maria, so that she must run home, not to let her man lack a dish of hot minestra; for, poor fellow, he worked enough for ten men, and some refreshment, Heaven knew, he needed. Also another felt the kettle upon her mind. A neighbor, a poor housekeeper, who was n't ashamed to bake on Thursday that it was, instead of Saturday as is the custom, remembered that she had left the bread in the oven. Santa Zita said that it was n't reduced to a cinder!

The women departed, and comare Agata was left alone with her daughters, content as a general after a victory.

The estimate of the dowry having been sent to the parents of Felice, they got it read to them by the apothecary, who told them that they were making an excellent affair. On the next Satur-

day evening, Felice, with relatives and friends, came to the tavern of mistress Agata for the betrothal. He brought the gold ring and the ribbon of a beautiful dark red. His mother parted the hair of Marina and combed it, braiding in the ribbon. They ate raisins and nuts, and drank to the bride and the bridegroom. Marina gave a silk handkerchief to Lorenzo Burgio and to those other fellows who were friends of Felice. They said that they were his men, and would respect his rights when he should be away at the pastures of Aggira.

There, in the hours while he watched the horses, it seemed to him a thousand years before he could leave the service of master Turi and return to Castrogiovanni, where, every day, he would be able to see Marina. Saturdays, however, he always came home; and, after supper, riding Riuzzu, in order to make a fine show of himself, he went to visit his bride. But it was always Rosaria who first said, "There comes compare Felice." And when Marina, a little vexed, would ask, "And how do you know it?" Rosaria answered, "I can distinguish the sound of Riuzzu's hoofs." For between the little sister and the horse was established a great friendship.

Now, unluckily, Felice could no longer find beautiful words as in that evening when certainly some saint must have loosened his tongue. Instead, he talked with Marina about the room that they would have in his father's house, and of the trade on the Caltanisetta road that would bring twice as much as herding horses. Or she told him of the new piece of cloth that she had begun to weave. They had come to facts; but even facts appeared to them beautiful. Meanwhile the mamma sat near, knitting, but she took care not to hear with the ear which was turned toward the lovers. Rosaria would take her scissors and go out to cut handfuls of grass for the good roan, that followed her like a lamb. Also Marina wished well to the

horse; sometimes she caressed his neck and spoke to him with her soft voice. But the girl at sight of whom Riuzzu whinnied for joy was Rosaria.

III.

Now, along the roads of Castrogiovanni, vast droves of cattle and sheep and goats and pigs were coming to the fair, amid clouds of dust, under the sun of May. The herders rode on horses or mules, or went on foot, back and forth beside the beasts. There were great armies of donkeys that took to running, with their necks stretched out, braying as if the wolves were after them. Flocks of sheep came, crowding their sides against each other, the lambs doing their best not to be left behind their mothers. Herds of cattle came tossing their horns and trampling, some sullen, some pushing each other for play. Here a beautiful heifer loitered, turning her slow eyes to right and left, while the bell on her neck tinkled. Peasants, men and women, guided a donkey cart loaded with poultry, cackling and fluttering, or with fruit and vegetables. Some poor fellows had a single sheep, or one ass, or sole pig to sell. A swineherd and his boy passed with a great drove of pigs, which ran squealing this way and that, so that there was needed the hand of sant' Antonio himself to keep them together. Companies of beautiful horses were seen, deep-chested, with delicate heads and clean limbs. Of these none were better than the horses of master Turi Lucernini, with their shining coats and hoofs that seemed to scorn the earth as they trod it. Felice rode the fine black, Murreddu, which was all decked with tassels and ribbons, flame-red against the skin that was the color of coal.

Also Pietro was on horseback, in the saddle of a gray mare; whose sister that resembled her, dapple for dapple, ran beside. The horses distrusted the cattle,

that bellowed and raised the dust, like rude beasts as they are, and the herders had to reassure them. "O my beauty! O son of a golden mare! Be tranquil, for I'll avert the danger from you! Quiet, O skin of spun silk!" And they ran them in, sometimes throwing pebbles not bigger than a bean to urge them. "O hoofs of silver! O legs of the four winds! My fine little horse, *cavadduzzu beddu!*"

So, at last, they reached the tableland a little to the south of Castrogiovanni. Now there was wanted the justice of King Solomon to divide the land so everybody could have a place. The noise of all those feet and voices of men and beasts was fit to stun people. The herdsmen rode about at full gallop to choose their places, dashing through droves of animals, so that it was by miracle that no harm was done.

"With permission, I take a place for my goats near your horses, master herder."

As he was spoken to, compare Felice turned to look at the man who stood beside him. This one was tall and dark, so that he appeared like a Turk, and had great black eyes which put one in awe of him. Certainly he had *omertù*, and would make justice for himself without recourse to anybody. He had crisp black hair, and a smile that was like a ray of the sun from a heavy cloud.

"At the service of your excellency," replied Felice.

"I call myself Antonio Morreale, from Aidone; and I am a renter of the landowner, don Cosimo Mascarelli."

"My name is Felice Mendola, and I am a herder of the horses of master Turi Lucernini, of Aggira."

So they exchanged names, and herded their animals near each other. Felice took care to leave room enough for master Antonio. The latter had already seen how beautiful was the black horse, that had not a single white hair, and whose tail touched the ground.

"Master Felice, if we can come to terms, it appears to me that that horse suits my case."

"And why not, master Antonio?"

Now these words were so much air and no more, because, as is known, at the fair of Castrogiovanni, the first day they look, the second they talk, and the third they buy. But every time that Antonio Morreale looked at that horse he said, "You're to my taste." And soon Mureddu took to wishing him well, so much so that he rubbed his muzzle against Antonio's jacket as if to say, "I should be glad if you would buy me, since destiny wills that I quit master Felice."

Also, in the town, everything was active. At the inn of comare Agata there was so much to be done, that mistress Nunziata Mendola and her daughter Caterina were come to give a hand, as if they were already relatives. Comare Santa Burgio was obliged to help her husband and Lorenzo in the wine-shop, but she sent her girls, Sabedda and Arcangela, dressed in their holiday clothes, to be useful to comare Agata in the kitchen or at the tables. Days beforehand, they had prepared the various mercies of Heaven. The fire of the oven was never out, except when at night they veiled it with ashes. There were kneading-trays full of lasagne, and loaves piled up like the stones of a well, and cakes with nuts and honey and raisins mixed with fine flour, to please the gentry. Master Crocco, who would not go away down there to America without enjoying one more fair, had brought such loads of wine to comare Agata that nobody need go with a dry mouth, provided one had a few soldi to pay for a glass. After the fair, master Crocco would leave his cart in the stable of daddy Calogero. There it would be painted, and stand ready for Felice when he could leave the horses of master Turi.

The town was changed, so that it did

not seem real. Booths everywhere, with fruit and cloth and kettles and knives and trinkets, the sellers crying their goods. People shouted and bargained in tongues not only of Sicily, but also of the peninsula, of which you could not understand a blessed word, so that they were obliged often to talk with gestures, which everybody comprehends. The women, who usually made themselves heard from windows and doorways across the streets and at a distance, — for the town was so quiet that you could not crack a nut without letting it be known in the next parish, — now put their heads together and raised their voices if they wanted to hear the news. Uncle Burgio, at the door of the wine-shop, observed everything : —

“Were ever seen so many foreigners! What manners, what clothes, Heaven save us! They must spend the eyes out of their heads, to wear such broadcloth. How handsome that Calabrian baron, with his wide hat of gray felt, and his tall boots, making his horse caracole to get himself looked at by the pretty girls at the door of comare Agata’s tavern! Did you observe that old man from the plain of Catania? That one has property as far as the eye can reach, grain-fields and olives and vines. Last year, a townsman of his told me that one of his barns burst with the crop, and the peasants crawled among the ruins to take out the grain, while he and the overseers rode about, with pistols in their belts, so that not even a woman should rob him of an apronful of it. Only the doves and the sparrows got some, lifting their heads to thank the Lord for the mouthful.”

At the tavern, comare Agata was full of business. “Run my girls, more customers are coming! For there is no time, these days, to stand and chatter. There comes compare Felice Mendola, with another! Go to serve them, Sabedda.”

But Sabedda feigned not to hear, and kept on wiping with a cloth a table

where the glasses had left wet rings and little pools. “That’s your affair, Marina,” said Arcangela, “go you, rather.”

Not to appear whimsical, Marina went forward. “Good day, Marina,” said Felice. “Here is master Antonio Morreale from Aidone, who has his goats near my horses, that will do me the favor to eat something!”

Master Antonio looked at her with eyes that said, “I would like to eat you, that resemble a beautiful peach,” and at that ardent glance of his, Marina was quite confused.

“Signora Marina, if you do us the honor to pour the wine, it will seem like that which the king drinks!”

And he, so tall and powerful, had an air of such humility and spoke so gently that Marina hardly knew how to answer, and was in awe of him.

Once, as she set before him a dish, he pressed her hand slightly with the pretext of helping her with that heavy platter. She was angry a little with him, who was so bold; and a little also with Felice, so stupid that he did not perceive anything. Caterina passed by, with bottles in her hands, and stopped to tell her brother about the hen that had hatched a brood of chickens, and the pig that had taken on flesh as if he knew that he was to help forward the payment of the cart and harness. Meanwhile, Antonio Morreale talked with Marina, saying things that were not out of the common, only with glances which seemed to her like a mirror that showed her beauty to herself.

He had a tongue that dropped honey and oil, that man from Aidone! He made her compliments and jests, showing her always respect as if to a lady. He told her about Girgenti, where he once worked in the sulphur-mines, and of a voyage as far as Tunis. He had seen Rome and the holy places, and Naples and Palermo. Master Antonio was better than a story-teller of the piazza.

Then Marina gave a glance at Felice

to see if he were displeased. Caterina had gone away to serve some Calabrians, who sat at table with their black cloaks in a heap on the floor by their side, and Felice was listening with a serene brow to the discourse of master Antonio. The meal finished, Felice went to pay for both. But mistress Agata would take nothing for what he had eaten, only for the other.

"We shall see, Felice, whether one has to pay at the table of his mother-in-law!" And she laughed good-humoredly as she counted the change in her hand.

"It has been told me, mistress Marina, that you are to marry Felice Mendola," said the man from Aidone.

"If it is the will of Heaven."

"I wish you happiness and kiss your hands."

Then Antonio Morreale went to rejoin Felice at the door; and Marina saw them go away together toward the field of the animals.

"How handsome that Christian is," said Arcangela Burgio, with her hands on Marina's shoulders. "He looked like the image of san Cristoforo!"

"To me, he looked more like a Moor," replied Marina, a little annoyed, she did not know why.

"Ohè, girls!" cried comare Agata from the kitchen, "take these eggs from the pan, quick."

Among his horses, Felice was content and tranquil as if he had been on the sunny pasture below Aggira, with no noise to be heard except the rustling of the leaves or the gurgling of the brook.

He had seen Marina beautiful and admired in her mother's house, in company with his own mother and sister, busy with homely cares — as one day, please the Lord, he would see her when she should have become his wife. It appeared to him to have before his eyes her smooth wrists and the little thumb in the bowl of minestra as she had set it before him upon the table.

While Antonio Morreale was thinking,

"That girl would do for me, just like the black horse. The horse I'll buy from that simpleton of a Felice. And by this blessed day, I'll rob him of the bride! At least, between us two she shall make her choice. However, it will need more than the three days of the fair to conclude that bargain."

Master Turi Lucernini came riding his favorite bay horse, a brother to Rizzu the roan. He praised Felice for the excellent appearance of the horses. He also said that in case Felice judged best to lower the price of some of them, he should do so.

"But neither shall I be discontent if you bring back the pair of grays and also the black. For poor is he that has nothing to sell after the fair, says the proverb."

To which Felice answered that one Antonio Morreale from Aidone was bargaining for that horse. "So much the better that Mureddu already seems to be fond of him."

Now that Felice was with the horses, Pietro could go about in his turn to see a little of the fair: the snake-charmers, and the men that told fortunes with canaries on a hand-organ, and the booths of sweetmeats, and the pretty girls. But at the girls he scarcely dared look, for he was shyer than a colt before it has felt the bit and bridle, and he avoided the petticoats.

Daddy Calogero came to the field, and neighbor Gianandrea Burgio, for now that the crowd was around the herds of animals, the latter had not so many customers at the wine-shop. With them was uncle Mommù Bricca, who shook his head and swore that oxen were not what they were in his young days, when they had the heart to drag a mountain, they had! Daddy Calogero said that the weather would be fair; there might be showers, just enough to lay the dust, but no more. Uncle Mommù told his story of a waterspout that he once saw; if he had n't run with his

scythe to meet it and cut it across, there would have been great damage. Then, upon questions from daddy Calogero, who never failed to prompt him at this point, he said that the "dragoness" was first like a woman, that rose up from the ground a great way off, and as she approached changed into a black cloud like a column — from wind and bad weather sant' Antonio deliver us!

"Talk, talk," muttered neighbor Burzio.

Then they began to examine the horses, felt them all over, and gave their opinions. And when they discuss horses, people never come to an end.

The second day of the fair was like the first. It was necessary to stay near one's herd to haggle over the prices with the buyers, — "What do you give," and "What do you take," losing time over every penny more or less. At noon, Felice accompanied Antonio Morreale to the tavern and they dined there together. But this time Antonio would absolutely pay with his own money for what he had, because in his heart he thought, "I will not eat the bread of Felice, now that I intend to pay court to mistress Marina who is promised to him. That way would stain my honor."

And as they walked back together to their herds, Antonio said to Felice, —

"Master Felice, it will not displease you if I take the most beautiful creature that you have?"

"Rather, since Mureddu has to be sold, I am pleased that you will be his master. What matters to me is that the horse likes you already and that you will be kind to him. Therefore, I am glad of it."

And Antonio said within himself, "That answer must do also as regards Marina. Surely I will be kind to her, and I believe that she likes me a little, already." With such reasonings he put his conscience to sleep, and soon came to believe that he had warned Felice, loyally.

In the afternoon, without saying a word to the horse-herders, Antonio went back to the tavern and had occasion to exchange a few phrases with Marina. All that he said, Sabedda Burgio, standing beside them, could hear; it was nothing particular.

But at night, when everything was silent, Marina tossed and stretched herself on her bed, because her bones ached with the fatigues of the day. And with closed eyes it seemed to her she saw that dark face of the man from Aidone, and heard the voice that had said to her words which were little and yet sounded like so much. Finally, having recommended to the Madonna Felice and herself, and their families, she fell asleep.

The last day of the fair, business became serious. People talked of prices; the sellers pretended less and the buyers offered more. Antonio did not wish to lose the purchase of Mureddu. He wanted the horse; and also, not to take it from Felice would have seemed to him an ill augury for that other wish that he had at heart. Therefore, early in the morning he bought the black. Other customers came, and Felice sold all his horses at his own figures; and those were not too great, because, as the proverb says, A horse for which you ask too high will lose his luck, go lame or die. When he had no more to sell, and the money was tied up in a leather bag, he sought master Turi and handed the bag to him.

"Now that I have finished with the horses, I'll run to find my girl," said Felice, jumping for joy.

Antonio Morreale, bargaining with a man from Licodia about the goats, was stretching the price all that he could without making his customer have a fly on his nose, as the saying is, for the Licodians are quarrelsome. He saw Felice going toward the tavern of comare Agata.

"Go with the saints," he sneered. "Once for you and once for me! You're

a simpleton, and don't know how to make yourself loved by a beautiful girl. Marina shall marry me, in the face of you and your saint!"

And because of these thoughts which sent the blood to his head, Antonio let himself be cheated out of several lire in the bargain with that man from Licodia.

Meanwhile, Felice had an air of such content, that it was a pleasure to see him. He went through the streets singing until he reached the tavern. Marina came to the door to throw away some onion-parings in a pan of dirty water, so that she nearly splashed him.

"Look out there, my little girl! Don't soak me, you know!"

Marina did not know why, but now that the dark man from Aidone frequented the tavern of mistress Agata, she felt a need to see Felice, even more than usual.

"You have eyes like the little bay filly that, at twilight, shies if the leaves stir in the bushes. What's the matter Marina?"

"Nothing, nothing indeed. I'm rather tired. This fair is no joke, here in mamma's tavern."

"Listen; I shall tell your mamma to let you stay idle for a half-hour, for I want to talk with you."

And so he did. Marina had, as it were, a fear in her heart, and could not have given herself a reason for it. Sometimes it appeared to her that she had done a little wrong to Felice; but to think of it, the idea vanished. It must be weariness that suggested these ideas to her.

Felice, for his part, had no such whims,

and gradually, as he talked, those slight fears of Marina's melted away like the clouds which rest among the streets of Castrogiovanni, high upon the mountain, then move and finally pass off into the air. When the grain should have been threshed and stored, after the festival of the Madonna del Carmine, the beautiful Queen of Castrogiovanni — then with her blessing Felice would marry Marina.

As they sat there on a log in the doorway, Antonio Morreale went by, on Mureddu.

"I salute you, signora Marina. I have sold my goats and am going home. We shall see each other one of these days, master Felice; I hope you'll come to find me, since from Aggira 't is not very far to Aidone." And he rode away, strong and dark, so that he appeared like a Moorish king on the back of that fine black horse.

"Good-evening," said Marina to him; and Felice saluted him. "May your saint accompany you."

The day after, the town appeared stripped of everything, dispeopled. On the tableland not a blade of grass remained; the beasts had eaten it all, and trampled the earth so that the loosened soil blew in dust in every wind. Scraps of paper, broken halters, fragments of wood, rinds of lemons and oranges, shreds of cloth, wisps of hay, — all the ugly and sordid leavings of the fair strewed the bare field. Nobody sang any longer; all were weary and silent, amid the melancholy of the deserted town. The only pleasure now was to count the money taken during the three days.

Elisabeth Cavazza.

THE UNDERTIME OF THE YEAR.

A CONTINUED CALENDAR.

THE Year Book goes on to say. . . . Long before any calendared announcement of the turn of summer tide, we have unmistakable monitions that the season is growing old. Autumn lies close upon our border, even while the summer goldenrod sways its sceptre over the fields, and from time to time makes incursions into a realm nominally not his own. Waking about dawn, I heard the wind singing at my window an old tune remembered from the other side of the year. Many a disloyal bright leaf I found the same day in the midst of the summer woods. I know that the season is growing old by the fact that a full-plumed dandelion head now strikes me as an anachronism. The middle flowers of the ironweed cymes already show their crimson-purple. It is yet August by the almanac, but already the aster has risen as the floral evening-star of the year. I have just discovered the beauty of the vervain flower; it shows above the grass and sedge in moist pastures, like a thin waving flame of some chemical that burns changeably blue and violet. The large blue lobelia blooms by the water's edge, and seems to strive to lend a complementary foil to the prevailing yellow bloom of the season in its ripening age. I observe that pokeweed loves to come up to comfort the spot where a tree lately stood, just as white clover smooths the cicatrix left by a fire.

If it were required to typify August, I would suggest the month be likened to an oriental merchant, dealer in all manner of incense and perfume. In these still warm nights, the wandering merchant has traffic with woody slashings and thickets where grow blackberry brambles, fireweed and milkweed, and wild

lettuce. Coming straight from these, and gathering a tithe from poppyed and liliated gardens, such as the country still loves to cultivate, the merchant brings to town a sachet of rural sweetnesses potent to wake delicious memories. August might be portrayed as swinging a censer in which are burning fragrant leaves and blossoms. Furthermore, the month might be characterized as the Month of Butterflies; for it is at this point in the season that the most splendid specimens of the butterfly tribe make their appearance. The white and yellow rovers are everywhere present,—the butterfly commonalty. Here and there is seen a creature of such brilliant dyes, texture so exquisite, as to suggest that it could scarcely have had an earthly origin. What spirit clothes itself in the jetty darkness of night, relieved only by the patch of bright daytime azure at the base of its wings? One with colors of fire or of sunset I saw, hovering about the dusty sidewalk in a sort of fatuous fascination; I could have caught it easily, so absorbed was the foolish insect. Another, vivid as an autumn leaf and as helpless a voyager, was seen floating down the stream. A butterfly might be said to be a winged scroll of mystic picture-writing. There is one point of likeness to the bird: a butterfly has plumage, but all of down or feathery dust instead of true feathers.

With the white and yellow butterflies, everywhere flickering in this still sunshiny world, go their botanic counterparts, the white thistle-balls, luminous, slowly drifting, like some kind of large diurnal firefly "with white fire laden." These rise at the least whisper of the air from many a sleepy, oblivious field mistily brushed over with thistle-down

soft and fine as the wool of the lambs in spring born in the rough pasture. . . .

As if anticipating the deciduous time and fashion of the leaves, certain myriads of the insect world shed the corporeal habit that was theirs. So was it with the legionary "Canada soldiers," as our Lake-dwellers term the gauzy troops that the wind blows from the water-side, and that in due time leave their old tenements drifting about the beach sands, or even clinging to window pane and eavesment of the near houses. Voiceless, noiseless, they came and went; but if they had possessed a voice, their choruses might have run somewhat as follows, —

Room for our myrmidons,
Heirs of a day —
We the ephemerids
Claim our brief sway,
As from the summer wave
Spring we away!
Art thou our birth-fellow, —
Heir of a day?

There on the margin sand,
Lighter than snow,
See how our former selves
Fluttering go;
What we once tenanted
No more we know!
Art thou our changeling-mate,
Dost thou not so?

Air is our heritage,
Our realm is Now;
Joy of the far future
Fates disallow;
When comes the evening,
Stricken we bow, —
We the ephemerids; —
Where goest thou?

As we sat on the beach in the faint light of the early morning, for living sounds we had the dreamful long-drawn note "pee-a-wee," and the cry of "witches here! witches here!" from the Maryland yellowthroat. There were also some orchestral tunings from the frogs, — sounds like those produced by sonorous strings, as of the bassviol, picked with leisurely distinctness. The land was dim and dark as yet. The

little waves as they fell on the shore seemed to make a shadow, the only variation in tint from the uniform delicate grayness of sky and water. Both were of the same solution of ethereal pearl. The water looked as though it might have oozed slowly out of some skyey fountain; indeed, there was one point in the outline of the Lake where so interblended were the two elements as to suggest that therethrough had been poured the misty expanse before us.

All day some spirit of utter peace has walked the waters, leaving, to witness of its passing, smooth grayish pathways stretching east and west. The Lake at last became another sky, and whatever sailed thereon an inter-celestial voyager. This undersky reminded us of the real heaven as seen sometimes in spring, — glimpses of blue between long, horizontal mist-gray clouds. The gently breaking wave, with its fluted border, almost seemed to belong to the shore rather than to the outlying water. On a hot day, with no other show of foam than this crisp, waved line following the margin of the sand, one might fancy that the Lake boiled and bubbled at its confines, just as when some boiling liquid washes against the heated sides of the vessel that contains it. In the dazzling afternoon sunshine, the wave as it runs along the sand seems like a long, keen, tapering knife-blade on which the light leaps and flashes fitfully. Or, it is suggested that a rocket, glittering-white in its deflagration, is shot horizontally through the water.

A white boat skimming over the smooth water made itself beautiful in our eyes. With its softly dipping oars of the same color, it looked as might some rare specimen of aquatic flower, chaliced and lily-shaped. The two dipping oars appeared like mobile filaments instinctively thrust out from the heart of the floating blossom.

Absolutely still water — that of a slow stream or glassy pool — sometimes

presents to the eye the appearance of having two surfaces: first, the actual surface, defined by the ruffling stir of insects or the slight breathing of the air, — this, duly horizontal; then, as through the transparent medium of the actual surface, appears another plane which is perpendicular, opaque, etched with the inverted image of the bank or margin. This pictured under surface, with its vertically smoothed shadows of reeds, trees, and remoter landscape, by a very light touch of imagination becomes a watered silk curtain or fine flowing tapestry, let fall straight downward from the water's edge into an airy room in nether space.

CRYSTALS IN CLAY.

Our hills no lustrous ore conceal,
No diamond beds our rivers lave,
And never yet did diver steal
Aught precious from the Lake's blue wave.

Yet, searcher by the crumbling shore,
Thou hast divined (and made thy prize)
What the rough argil held in store,
And hid so well from other eyes, —

Crystals as lucent as the spars
Wrought by the spirit of the cold,
Forging beneath the lamping stars
Shapes wonderful and manifold!

The ruins of a leafy frieze,
That elfin mansionry once decked,
Lie unregarded here — yet these
Betray a master architect.

To thee alone these banks of clay,
Herbless, and cracked with summer drought,
Of their sole treasure make display, —
Crystals, to match thy crystal thought!

Yet can thine utmost lore divine
How long earth's hidden streams were tasked,
To gather here these fragments fine,
Thou findest in the clay enmasked?

With the pronounced turning of the year towards autumn, how tremulous and palpitant is the quality of all the sounds in nature, — the flute-stop of the vast organ. The goldfinches now take up their sweet, broken, pensive twitterings

as they alight for seeds upon the drooping head of that bleak saint who wears an aureole, — the sunflower. The young birds, with wide open mouths and fluttering wings, beg to be fed by their parents; and the whole brood, young and old, converse in a language which, among birds, may represent the Italian, for they lisp, with soft but plaintive persistence, "chee vee! chee vee!" from morning until night. Incessantly, at night, the tree-crickets impart to the air an aspen-like quivering (if sound could be seen). One of these insects, from some coign of vantage in my room, has nightly lent a measured accompaniment to my dreams; at least this was the last sound heard before sleep intervened. Its muses never nod, its song never tires. Fleshless and bloodless as Anacreon's grasshopper (like ivory tinted by a moonbeam, in its pallid array), it has not found the day long enough to tell its happiness in, but it must consume the night, too. How many times in the twenty-four hours does it bring together those dry, rosined wings? How many of its trim, monosyllabic notes does it thus utter? Under the tone sound, I hear a labored, mechanical rasp which at a little distance would not be noticeable. After a week of unwearied nocturnes, it has at last "hung up the fiddle and the bow," and yielded to inevitable fate; and last night I heard only the remoter chorusing of its surviving fellows, indistinctly but pleasingly borne to the ear, like the music of some very long-gone time, — tune mainly forgotten.

The jugglery of honey-making! The sweet merchant takes not alone what the flowers pay in consideration for the bee's pollen-scattering service, but wherever any fruit with dulcet juices has been broached, as a grape dropped from the cluster and bleeding unfermented wine, and wherever the provident housekeeper converts the fruits of the season into jelly or preserves, there hums the bee,

a shrewd economist; as though the season had not been long enough, nor nature flush enough with nectareous supplies in the flowers she has furnished, but that picking and stealing in all these surreptitious ways should be needful! How does the honey taste which is made from such contraband material? All suffers a bee change into something rich and strange.

A farmer tells me that his bees, having a field of buckwheat convenient to the hive, work there continually during the morning hours until about eleven o'clock, after which time, for the rest of the day, the flowery field is deserted by the industrious company. Has this desertion anything to do with the failing of the honey supply? Apparently the nectar springs become exhausted after a certain period, and the bees must wait until they again flow. Other questions occur: Whether the dew has any agency in the matter, — the honey failing to be secreted as the dew dries? Whether flowers secrete more nectar than they would if not continually drained by the bees? Whether, in the course of a season, the balance has been kept, supply regulated by demand, the depletions being made good by a honey-secreting instinct in the flower?

Marcescent, — a term used in botanical descriptions to designate the habit some flowers have of withering and clinging to the stem; in contradistinction to the flowers that wither and fall. How often is the flower of human life marcescent, tenacious of its old estate when the blooming-time is past. Better, how much, to wither and fall than to wither and cling! Wise are they who, marking the deciduous turn of the season, softly shed the desires and exactions suitable to youth, but not to the waning year; remembering that

"Quiet coves
The soul has in its autumn."

Some one complained in my hearing

the other day, "I hate to be alone." To which the reply was, "But you are never alone when you think." "But I hate to think," pursued the repining one. I could but sympathize, — could but feel the touch of nature implied in this protest. Now, the soul of the artist, of the mechanician in Fancy's wonder-world, often enough finds it purgatory to be alone. "Thoughts for company," at the best, are indifferent convivia, and commend themselves most when they most revivify some passage we have had with our talking, laughing, mourning, tragic-humorous kind. It requires more than mere thrasonic egotism to resolve to withdraw from social delights, and to announce, with the old Elizabethan, —

"Leave me, there's something come into my thought

That must and shall be sung high and aloof!"

Yet how necessary is a measure of solitude to the ideal workman. Plutarch speaks of a tenth muse called Tacita, which is but to hint that much silence goes, of necessity, before the speech we qualify as "golden." This Tacita had, perhaps, her own temple inviolable and inaccessible to the unshrived and uninitiated.

The recreant saw, and hastened through the wood.

Cool ivies roofed it, and deep trees around it stood;

Wide open lay the door, — a space of light
Through which still-breathing incense winged its flight.

Thence music flowed, — such full, commingled sound

It seemed all music there its fountain found.
The recreant heard, and thirsted toward that well;

Across his path was laid a sudden spell!

And then, the temple's hidden choir began austere:

"Spirit unrul'd, unquiet, come not near!

Here, where Song dwells and has her constant seat,

Came never any save true pilgrim feet;

But thou dost bring the turmoil of the crowd,

Thorn-sharp regrets and mid-world echoes loud.

Long must thou tarry in this sacred wood,
 Long feed upon sweet solitary food,
 Long listen to thy teachers, and be mute :
 Then shalt thou be as is the docile flute,
 And, blown upon by the supernal Breath,
 Shalt sing of Life and Love and Time and
 Death."

In these shimmering, sun-and-mist enchanted mornings, I see illustrated the old myth of Apollo the quoit-player. I do not see Hyacinth, the youth beloved and slain by an inadvertent cast, but I do see the quoits, — innumerable shining disks vibrating in air; glancing gold or silver as the breeze and sun dispose them. Looking again, I see that the orb-weaving spider has been at work, hanging countless webs among the bushes; but the threads which attach them to branch or twig are invisible. I do not remember when, before, I have seen such perfect and durable specimens of Arachne's craftsmanship. The eye grows half giddy examining closely the concentric lines of such a web: the pattern seems capable of being pursued to an indefinite extent, until its misty screen shall cover the earth and sky. When such a subtle piece of mechanism becomes tattered and raveled, it then acquires some such value to the eye as a choice bit of old lace might have when its threads become too tender to allow of handling. As for those webs which are commonly spread upon grass and stubble, as they are lifted slightly by the wind, undulating gently with its motion, — I see in them bits of woven stuff, as it might appear floating from the loom, before suffering the shears.

If there is not, there might be, a vesper-spider. Walking at dusk between the trees, one continually takes across the face and hands the silken, clinging webs of the spider whose task appears to begin at evening, about dew-fall. Any path, however public and traveled, is thus declared barred and abandoned, and, feeling the stress of these soft filaments, it is easy to believe one's self

walking through enchanted ground. I draw a fairy ban upon me unawares, yet am not an unwilling nor a displeased captive. My thoughts, correspondingly, are sent under a sort of silken thralldom, — the delicate bondage of the mystery of the evening twilight!

This afternoon the wind arose, and, judging by the appearance of the clouds, a caravan of storms swept through the heavens, though here there were but light showers. Awhile before sunset, the world put on a spring-in-autumn aspect not unusual to this stage of the season. The low sun came out in sudden splendor and touched the wet grass and leaves with diamond magnificence, which the wind, as though fain to demonstrate that these seeming gems were no real brilliants, blew about and scattered widely. A little congeries of these flashing raindrops, collected in one place amidst the grass, hinted that thus might Lamia have looked, sunning her jewels and awaiting the transforming touch of Hermes' wand.

Our occasional mountain in the west was seen to-night; a long slope of bluish-gray cloud, reaching from uttermost south to farthest north, wonderfully lengthening out the perspective between those two points. The mountain was not fixed; but so slow was its upward movement that the eye was beguiled by its apparent steadfastness. Its top was delicately acuminate, and the faint shading and lighting were such as belong to the true mountain.

There is already an autumnal presence in the clouds, a sombre oceanic grandeur in the long purple waves of evening cloud lying along the east, and for a moment smitten with sunset-red. They have for a background an aerial field of faint rose color, bounded on the horizon side by waves of pale windy green.

AN AUTUMN SUNRISE.

The autumn sun, mounting through morning haze,

Looks forth with haggard face all shorn of rays ;
So still the air, so wan the light, it seems
Some harvest moon belated, wrapped in dreams.

The first severe frost of the season.
The first morning in which the early riser could see his breath,

"Like pious incense from a censer old,"

ascend into the air, and, by that unconscious act, feel himself, for the moment, vowed to a kind of lofty quietism and acquiescence. I mark in my calendar of seasonal changes this date as the Morning of Visible Breath. I might have known also, when I set out on my walk, that I should hear, as I did hear, the haunting, far-up cry of a single killdeer flying over the town. That solitary flight serves both as an autumnal and a vernal signal, since, invariably, each autumn and spring I record the incident. . . .

The season is nearing its second childhood, bland and idle. It persuades one that to let the time carelessly slip through one's fingers is, after all, no serious neglect of opportunity. "I've done with thrift," says yonder sunshiny field covered with gossamer ; "how is it with you ?" There is less thistle-down afloat since the rain. The pappus has been glued down to the stalk, as it were, and it takes this plumage some time to dry out and become buoyant again. I notice the dry fragrance of the asters along the angles of the rail-fence, — a fragrance suggesting the flavor of brown honey, or that here might be obtained vast supplies of the meal which enters into the making of beebread. Already there begins to be some silverrod among the goldenrod : the pluming of the seed starts at the top of the spike, thus corresponding with the order which the flower observed in blooming, — from the top downward.

I see, still, many meadow-larks, and

the grass-finch flits ahead, after his usual fashion, along the rail-fence, leaving as we come up. Those two white tail-feathers look like clerical quills or pens thrust hastily through the plumage, as is the clerical wont to lodge them behind the ear and beneath the hair. Or, perhaps, they are merely ornamental, — a sort of insignia denoting sparrow high caste.

Wherever I look across the pasture, I see a rusty olive back or a red breast. True to robin custom, these birds grow social as the sun lowers. They scatter small notes of affability, pipings of confidence and compliment. I hear the wet clapping of wings. There is a diminutive, clear little lake formed by the recent rain in a dimple of the pasture. Two robins are bathing therein ; a third waits his turn, hops near, then retreats, as though the splashing of the others were somewhat too vigorous for his liking ; else he requires more room for his ablutions. The bathers fling a fine spray around them as they shake out their wings and trip away, — small body and soul refreshed. Call this time in the season The Little Summer of Robin Redbreast.

I find the delicate faces of the daisy fleabane dwindled to a fourth of their usual size ; one might almost have taken them for a pretty starwort or chickweed. The dwarfing of flowers as the season grows old (just as in climbing a mountain, and perhaps for the same reason of cooler temperature) is worth noting. Perhaps one could acquire the trick of telling the exact age of the season, to a day, by mere inspection of the flowers in this scale of decreasing magnitude.

The sun sinks so rapidly at last that the watcher has an impression he is glad to go ; as if he looked upon felicity far below the round of the earth, and hastened thither. An etherealized evening, when the sun, shining through a transient gap in the clouds, lends an effect

rather of moonlight, in the white, flickering, half-mournful, half-humorous play of beam and shaft. It is a wistful radiance as of Day's final leave-taking,—as though there were to be no more to-morrows, since the fire of heaven is flickering out before the gaze of mortals. Such a day, with such a closing, in memory wears the nimbus, and is reckoned among the galaxy of the blessed. . . .

AN AUTUMN SUNSET.

What wildfire runs about the stooping sheaves,
Climbs up the hill and dips in fervid bath
The tender promise of the aftermath,
And fans to redder flame the frost-bright leaves
On forest bough and path?

What liquid amber overlays the stream,
And paints the quick, dark swallows, as they
dart
Through windless heaven, gathering to depart,
And gilds the web and floating motes that seem
A crowd in airy mart?

What flame has lit a lamp in window-panes
That westward look, and poured such glamour
down
Upon the roofs and gables of the town,
That now they stand in pomp of Moorish fanes
And towers of old renown?

The distant woods at last take on the regalia of autumn, and begin to stand much nearer in the perspective, by virtue of their warmer coloring. Close at hand, the leaves crackle and rustle under the wind, as though a crisping fire, instead of the season's long, slow heat, were "doing them brown."

Is the color of water somewhat changed from its summertime tinting? A little bluer in the shadows, I fancy it has become. How like a continuous flock, with twinkling, even-paced feet, the ripples draw around that bend of the bank, like a flock of sheep coming through a little pass or defile. And who drives this silver-footed flock, carefully "shepherding her bright fountains"? The voice of the water takes the tone of lulling tranquillity in which the autumn steeps our acquiescent

senses; and sound and sight are colored by the same soothing medium.

It is a day on the sunny south side of October, reviving insect life and its pleasures. White and yellow butterflies rove along the grass, and grasshoppers and crickets slip through its warm dry blades with a summer leisureliness. A large fly rippled past just now, humming its recollections of midsummer; the tune might have been that of the old song,

"Joys that we've tasted
May sometimes return."

Ruthless disturber of the peace was I! A mullein looked so warm and comfortable, I thought it would be pleasant to feel a leaf in my hand, so stooped and plucked one. Out flew a bumble-bee, who, it seems, had the same opinion as to the mullein leaf's softness and warmth, for he was curled up in its bed of velvet, probably for a quiet afternoon doze; certainly, there was no flower to tempt him there.

In the next field the corn-shocks stand in stately ranks, with the vagrant vines of the pumpkin interspersed. One big golden globe has slipped its agricultural moorings, and gone to lead an aquatic life in the pool. The pumpkin, with its festoon of vine, makes a graceful and native looking water-plant, intimating that there is, or should be, some paludal branch of the gourd family. Into the pool the stone-crops wade, making a flock of rich ochre color in that quarter. The bitter-nut tree, just behind me, from time to time drops a nut, to signify, apparently, that its hamadryad is friendly, and that by this repeated gentle sound she would remind me of her presence. . . .

Philosophy permits and encourages us to extract pleasure from little things, but not pain. We are to taste vividly all the delights that Nature affords in the humblest detail of a landscape, in the sight of bird, or flower, or leaf; to have a keen sense of all small acts of graciousness and kindness on the part of our

fellow-creatures, while we are to let pass all discomforts and discourtesies from whatever source. In this case, it is a good rule which does not work both ways. The rule is based upon the principle that we are bound by all lawful means to quiet, reassure, and enrich the soul, and to avoid, as much as possible, anything that would fret or lacerate the tender inmate and ruler. The indwelling good genius says, circumspectly and out of experience, "*These little things shall be for my gain and happiness, therefore, I give them welcome; these other little things, which are ill, I will prevent from doing me harm by closing my doors against them, nor will I parley long enough with them even to take the impression of their inauspicious faces.*" It is only in the brave Gallic land of youth that we can afford to be as "sad as night from very wantonness." One would better learn by heart the exorcising and oburgatory strains of *L'Allegro*, to use whenever approached by emissaries from the realm of "low spirits," missioned to steal vigor and courage from one's thoughts.

When I but lightly deemed of Life,
(Ah, youth when I but dreamed of Life!)
I questioned all, in sophist pride,
And much affirmed — still more denied!
Then Melancholy was my mate,
With whom I sat above the gate,
And drove away who sought to bring
Forgetful balm to Fortune's sting, —
Contemned the wiser kind and gay,
And gloomed apart on holiday.

Now I so deeply deem of Life,
(Forbidden to know the scheme of Life!),
I dare not, for heart-heaviness,
Mine unregarded questions press;
Nor sit I now above the gate
With her who was my bosom-mate.
Instead, the portal throwing wide,
I bid come in from every side
All who in kindly simple way,
Whene'er Fate wills, keep holiday.

In October the *leaves* bloom. As the light wind plucks them from the bough, fast strewing the yards and

streets, the children stoop to gather the brightest as they might gather flowers in the fields or woods.

The day being sober-colored, the trees have a good foil upon which to display their rich foliage. Three small maples, in a row yonder, have arranged, apparently, an exhibition of mutual advantage to their contrasting colors; the first is a warm yellow, the next, mahogany, and the third a nameless shade of crimson. The red oak on the hillside wears a splendid parti-colored suit of green and maroon. I notice that the red color comes on the margins of the leaf first, and that the veins and midrib are last to take such tinting. The light green leaves of a young and thrifty grapevine have judiciously scattered themselves over a groundwork of scarlet Virginia creeper. These effects seem as though studied by an invisible colorist and designer, to give pleasure to whatever eye may care to note them.

As we came through the woods in the late afternoon, the light that fell between the trunks and the thinning branches was like the wavering illumination from a torch or a lamp, falling in flecks and bars through an open door. The sacred worshipful stillness of the oak and beech woods is not to be forgotten. I thought to hear at last the breath and pulse of Nature's self, where no other motion or sound was. But all was in abeyance, held by the mystic trance or retirement of the hour. The rich amber and rose-wood colors of that autumnal forest, in the mellow light and still air gave the semblance of a carven frieze, whose background was the depths of the woods themselves. The browns of the foliage and the purple of the evening air seemed about to be blended in fine solution.

With the odor that comes from the fallen leaves is borne the impression that if I should search among them I might find maple-nuts, so individualized is this

tree among its neighbors, so savorily pungent and pervading the fragrance of its autumnal breath. Its foliage strews thickly the road, hiding the wheel traces. The streets seem like sylvan lanes, which no secular travel has ever profaned, and there appears no good reason why the houses should face in one direction rather than in the other. So, once in the year, at least, Nature takes possession of the town, and makes its ways a gentle wilderness. At night the children burn the leaves along the street side. As I watch the swiftly consuming heap, the leaves show like scraps of fire, glow for a moment in their original outlines, and then wither into ashes. The flame strikes me as particularly clear and beautiful, — a precious fuel worthy to burn as incense in the last honors paid to the ripe year. This glow of the maple leaves in burning might be reckoned as only a last flash in the progressive series of autumnal coloring; as though they burned spontaneously and not through the application of fire. The smoke blues the twilight, and lends the obscurity of some vespertine religious rite.

From moon to moon, most faithfully is the tally of the year and its changes kept, to those who mark the record on the page of night. From the light of the summer moon, so mellow, refined, and fancy-stirring flows the fabric of much romance dear to the poets. At any time under those enchanted beams might Cynthia have been looked for to stoop from the orb and lift Endymion into the heavens. Up comes the September full moon, red-faced, flushed with the feasting and the wine of the season. A glow precedes her in the smoky east, a hint of dull carmine, — the dark flush of a swarthy cheek; — for the moon, as well as the sun, would have us recognize the dawn. On the burning leafage of October the moon sprinkles "cool patience;" throws the deep reds into indistinguishable shadow and transforms

the orange and yellow of other foliage into a pale illuminating light, making the trees thus tinted stand forth in dim and misty beauty, — the sainthood or apotheosis of a tree. The first full moon of the unleafed year pours its flooding light upon places surprised to find themselves revealed once more to the gaze of heaven. We seem, looking forth upon the full tide of this splendor, to be dwelling in the inside of a silver sphere; so does the moon's light wrap us around with the shining sky filled with her presence. Sometimes the heavens flecked with white clouds, great and small, glittering wonderfully, present the same appearance as the "spotty orb" herself, only that we see the concave instead of the convex of the sphere. The language of the moon to the earth might be, "Lend me your shadow, and I will lend you my light. Be dark and humbly ignorant, and I will throw divine illumination in upon you!"

O Year, that dreamest of thy morning-time,
The heavens humor thee with cloudless blue,
And earth sends up the grass blade, soft and
new,

To bring thee back the pleasings of thy prime.
Ah, gentle pity! now the barbèd rime
That all night long the elfin archers threw,
Is wept away in quick repentant dew,
That to its native sky makes haste to climb.
Oh listen, listen! for the rapturous air
Tells thee the bluebird hope of spring yet
stays,
And for thy sake the redbreast still delays.
When, beckoned to the south, they onward
fare,
From thy stript realm what message shall they
bear
To summer kingdoms crowned with equal
nights and days?

It is spring-in-autumn — one of the masking or equivocal days of Autumn. It might be either April or November. The foliage of the woods, now scant and of a wan reddish hue; that of the apple-trees, the fallow green appearing in early spring; to this, add the formless pale-tinted clouds, the fitful play of wind and showers, and phantom gleams

of the sun,—and the April likeness is complete. The few remaining leaves on the peach-trees, blown by the wind all in one direction, look like so many crescents cut out of gold-foil. The willows that line the banks of the creek at this distance appear to have a yellow-green haze thrown over their brown stems, as though the spring had awakened a thought of new leafage. To still farther add to the ambiguous look of the landscape and the season, the farm lands show, here a checker of russet, in the fallow or the stubble field, there a checker of green, where the autumn wheat comes on apace.

The king of Thule in the night came down
And laid a stealthy siege to field and town;
In ashes gray the Autumn's flame expired;
The Indian Summer to his lodge retired,
Or else in snow-shoes skimmed along the
waste,
While whistling winds the dead-leaf covies
chased.

The morning came in with the "white glove." Not that delicate snowflake which suggests shredded lamb's wool, not stars and wheels from the heavens of arabesque, but large, crude kernels, like rice, or some other cereal, well swollen and ready for the table; small snowballs such as perhaps the sky-elves love to toss. This snow came in showers rustling,—a sound as dry as the fitful stirrings of the crisp leaves, the upper surfaces of which are powdered, making them look as though smitten by a cold, white light. This first snow affects one as a touch of cruelty. One shivers both physically and in the imagination, and feels an exaggerated sympathy with nature, with the trees and plants in their transitional state, not yet, as it seems

wholly reconciled to the approaching rigor of winter.

When the sun shines, we discover that November is not less graced than other months of the later summer and autumn. The sky is ample, and reaches around us visibly, the trees having taken down their embroidered screens; and the leaves are still sunny along the ground. They follow all the little creases and ridges of a hillside, the lines of color which they thus produce suggesting that the hillside is alive with a circulation of amber-colored veins. Many a tree, having softly and leisurely disrobed, stands amid a mat of cloth-of-gold or a rug of blended oriental colors. Where the bright leaves have fallen into the water, they lie on the bed of the stream and send forth a sheen such as plates of gold or thin laminæ of precious gems might yield, cut in the shapes of leaves and rendered more brilliant by a watery bath.

I was in error. The woods and the fields are resigned. "Let come what will" (they now say to me), "we are ready. We have our comforts deeper than the frost can pry, and the storms can never blow in so far as that our hearts shall grow faint, or our musing spirits wake to repining." I wish to understand further the nature of their content, that I may, if possible, share it, for it seems, indeed, not indifference, not a benumbing of vitality, but the impulse of an intenser life drawing back towards its sources.

"Shed no tear, oh, shed no tear,
The flower will bloom another year;
Weep no more, oh, weep no more,
Young buds sleep at the root's white core."

Edith M. Thomas.

THE ISTHMUS AND SEA POWER.

FOR more than four hundred years the mind of man has been possessed with a great idea, which, although by its wide diffusion and prophetic nature resembling one of those fundamental instincts whose very existence points to a necessary fulfillment, first quickened into life in the thought of Christopher Columbus. To him the vision, dimly seen through the scanty and inaccurate knowledge of his age, imaged a close and facile communication, by means of the sea, that great bond of nations, between two ancient and diverse civilizations, which centred, the one around the Mediterranean, the birthplace of European commerce, refinement, and culture, the other upon the shores of that distant Eastern Ocean which lapped the dominions of the Great Khan, and held upon its breast the rich island of Zipangu. Hitherto, an envious waste of land, entailing years of toilsome and hazardous journey, had barred them asunder. A rare traveler might now and again penetrate from one to the other, but it was impossible to maintain by land the constant exchange of influence and benefit which, though on a contracted scale, had constituted the advantage and promoted the development of the Mediterranean peoples. The microcosm of the land-girt sea then only typified that future greater family of nations, which one by one have since been bound into a common tie of interest by the broad enfolding ocean, that severs only to knit them more closely together. So with a seer's eye, albeit as in a glass darkly, saw Columbus, and was persuaded, and embraced the assurance. As the bold adventurer, walking by faith and not by sight, launched his tiny squadron upon its voyage, making the first step in the great progress which was to be, and still is not completed, he little dreamed that the mere incident of

stumbling upon an unknown region that lay across his route should be with posterity his chief title to fame, obscuring the true glory of his grand conception, as well as delaying its fulfillment to a far distant future.

The story of his actual achievement is sufficiently known to all readers, and need not here be repeated. Amid the many disappointments and humiliations which succeeded the brief triumphant blaze of his first return, and clouded the latter years of his life, Columbus was spared the pang of realizing that the problem was for the time insoluble. Like many a prophet before him, he knew not what, nor what manner of time, the spirit that was in him foretold, and died the happier for his ignorance. The certainty that a wilderness, peopled by savages and semi-barbarians, had been added to the known world, would have been a poor awakening from the golden dreams of beneficent glory as well as of profit which had so long beckoned him on. That the western land he had discovered interposed a barrier to the further progress of ships towards his longed-for goal, as inexorable as the mountain ranges and vast steppes of Asia, was mercifully concealed from his eyes; and the elusive "secret of the strait" through which he to the last hoped to pass, though tantalizing in its constant evasion, kept in tension the springs of hope and moral energy which might have succumbed under the knowledge of the truth.

It fell to the great discoverer, in his last voyage, to approach the continent, and examine its shores along the region where the true secret of the strait lay hidden, — where, if ever, it shall pass from a dream to a reality, by the hand of man. In the autumn of 1502, after many trials and misadventures, Columbus, having skirted the south side of

Cuba, reached the north coast of Honduras. There was little reason, except in his own unaccountable conviction, for continuing thence in one direction rather than in the other; but by some process of thought, he had convinced himself that the sought-for strait lay to the south rather than to the north. He therefore turned to the eastward, though the wind was contrary, and, after a hard buffet against it, doubled Cape Gracias á Dios, which still retains its expressive name, significant of his relief at finding that the trend of the beach at last permitted him to follow his desired course with a fair wind. During the next two months he searched the entire coast line as far as Porto Bello, discovering and examining several openings in the land which have since been of historical importance, among others the mouth of the San Juan River and the Chiriqui Lagoon, one of whose principal divisions still recalls his visit in its name, Almirante Bay, the Admiral's Bay. A little beyond, to the eastward of Porto Bello, he came to a point already known to the Spaniards, having been reached from Trinidad. The explorer thus acquired the certainty that from the latter island to Yucatan there was no break in the obdurate shore which barred his access to Asia.

Every possible site for an interoceanic canal lies within the strip of land thus visited by Columbus shortly before his death in 1504. How narrow the insurmountable obstacle, and how tantalizing in the apparent facilities for piercing it extended by the formation of the land, were not known until ten years later, when Balboa, led on by the reports of the natives, reached the eminence whence he, first among Europeans, saw the South Sea, — a name long and vaguely applied to the Pacific, because of the direction in which it lay from its discoverer. During these early years, the history of the region we now know as Central America was one of constant strife among the various Spanish leaders,

encouraged rather than stifled by the jealous home government; but it was also one of unbroken and venturesome exploration, a healthier manifestation of the same restless and daring energy that provoked their internal collisions. In January, 1522, one Gil Gonzalez started from Panama northward on the Pacific side, with a few frail barks, and in March discovered Lake Nicaragua, which has its name from the cacique, Nicaragua, or Nicarao, whose town stood upon its shores. Five years later, another adventurer took his vessel to pieces on the coast, transported it thus to the lake, and made the circuit of the latter; discovering its outlet, the San Juan, just a quarter of a century after Columbus had visited the mouth of the river.

The conquest of Peru, and the gradual extension of Spanish domination and settlements in Central America and along the shores of the Pacific, soon bestowed upon the Isthmus an importance, vividly suggestive of its rise into political prominence consequent upon the acquisition of California by the United States, and upon the spread of the latter along the Pacific coast. The length and severity of the voyage round Cape Horn, then as now, impelled men to desire some shorter and less arduous route; and, inconvenient as the land transport was, with its repeated lading and unloading, before the days of steam, it presented the better alternative as to some extent it still does. So the Isthmus and its adjoining regions became a great centre of commerce, a point where many highways converged and whence they parted; where the East and the West met in intercourse, sometimes friendly, more often hostile. Thus was partially, though most incompletely, realized the vision of Columbus; and thus, after many fluctuations, and despite the immense expansion of these latter days, partial and incomplete, his great conception still remains. The secret of the strait is still the problem and the reproach of mankind.

By whatever causes produced, where such a centre of commerce exists, there always will be found a point of general interest to mankind, — to all, at least, of those peoples who, whether directly commercial or not, share in the wide-spread benefits and inconveniences arising from the fluctuations of trade. But enterprising commercial countries are not content to be mere passive recipients of these diverse influences. By the very characteristics which make them what they are, they are led perforce to desire, and to aim at, control of these decisive regions; for their tenure, like the key of a military position, exerts a vital effect upon the course of trade, and so upon the struggle not only for bare existence, but for that increase of wealth, of prosperity, and of general consideration which affect both the happiness and the dignity of nations. Consequently, in every age, according to its particular temperament and circumstances, there will be found manifested this desire for control; sometimes latent in an attitude of simple watchfulness; sometimes starting into vivid action under the impulse of national jealousies, and issuing in diplomatic rivalries or hostile encounter.

Such, accordingly, has been the history of the Central American Isthmus since the time when it became recognized as the natural centre, towards which, if not thwarted by adverse influences, the current of intercourse between East and West must inevitably tend. Here the direction of least resistance was clearly indicated by nature; and a concurrence of circumstances, partly inherent in the general character of the region, partly adventitious or accidental, contributed at an early date, and until very recently, to emphasize and enlarge the importance consequent upon the geographical situation and physical conformation of this narrow barrier between two great seas. For centuries the West India Islands, circling the Caribbean, and guarding the exterior approaches to

the Isthmus, continued to be the great ~~est~~ single source of tropical products, which had become increasingly necessary to the civilized nations of Europe. In them, and in that portion of the continent which extended on either side of the Isthmus, known under the vague appellation of the Spanish Main, Great Britain, during her desperate strife with the first Napoleon, a strife for very existence, found the chief support of the commercial strength and credit that alone carried her to the triumphant end. The Isthmus and the Caribbean were vital elements in determining the issue of that stern conflict. For centuries, also, the treasures of Mexico and Peru, upon which depended the vigorous action of the great though decadent military kingdom of Spain, flowed towards and accumulated around the Isthmus, where they were reinforced by the tribute of the Philippine Islands, and whence they took their way in the lumbering galleons for the ports of the Peninsula. Where factors of such decisive influence in European politics were at stake, it was inevitable that the rival nations, in peace as well as in open war, should carry their ambitions to the scene; and the unceasing struggle for the mastery would fluctuate with the control of the waters, which, as in all maritime regions, must depend mainly upon naval preponderance, but also in part upon possession of those determining positions, of whose tenure Napoleon said that "war is a business of positions." Among these the Isthmus was chief.

The wild enterprises and bloody cruelties of the early buccaneers were therefore not merely a brutal exhibition of un pitying greed, indicative of the scum of nations as yet barely emerging from barbarism. They were this, doubtless, but they were something more. In the march of events, these early marauders played the same part, in relation to what was to succeed them, as the rude, unscrupulous, lawless adventurers

who precede the ruthless march of civilized man, who swarm over the borders, occupy the outposts, and by their excesses stain the fair fame of the race whose pioneers they are. But, while thus libels upon and reproaches to the main body, they nevertheless belong to it, share its essential character, and foretell its inevitable course. Like drift-wood swept forward on the crest of a torrent, they betoken the approaching flood. So with the celebrated freebooters of the Spanish Main. Of the same general type, — though varying greatly in individual characteristics, in breadth of view, and even in elevation of purpose, — their piratical careers not only evidenced the local wealth of the scene of their exploits, but attested the commercial and strategic importance of the position upon which in fact that wealth depended. The carcass was there, and the eagles as well as the vultures, the far-sighted as well as the mere carrion birds of prey, were gathering round it. "The spoil of Granada," said one of these mercenary chieftains, two centuries ago, "I count as naught beside the knowledge of the great Lake Nicaragua, and of the route between the Northern and Southern seas which depends upon it."

As time passed, the struggle for the mastery inevitably resulted, by a kind of natural selection, in the growing predominance of that island people in whom commercial enterprise and political instinct were so happily blended. The very lawlessness of the period favored the extension of their power and influence; for it removed from the free play of a nation's innate powers the fetters which are imposed by our present elaborate framework of precedents, constitutions, and international law. Admirably adapted as these are to the conservation and regular working of a political system, they are nevertheless, however wise, essentially artificial, and hence are ill adapted to a transition state, — to a period in which order is evolving out of

chaos, where the result is durable exactly in proportion to the freedom with which the natural forces are allowed to act, and to reach their own equilibrium without extraneous interference. Nor are such periods confined to the early days of mere lawlessness. They recur whenever a crisis is reached in the career of a nation; when old traditions, accepted maxims, or written constitutions have been outgrown, in whole or in part; when the time has come for a people to recognize that the limits imposed upon its expansion, by the political wisdom of its forefathers, have ceased to be applicable to its own changed conditions and those of the world. The question then raised is not whether the constitution, as written, shall be respected. It is how to reach modifications in the constitution — and that betimes — so that the genius and awakened intelligence of the people may be free to act, without violating that respect for its fundamental law upon which national stability ultimately depends. It is a curious feature of our current journalism that it is clear-sighted and prompt to see the unfortunate trammels in which certain of our religious bodies are held, by the cast-iron tenets imposed upon them by a past generation, while at the same time political tenets, similarly ancient, and imposed with a like ignorance of a future which is our present, are freely invoked to forbid this nation from extending its power and necessary enterprise into and beyond the seas, to which on every side it has now attained.

During the critical centuries when Great Britain was passing through that protracted phase of her history in which, from one of the least among states, she became, through the power of the sea, the very keystone and foundation upon which rested the commercial — for a time even the political — fabric of Europe, the free action of her statesmen and people was clogged by no uneasy sense that the national genius was in

conflict with artificial, self-imposed restrictions. She plunged into the brawl of nations that followed the discovery of a new world, of an unoccupied if not unclaimed inheritance, with a vigor and an initiative which gained ever-accelerated momentum and power as the years rolled by. Far and wide, in every sea, through every clime, her seamen and her colonists spread; but while their political genius and traditions enabled them, in regions adapted to the physical well-being of the race, to found self-governing colonies which have developed into one of the greatest of free states, they did not find, and have never found, that the possession of and rule over barbarous, or semi-civilized, or inert tropical communities were inconsistent with the maintenance of political liberty in the mother country. The sturdy vigor of the broad principle of freedom in the national life is sufficiently attested by centuries of steady growth, that surest evidence of robust vitality. But, while conforming in the long run to the dictates of natural justice, no feeble scrupulosity impeded the nation's advance to power, by which alone its mission and the law of its being could be fulfilled. No artificial fetters were forged to cramp the action of the state, nor was it drugged with political narcotics to dwarf its growth.

In the region here immediately under consideration, Great Britain entered the contest under conditions of serious disadvantage. The glorious burst of maritime and colonial enterprise which marked the reign of Elizabeth, and the dawn of a new era when the country recognized the sphere of its true greatness, was confronted by the full power of Spain, as yet outwardly unshaken, in actual tenure of the most important positions in the Caribbean and the Spanish Main, and claiming the right to exclude all others from that quarter of the world. How brilliantly this claim was resisted is well known; yet, had they been then in fashion, there

might have been urged, to turn England from the path which has made her what she is, the same arguments that are now so freely used to deter our own country from even accepting such advantages as are ready to drop into her lap. If it be true that Great Britain's maritime policy is now to some extent imposed by the present necessities of the little group of islands which form the nucleus of her strength, it is not true that any such necessities first impelled her to claim her share of influence in the world, her part in the great drama of nations. Not for such reasons did she launch out upon the career which is perhaps the noblest yet run by any people. It could then have been said to her, as it is now said to us, "Why go beyond your own borders? Within them you have what suffices for your needs and those of your population. There are manifold abuses within to be corrected, manifold miseries to be relieved. Let the outside world take care of itself. Defend yourself, if attacked; being, however, always careful to postpone preparation to the extreme limit of imprudence. 'Sphere of influence,' 'part in the world,' 'national prestige,'—there are no such things; or if there be, they are not worth fighting for." What England would have been, had she so reasoned, is matter for speculation; that the world would have been poorer may be confidently affirmed.

As the strength of Spain waned apace during the first half of the seventeenth century, the external efforts of Great Britain also slackened through the rise of internal troubles, which culminated in the Great Rebellion, and absorbed for the time all the energies of the people. The momentum acquired under Drake, Raleigh, and their associates was lost, and an occasion, opportune through the exhaustion of the great enemy, Spain, passed unimproved. But, though thus temporarily checked, the national tendency remained, and quickly resumed its sway when Cromwell's mighty hand had

composed the disorders of the Commonwealth. His clear-sighted statesmanship, as well as the immediate necessities of his internal policy, dictated the strenuous assertion by sea of Great Britain's claim not only to external respect, which he rigorously exacted, but also to her due share in influencing the world outside her borders. The nation quickly responded to his proud appeal, and received anew the impulse upon the road to sea power which has never since been relaxed. To him were due the measures — not, perhaps, economically the wisest, judged by modern lights, but more than justified by the conditions of his times — which drew into English hands the carrying trade of the world. The glories of the English navy as an organized force date also from his short rule; and it was he who, in 1655, laid a firm basis for the development of the country's sea power in the Caribbean, by the conquest of Jamaica, from a military standpoint the most decisive of all single positions in that sea for the control of the Isthmus. It is true that the successful attempt upon this island resulted from the failure of the leaders to accomplish Cromwell's more immediate purpose of reducing San Domingo, — that in so far the particular fortunate issue was of the nature of an accident; but this fact serves only to illustrate more emphatically that, when a general line of policy, whether military or political, is correctly chosen upon sound principles, incidental misfortunes or disappointments do not frustrate the conception. The sagacious, far-seeing motive which prompted Cromwell's movement against the West Indian possessions of Spain was to contest the latter's claim to the monopoly of that wealthy region; and he looked upon British extension in the islands as simply a stepping-stone to control upon the adjacent continent. It is a singular commentary upon the blindness of historians to the true secret of Great Britain's rise among the nations, and of the eminent

position she has so long held, that writers so far removed from each other in time and characteristics as Hume and the late J. R. Green should detect in this far-reaching effort of the Protector only the dulled vision of "a conservative and unspeculative temper misled by the strength of religious enthusiasm." "A statesman of wise political genius," according to them, would have fastened his eyes rather upon the growing power of France, "and discerned the beginning of that great struggle for supremacy" which was fought out under Louis XIV. But to do so would have been only to repeat, by anticipation, the fatal error of that great monarch, which forever forfeited for France the control of the seas, in which the surest prosperity of nations is to be found; a mistake, also, far more ruinous to the island kingdom than it was to her continental rival, bitter though the fruits thereof have been to the latter. Hallam, with clearer insight, says: "When Cromwell declared against Spain, and attacked her West Indian possessions, there was little pretense, certainly, of justice, but not by any means, as I conceive, the impolicy sometimes charged against him. So auspicious was his star that the very failure of that expedition obtained a more advantageous possession for England than all the triumphs of her former kings." Most true; but because his star was dispatched in the right direction to look for fortune, — by sea, not by land.

The great aim of the Protector was checked by his untimely death, which perhaps also definitely frustrated a fulfillment, in the actual possession of the Isthmus, that in his strong hands might have been feasible. His idea, however, remained prominent among the purposes of the English people, as distinguished from their rulers; and in it, as has before been said, is to be recognized the significance of the exploits of the buccanniers, during the period of external debility which characterized the reigns of

the second Charles and James. With William of Orange the government again placed itself at the head of the national aspirations, as their natural leader; and the irregular operations of the freebooters were merged in a settled national policy. This, although for a moment diverted from its course by temporary exigencies, was clearly formulated in the avowed objects with which, in 1702, the great Dutchman entered upon the War of the Spanish Succession, the last great act of his political life. From the Peace of Utrecht, that closed this war in 1713, the same design was pursued with ever-increasing intensity, but with steady success, and with it was gradually associated the idea of controlling also the communication between the two oceans by way of the Isthmus. Of this, the best known instance, because of its connection with the great name of Nelson, was the effort made by him, in conjunction with a land force, in 1780, when still a simple captain, to take possession of the course of the San Juan, and so of the interoceanic route through Lake Nicaragua. The attempt ended disastrously, owing partly to the climate, and partly to the strong series of works, numbering no less than twelve, which the Spaniards, duly sensible of the importance of the position, had constructed between the lake and the mouth of the river.

Difficulties such as were encountered by Nelson withstood Great Britain's advance throughout this region. While neither blind nor indifferent to the advantages conferred by actual possession, through which she had elsewhere so abundantly profited, the prior and long-established occupation by Spain prevented her obtaining by such means the control she ardently coveted, and in great measure really exercised. The ascendancy which made her, and still makes her, the dominant factor in the political system of the West Indies and the Isthmus resulted from her sea power, understood in its broadest sense. She was

the great trader, source of supplies, and medium of intercourse between the various colonies themselves, and from them to the outer world; while the capital and shipping employed in this traffic were protected by a powerful navy, which, except on very rare occasions, was fully competent to its work. Thus, while unable to utilize and direct the resources of the region, as she could have done had it been her own property, she secured the fruitful use and reaped the profit of such commercial transactions as were possible under the inert and narrow rule of the Spaniards. The fact is instructive, for the conditions to-day are substantially the same as those of a century ago. Possession still vests in states and races which have not yet attained the faculty of developing by themselves the advantages conferred by nature; and control will still abide with those whose ships, whose capital, whose traders support the industrial system of the region, provided these are backed by a naval force adequate to the demands of the military situation, rightly understood. To any foreign state, control at the Central American Isthmus means naval control, naval predominance, to which tenure of the land is at best but a convenient incident.

Such, in brief, was the general tendency of events until the time when the Spanish colonial empire began to break up, in 1808-10, and the industrial system of the West India islands to succumb under the approaching abolition of slavery. The concurrence of these two decisive incidents, and the confusion which ensued in the political and economical conditions, rapidly reduced the Isthmus and its approaches to an insignificance from which the islands have not yet recovered. The Isthmus is partially restored. Its importance, however, depends upon causes more permanent, in the natural order of things, than does that of the islands, which, under existing circumstances, and under any circumstances that can as yet be fore-



seen, derive their consequence chiefly from the effect which may from them be exerted upon the tenure of the Isthmus. Hence, the latter, after a period of comparative obscurity, again emerged into notice as a vital political factor, when the spread of the United States to the Pacific raised the question of rapid and secure communication between our two great seaboards. The Mexican War, the acquisition of California, the discovery of gold, and the mad rush to the diggings which followed, hastened, but by no means originated, the necessity for a settlement of the intricate problems involved, in which the United States, from its positions on the two seas, has the predominant interest. But, though predominant, ours is not the sole interest; though less vital, those of other foreign states are great and consequential; and, accordingly, no settlement can be considered to constitute an equilibrium, much less a finality, which does not at once effect our preponderating influence, and also insure the natural rights of other peoples. So far as the logical distinction between commercial and political will hold, it may be said that our interest is both commercial and political, that of other states almost wholly commercial.

The same national characteristics that of old made Great Britain the chief contestant in all questions of maritime importance — with the Dutch in the Mediterranean, with France in the East Indies, and with Spain in the West — have made her also the exponent of foreign opposition to our own asserted interest in the Isthmus. The policy initiated by Cromwell, of systematic aggression in the Caribbean, and of naval expansion and organization, has resulted in a combination of naval force with naval positions unequaled, though not wholly unrivaled, in that sea. And since, as the great sea-carrier, Great Britain has a preponderating natural interest in every new route open to commerce, it is inevitable that

she should jealously scrutinize every proposition for the modification of existing arrangements, conscious as she is of power to assert her claims, in case the question should be submitted to the last appeal.

Nevertheless, although from the nature of the occupations which constitute the welfare of her people, as well as from the characteristics of her power, Great Britain seemingly has the larger immediate stake in a prospective inter-oceanic canal, it has been on her part tacitly recognized, as on our side openly asserted, that the bearing of all questions of Isthmian transit upon our national progress, safety, and honor is more direct and more urgent than upon hers. That she has so felt is plain from the manner in which she has yielded before our tenacious remonstrances, in cases where the control of the Isthmus was evidently the object of her action, — as in the matters of the tenure of the Bay Islands, and of the protectorate of the Mosquito Coast. Our superior interest appears also from the nature of the conditions which will result from the construction of a canal. So far as these changes are purely commercial, they will operate to some extent to the disadvantage of Great Britain; because the result will be to bring our Atlantic seaboard, the frontier of a rival manufacturing and commercial state, much nearer to the Pacific than it now is, and nearer to many points of that ocean than is England. To make a rough general statement, easily grasped by a reader without the map before him, Liverpool and New York are at present about equidistant, by water, from all points on the west coast of America, from Valparaiso to British Columbia. This is due to the fact that, to go through the Straits of Magellan, vessels from both ports must pass near Cape St. Roque, on the east coast of Brazil, which is nearly the same distance from each. If the Nicaragua Canal existed, the line on the Pacific equidistant from the two cities named

would pass, roughly, by Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Melbourne, or along the coasts of Japan, China, and eastern Australia, — Liverpool, in this case, using the Suez Canal, and New York that of Nicaragua. In short, the line of equidistance would be shifted from the eastern shore of the Pacific to its western coast, and all points of that ocean east of Japan, China, and Australia, for example, the Hawaiian Islands, would be nearer to New York than to Liverpool.

A recent British writer calculates that about one eighth of the existing trade of the British Islands would be unfavorably affected by the competition thus introduced. But this result, though a matter of national concern, is political only in so far as commercial prosperity or adversity modifies a nation's current history; that is, indirectly. The principal questions affecting the integrity or security of the British Empire are not seriously involved, for almost all of its component parts lie within the regions whose mutual bond of union and shortest line of approach are the Suez Canal. Nowhere has Great Britain so little territory at stake, nowhere has she such scanty possessions, as in the eastern Pacific, upon whose relations to the world at large, and to ourselves in particular, the Nicaragua Canal will exert the greatest influence.

The chief political result of the Nicaragua Canal will be to bring our Pacific coast nearer, not only to our Atlantic seaboard, but also to the great navies of Europe. Therefore, while the commercial gain, through an uninterrupted water carriage, will be large, and is clearly indicated by the acrimony with which a leading journal, apparently in the interest of the great transcontinental roads, has lately maintained the singular assertion that water transit is obsolete as compared with land carriage, it is still true that the canal will present an element of much weakness from the mili-

tary point of view. Except to those optimists whose faith in the regeneration of human nature is so robust as to reject war as an impossible contingency, this consideration must occasion serious thought concerning the policy to be adopted by the United States.

The subject, so far, has given rise only to diplomatic arrangement and discussion, within which it is permissible to hope it may always be confined; but the misunderstandings and protracted disputes that followed the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and the dissatisfaction with the existing status that still obtains among many of our people, give warning that our steps, as a nation, should be governed by some settled notions, too universally held to be set aside by a mere change of administration or caprice of popular will. Reasonable discussion, which tends, either by its truth or its evident errors, to clarify and crystallize public opinion on so important a matter, can never be amiss.

This question, from an abstract, speculative phase of the Monroe Doctrine, took on the concrete and somewhat urgent form of security for our trans-isthmian routes against foreign interference towards the middle of this century, when the attempt to settle it was made by the oft-mentioned Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, signed April 19, 1850. Great Britain was then found to be in possession, actual or constructive, of certain continental positions and of some outlying islands which would contribute not only to military control, but to that kind of political interference which experience has shown to be the natural consequence of the proximity of a strong power to a weak one. These positions depended upon, indeed their tenure originated in, the possession of Jamaica, thus justifying Cromwell's forecast. Of them, the Belize, a strip of coast two hundred miles long, on the Bay of Honduras, immediately south of Yucatan, was so far from the Isthmus proper, and so little likely to affect the canal question, that the American nego-

tiator was satisfied to allow its tenure to pass unquestioned, neither admitting nor denying anything as to the rights of England thereto. Its first occupation had been by British freebooters, who "squatted" there a very few years after Jamaica fell. They went to cut logwood, succeeded in holding their ground against the efforts of Spain to dislodge them, and their right to occupancy and to fell timber was afterwards allowed by treaty. Since the signature of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, this "settlement," as it was styled in that instrument, has become a British "possession," by a convention with Guatemala contracted in 1859. Later, in 1862, the quondam "settlement" and recent "possession" was, by royal commission, erected into a full colony, subordinate to the government of Jamaica. Guatemala being a Central American state, this constituted a distinct advance of British dominion in Central America, contrary to the terms of our treaty.

A more important claim of Great Britain was to the protectorate of the Mosquito Coast, — a strip understood by her to extend from Cape Gracias á Dios south to the San Juan River. In its origin, this asserted right differed little from similar transactions between civilized man and savages, in all times and all places. In 1687, thirty years after the island was acquired, a chief of the aborigines there settled was carried to Jamaica, received some paltry presents, and accepted British protection. While Spanish control lasted, a certain amount of squabbling and fighting went on between the two nations; but when the questions arose between England and the United States, the latter refused to acquiesce in the so-called protectorate, which rested, in her opinion, upon no sufficient legal ground as against the prior right of Spain, that was held to have passed to Nicaragua when the latter achieved its independence. The Mosquito Coast was too close to the expected

canal for its tenure to be considered a matter of indifference. Similar ground was taken with regard to the Bay Islands, Ruatan and others, stretching along the south side of the Bay of Honduras, near the coast of the republic of that name, and so uniting, under the control of the great naval power, the Belize to the Mosquito Coast. The United States maintained that these islands, then occupied by Great Britain, belonged in full right to Honduras.

Under these *de facto* conditions of British occupation, the United States negotiator, in his eagerness to obtain the recession of the disputed points to the Spanish-American republics, seems to have paid too little regard to future bearings of the subject. Men's minds were also dominated then, as they are now, notwithstanding the intervening experience of nearly half a century, by the maxims delivered as a tradition by the founders of the republic, who deprecated annexations of territory abroad. The upshot was that, in consideration of Great Britain's withdrawal from Mosquitia and the Bay Islands, to which, by our contention, she had no right, and therefore really yielded nothing but a dispute, we bound ourselves, as did she, without term, to acquire no territory in Central America, and to guarantee the neutrality not only of the contemplated canal, but of any other that might be constructed. A special article, the eighth, was incorporated in the treaty to this effect, stating expressly that the wish of the two governments was "not only to accomplish a particular object, but to establish a general principle."

Considerable delay ensued in the restoration of the islands and of the Mosquito Coast to Honduras and Nicaragua, — a delay attended with prolonged discussion and serious misunderstanding between the United States and Great Britain. The latter claimed that, by the wording of the treaty, she had debarred herself only from future acquisitions of

territory in Central America; whereas our government asserted, and persistently instructed its agents, that its understanding had been that an entire abandonment of all possession, present and future, was secured by the agreement. It is difficult, in reading the first article, not to feel that, although the practice was perhaps somewhat sharp, the wording can sustain the British position quite as well as the more ingenuous confidence of the United States negotiator; an observation interesting chiefly as showing the eagerness on the one side, whose contention was the weaker in all save right, and the wariness on the other, upon whom present possession and naval power conferred a marked advantage in making a bargain. By 1860, however, the restorations had been made, and the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty has since remained the international agreement, defining our relations to Great Britain on the Isthmus.

Of the subsequent wrangling over this unfortunate treaty, if so invidious a term may be applied to the dignified utterances of diplomacy, it is unnecessary to give a detailed account. Our own country cannot but regret and resent any formal stipulations which fetter its primacy of influence and control on the American continent and in American seas; and the concessions of principle over-eagerly made in 1850, in order to gain compensating advantages which our weakness could not otherwise extort, must needs cause us to chafe now, when we are potentially, though, it must sorrowfully be confessed, not actually, stronger by double than we were then. The interest of Great Britain still lies, as it then lay, in the maintenance of the treaty. So long as the United States jealously resents all foreign interference in the Isthmus, and at the same time takes no steps to formulate a policy or develop a strength that can give shape and force to her own pretensions, just so long will the absolute control over any probable contingency of the future rest

with Great Britain, by virtue of her naval positions, her naval power, and her omnipresent capital.

A recent unofficial British estimate of the British policy at the Isthmus, as summarized in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, may here have interest: "In the United States was recognized a coming formidable rival to British trade. In the face of the estimated disadvantage to European trade in general, and that of Great Britain in particular, to be looked for from a Central American canal, British statesmen, finding their last attempt to control the most feasible route (by Nicaragua) abortive, accomplished the next best object in the interest of British trade. They cast the onus of building the canal on the people who would reap the greatest advantage from it, and who were bound to keep every one else out, but were at the same time very unlikely to undertake such a gigantic enterprise outside their own undeveloped territories for many a long year; while at the same time they skillfully handicapped that country in favor of British sea power by entering into a joint guarantee to respect its neutrality when built. This secured postponement of construction indefinitely, and yet forfeited no substantial advantage necessary to establish effective naval control in the interests of British carrying trade."

Whether this passage truly represents the deliberate purpose of successive British governments may be doubtful, but it is an accurate enough estimate of the substantial result, as long as our policy continues to be to talk loud and to do nothing, — to keep others out, while refusing ourselves to go in. We neutralize effectually enough, doubtless; for we neutralize ourselves, while leaving other powers to act efficiently, whenever it becomes worth while.

In a state like our own, national policy means public conviction; else it is but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. But public conviction is a very

different thing from popular impression, differing by all that separates a rational process, resulting in manly resolve, from a weakly sentiment that finds occasional hysterical utterance. The Monroe Doctrine, as popularly apprehended and endorsed, is a rather nebulous generality, which has condensed about the Isthmus into a faint point of more defined luminosity. To those who will regard, it is the harbinger of the day, incompletely seen in the vision of the great discoverer, when the East and the West shall be brought into closer communion by the realization of the strait that baffled his eager search. But, with the strait, time has introduced a factor of which he could not dream, — a great nation midway between the West he knew and the East he sought, spanning the continent he unwittingly found, itself both East and West in one. To such a state, which in itself sums up the two conditions of Columbus's problem; to which the control of the strait is a necessity, if not of existence, at least of its full development and of its national security, who can deny the right to predominate in influence over a region so vital to it? None can deny save its own people; and they do it, — not in words, perhaps, but in act. For let it not be forgotten that failure to act at an opportune moment is action as real as, though less creditable than, the most strenuous positive effort.

Action, however, to be consistent and well proportioned, must depend upon well-settled conviction; and conviction, if it is to be reasonable, and find expression in a sound and continuous national policy, must result from a careful consideration of present conditions in the light of past experiences. Here, unquestionably, strong differences of opinion will at first be manifested, both as to the true significance of the lessons of the past, and the manner of applying them to the present. Such differences need not cause regret. Their appearance is a sign of attention aroused; and, when

discussion has become general and animated, we may hope to see the gradual emergence of a sound and operative public sentiment. What is to be deprecated and feared is indolent drifting, in willful blindness to the approaching moment when action must be taken; careless delay to remove fetters, if such there be in the constitution or in traditional prejudice, which may prevent our seizing opportunity when it occurs. Whatever be the particular merits of the pending Hawaiian question, it can scarcely be denied that its discussion has revealed the existence, real or fancied, of such clogs upon our action, and of a painful disposition to consider each such occurrence as a merely isolated event, instead of being, as it is, a warning that the time has come when we must make up our minds upon a broad issue of national policy. That there should be two opinions is not bad, but it is very bad to halt long between them.

There is one opinion, — which it is needless to say the writer does not share, — that, because many years have gone by without armed collision with a great power, the teaching of the past is that none such can occur; and that, in fact, the weaker we are in organized military strength, the more easy it is for our opponents to yield our points. Closely associated with this view is the obstinate rejection of any political action which implicitly involves the projection of our physical power, if needed, beyond the waters that gird our shores. Because our reasonable, natural — it might almost be called moral — claim to preponderant influence at the Isthmus has heretofore compelled respect, though reluctantly conceded, it is assumed that no circumstances can give rise to a persistent denial of it.

It appears to the writer — and to many others with whom he agrees, though without claim to represent them — that the true state of the case is more nearly as follows: Since our nation came into

being, a century ago, with the exception of a brief agitation about the year 1850, — due to special causes, which, though suggestive, were not adequate, and summarized as to results in the paralyzing Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, — the importance of the Central American Isthmus has been merely potential and dormant. But, while thus temporarily obscured, its intrinsic conditions of position and conformation bestow upon it a consequence in relation to the rest of the world which is inalienable, and therefore, to become operative, only awaits those changes in external conditions that must come in the fullness of time. The indications of such changes are already sufficiently visible to challenge attention. The rapid peopling of our territory entails at least two. The growth of the Pacific States enhances the commercial and political importance of the Pacific Ocean to the world at large, and to ourselves in particular; while the productive energies of the country, and its advent to the three seas, impel it necessarily to seek access and outlet by them to the regions beyond. Under such conditions, perhaps not yet come, but plainly coming, the consequence of an artificial waterway that shall enable the Atlantic coast to compete with Europe, on equal terms as to distance, for the markets of eastern Asia, and shall shorten by two thirds the sea-route from New York to San Francisco, and by one half that to Valparaiso, is too evident for insistence.

In these conditions, not in European necessities, is to be found the assurance that the canal will be built. Not to ourselves only, however, though to ourselves chiefly, will it be a matter of interest when completed. Many causes will combine to retain in the line of the Suez Canal the commerce of Europe with the East; but to the American shores of the Pacific the Isthmian canal will afford a much shorter and easier access for a trade already of noteworthy proportions. A weighty consideration also is involved

in the effect upon British navigation of a war which should endanger its use of the Suez Canal. The power of Great Britain to control the long route from Gibraltar to the Red Sea is seriously doubted by a large and thoughtful body of her statesmen and seamen, who favor dependence, in war, upon that by the Cape of Good Hope. By Nicaragua, however, would be shorter than by the Cape to many parts of the East; and the Caribbean is much more easily safeguarded against distant European states than the line through the Mediterranean, which passes close by their ports.

Under this increased importance of the Isthmus, we cannot safely anticipate for the future the cheap acquiescence which, under very different circumstances, has in the past been yielded to our demands. Already it is notorious that European powers are betraying symptoms of increased sensitiveness as to the importance of Caribbean positions, and strengthening their grip upon those they now hold. Moral considerations undoubtedly count for more than they did, and nations are more reluctant to enter into war; but still, the policy of states is determined by the balance of advantages, and it behooves us to know what our policy is to be, and what advantages are needed to turn in our favor the scale of negotiations and the general current of events.

If the decision of the nation, following one school of thought, is that the weaker we are the more likely we are to have our way, there is little to be said. Drifting is perhaps as good a mode as another to reach that desirable goal. If, on the other hand, we determine that our interest and dignity require that our rights should depend upon the will of no other state, but upon our own power to enforce them, we must gird ourselves to admit that freedom of interoceanic transit depends upon predominance in a maritime region — the Caribbean Sea — through which pass all the approaches to the

Isthmus. Control of a maritime region is insured primarily by a navy; secondarily, by positions, suitably chosen and spaced one from the other, upon which as bases the navy rests, and from which it can exert its strength. At present the positions of the Caribbean are occupied by foreign powers, nor may we, however disposed to acquisition, obtain them by means other than righteous; but a distinct advance will have been made when public opinion is convinced that we need them, and should not exert our utmost ingenuity to dodge them when flung at our head. If the Constitution really imposes difficulties, it provides also a way by which the people, if convinced, can remove its obstructions. A protest, however, may be entered against a construction of the Constitution which is liberal, by embracing all it can be constrained to imply, and then immediately becomes strict in imposing these ingeniously contrived fetters.

Meanwhile, no moral obligation forbids developing our navy upon lines and proportions adequate to the work it may be called upon to do. Here again the crippling force is a public impression, which limits our potential strength to the necessities of an imperfectly realized situation. A navy "for defense only" is a popular catchword. When, if ever, people recognize that we have three sea-

boards, that the communication by water of one of them with the other two will in a not remote future depend upon a strategic position hundreds of miles distant from our nearest port, at the mouth of the Mississippi, they will also see that the word "defense," already too narrowly understood, has its application at points far away from our own coast.

That the organization of military strength implies provocation to war is a fallacy, which the experience of each succeeding year is now refuting. The immense armaments of Europe are onerous; but, nevertheless, by the mutual respect and caution they enforce, they present a cheap alternative, certainly in misery, probably in money, to the frequent devastating wars which preceded the era of general military preparation. Our own impunity has resulted, not from our weakness, but from the unimportance to our rivals of the points in dispute, compared with their more immediate interests at home. With the changes consequent upon the canal, this indifference will diminish. We also shall be entangled in the affairs of the great family of nations, and shall have to accept the attendant burdens. Fortunately, as regards other states, we are an island power, and can find our best precedents in the history of the people to whom the sea has been a nursing mother.

A. T. Mahan.

AFTER—THE DELUGE.

THE sombre tints of Grayhead were slightly suffused by a pink light sifting from the west through the clear air. The yachts in the harbor lay idly beneath the mellow influences of the passing of the summer day,— idly as only sailboats can lie, a bit of loose sail or cordage now and then flapping inconsistently in a breath of wind, which seemed

to come out of the west for no other purpose, and to retire into the east afterward, its whole duty done. On board, men were moving about, hanging lanterns, making taut here, setting free there, all with an air of utter peace and repose such as is found only on placid waterways beneath a setting sun. Occasionally an oar dipped in the still water,

a hint of action, modified, softened, into repose. Along one of the quaint streets of the irregular town, winding where it wound, climbing where it climbed, hurried an angular figure, that of a woman of about fifty, whose tense expression suggested an unrest at variance with the keen calmness of that of the other faces about the streets and doorways. Not that it was feverish in its intensity; rather, it was an expression of resolution, undeviating and persistent, but not sure of sympathy or support.

"They've gone down yonder, t'other side of the wharf, Mis' Pember," said a middle-aged sea captain, whose interest in his kind had not been obliterated by the forced loneliness of northern voyages.

The woman paused, and glanced doubtfully down one of the byways that led between small, weather-beaten houses and around disconcerting abutments to the water, and then forward, straight along the way she had been traveling, which led out of the town.

"I'd rather fixed on their going down Point-ways this evening," she said.

"Well, they ain't," rejoined Captain Phippeny, with that absence of mere rhetoric characteristic of people whose solid work is done otherwise than by speech.

Mrs. Pember nodded, at once in acknowledgment and farewell, and, turning about, followed the path he had indicated, her gait acquiring a certain precipitancy as she went down the rough, stony slope. At the foot of the descent she paused again, and looked to the right and left. Captain Phippeny was watching her from his vantage ground above. His figure was one unmistakably of the seaboard. His trousers were of a singular cut, probably after a pattern evolved in all its originality by Mrs. Phippeny, her active imagination working towards practical effect. In addition, he wore a yellow flannel shirt ribbed with purple, which would hopelessly have jaundiced a roseleaf complexion, but which, having exhausted its malignancy without producing any par-

ticular effect, ended by gently harmonizing with the captain's sandy hair, reddish beard, and tanned skin. His mouth was like a badly made buttonhole, which gaped a little when he smiled. He had a nose like a parrot's beak, and his eyes were blue, kindly and wise in their straightforwardness. When he would render his costume absolutely *de rigueur*, he wore a leathern jacket with manifold pockets, from one to another of which trailed a gold watch-chain with a dangling horseshoe charm.

"I wonder the old woman don't take a dog with her and trace 'em out, she spends so much time on the hunt," he said to himself. "I declare for't, it's a sing'lar thing the way she everlastin' does get onto them 'prentices. That's all they be, — just 'prentices; ain't old enough to talk about settin' sail by themselves."

His quid of tobacco again resumed its claim to his undivided attention, and he leaned back against the fence and waited as idly as the drooping sails for a breath of something stirring. By and by it appeared in the shape of another old sailor, between whom and himself there was the likeness of two peas, save for a slight discrepancy of feature useful for purposes of identification.

"You told her where they'd gone, I reckon," he remarked, with a slight chuckle, as he too leaned up against the fence and looked out over the harbor.

"Yes, I did," replied Captain Phippeny. "I didn't have no call to tell her a lie."

"Kinder hard on the young-uns," observed the new-comer.

"They ain't ever anythin' as hard on the young-uns as on the old-uns," asserted Captain Phippeny, "because — well, because they're *young*, I guess. That's Chivy's yacht that came in just at sundown, ain't it?"

"Yare. They say she's seen dirty weather since she was here last."

"Has? Well, you can't stay in har-

bor allers, and git your livin' at the same time. She's got toler'ble good men to handle her."

There was a pause. The soft twilight was battenning down the hatches of the day, to drop into the parlance of the locality.

"Well, I do suppose old Pember war n't an easy shipmate, blow or no blow," observed Captain Smart. He was a small, keen-eyed, quickly-moving old man, seasoned with salt.

"I reckon he war n't. And she thinks she can keep that girl of hers out of the same kind of discipline that she had to take, — that's the truth of it."

"Cur'ous, ain't it?" ruminated Captain Smart; "a woman's bound to take it one way or 'nother; there seems to be more sorts of belayin' pins to knock 'em over with than they, any on 'em, kinder cal'late on at first."

"So there be," assented Captain Phippeny.

Near the water, with its fading, rose-colored reflections, not so far from the anchored vessels but they might, had they chosen, have spoken across to those on board, the monotonous, austere, and yet vaguely soft gray of the old town rising behind them against the melting sky, sat Mellony Pember and Ira Baldwin.

"If you'd only make up your mind, Mellony," urged the young man.

"I can't, Ira; don't ask me." The young girl's face, which was delicate in outline, was troubled, and the sensitive curves of her lips trembled. The faded blue of her dress harmonized with the soft tones of the scene; her hat lay beside her, an uncurred, articulated ostrich feather standing up in it like an exclamation point of brilliant red.

The young man pulled his hat over his eyes and looked over to the nearest boat. Mellony glanced at him timidly.

"You see, I'm all she's got," she said.

"I ain't goin' to take you away from her, unless you want to go," he replied, without looking at her.

"She thinks I'll be happier if I don't — if I don't marry."

"Happier!" — he paused in scorn, — "and she badgerin' you all the time if you take a walk with me, and watchin' us as if we were thieves! You ain't happy now, are you?"

"No." Mellony's eyes filled, and a sigh caught and became almost a sob.

"Well, I wish she'd give me a try at makin' you happy, that's all." His would-be sulkiness softened into a tender sense of injury. Mellony twisted her hands together, and looked over beyond the vessels to the long narrow neck of land with its clustering houses, beyond which again, unseen, were booming the waves of the Atlantic.

"Oh, if I only knew what to do!" she exclaimed, — "if I only knew what to do!"

"I'll tell you what to do, Mellony," he began.

"There's ma now," she interrupted.

Ira turned quickly and looked over his shoulder. Across the uneven ground, straight towards them came the figure of Mrs. Pember. The tenseness of her expression had further yielded to resolution, which had in turn taken on a stolidity which declared itself unassailable. No one of the three spoke as she seated herself on a bit of timber near them, and, folding her hands, waited with the immobility and the apparent impartiality of Fate itself. At last Mellony spoke, for of the three she was the most acutely sensitive to the situation, and the least capable of enduring it silently.

"Which way did you come, ma?" she asked.

"I come down Rosaly's Lane," Mrs. Pember answered. "I met Cap'n Phippeny, and he told me you was down here."

"I'm obligated to Cap'n Phippeny," observed Ira bitterly.

"I dono as he's partickler to have you," remarked Mrs. Pember imperturbably.

There was another silence. Mrs. Pember's voice had a marked sweetness when she spoke to her daughter which it lost entirely when she addressed her daughter's companion, but always it was penetrated by the timbre of a certain inflexibility.

The shadows grew deeper on the water, the glowworms of lanterns glimmered more sharply, and the softness of the night grew more palpable.

"I guess I may as well go back, ma," said Mellony, rising.

"I was wondering when you cal'lated on going," remarked her mother, as she rose too, more slowly and stiffly, and straightened her decent black bonnet.

"I suppose you was afraid Mellony would n't get back safe without you came after her," broke out Ira.

"I guess I can look after Mellony better than anybody else can, and I count on doing it, and doing it right along," she replied.

"Come, ma," said Mellony impatiently; but she waited a moment and let her mother pass her, while she looked back at Ira, who stood, angry and helpless, kicking at the rusted timbers.

"Are you coming, too, Ira?" she asked in a low voice.

"No," he exclaimed, "I ain't coming! I don't want to go along back with your mother and you, as if we were n't old enough to be out by ourselves. I might as well be handcuffed, and so might you! If you'll come round with me the way we came, and let her go the way she came, I'll go with you fast enough!"

Mellony's eyes grew wet again, as she looked from him to her mother, and again at him. Mrs. Pember had paused, also, and stood a little in advance of them. Her stolidity showed no anxiety; she was too sure of the result.

"No," — Mellony's lips framed the words with an accustomed but grievous patience, — "I can't to-night, Ira; I must go with ma."

"It's to-night that 'll be the last chance

there 'll be, maybe," he muttered, as he flung himself off in the other direction.

The two women walked together up the rough ascent, and turned into Rosaly's Lane. Mellony walked wearily, her eyes down; the red feather, in its uncurled, unlovely assertiveness, looking more like the oriflamme of a forlorn hope than ever. But Mrs. Pember held herself erect, and as if she were obliged carefully to repress what might have been the signs of an ill-judged triumph.

Ira prolonged his walk beyond the limits of the little gray town, goaded by the irritating pricks of resentment. He would bear it no longer, he told himself. Mellony could take him or leave him. He would be a laughing-stock not another week, not another day. If Mellony would not assert herself against her tyrannical old mother, he would go away and leave her! And then he paused, as he had paused so often in the flood of his anger, faced by the realization that this was just what Mrs. Pember wanted, just what would satisfy her, what she had been waiting for, — that he should go away and leave Mellony alone. It was an exasperating dilemma, his abdication and her triumph, or his uncertainty and her anxiety.

Mellony and her mother passed Captain Phippeny and Captain Smart, who still stood talking in the summer evening, the fence continuing to supply all the support their stalwart frames needed in this their hour of ease. Captain Smart nudged Captain Phippeny as the two figures turned the corner of Rosaly's Lane.

"So you found 'em, Mis' Pember," remarked Captain Phippeny. He spoke to the mother, but he looked, not without sympathy, at the daughter.

"Yes, I found 'em."

"You reckoned on fetchin' only one of 'em home, I take it," said Captain Smart.

"I ain't responsible but for one of 'em," replied Mrs. Pember with some grimness, but with her eyes averted from Mellony's crimsoning face.

"Come, ma," said Mellony again, and they passed on.

"Mis' Pember is a likely enough look-in' woman herself," observed Captain Smart; "it's kind of curious she should be so set agen marryin' just as marryin'."

"T is so," assented Captain Phippeny thoughtfully, looking after the two women.

Without speaking, Mellony and her mother entered the little house where they lived, and the young girl sank down in the stiff, high-backed rocker, with its thin calico-covered cushion tied with red braid, that stood by the window. Outside, the summer night buzzed and hummed, and breathed sweet odors. Mrs. Pember moved about the room, slightly altering its arrangements, now and then looking at her daughter half furtively, as if waiting for her to speak; but Mellony's head was not turned from the open window, and she was utterly silent. At last this immobility had a sympathetic effect upon her, and she seated herself not far from her daughter, her hands, with their prominent knuckles and shrunken flesh, folded in unaccustomed idleness, and waited while in the room dusk grew to dark. To Mellony the hour was filled with suggestions that emphasized and defined her misery. In her not turbulent or passionate nature, the acme of its capacity for emotional suffering had been reached. Hitherto this suffering had been of the perplexed, patient, submissive kind; to-night, the beauty of the softly descending gloom, the gentle freedom of the placid harbor, the revolt of her usually yielding lover, deepened it into something more acute.

"Mellony," said her mother, with a touch of that timidity which appeared only in her speech with her daughter, "did you count on going over to the Neck, to-morrow, as you promised?"

"I'll never count on doing anything again," said Mellony, in a voice she tried to make cold and even, but which vibrated notwithstanding, — "never so long

as I live. I'll never think, or plan, or — or speak, if I can help it — of what I mean to do. I'll never do anything but just work and shut my eyes and — and live, if I've got to!" Her voice broke, and she turned her head away from the open window and looked straight before her into the shadowed room. Her mother moved uneasily, and her knotted hands grasped the arms of the stiff chair in which she sat.

"Mellony," she said again, "you've no call to talk so."

"I've no call to talk at all. I've no place anywhere. I'm not anybody. I have n't any life of my own." The keen brutality of the thoughtlessness of youth, and its ignoring of all claims but those of its own happiness, came oddly from the lips of yielding Mellony. Mrs. Pember quivered under it.

"You know you're my girl, Mellony," she answered gently. "You're all I've got."

"Yes," the other answered indifferently, "that's all I am, — Mellony Pember, Mrs. Pember's girl, — just that."

"Ain't that enough? Ain't that something to be — all I plan for and work for? Ain't that enough for a girl to be?"

Mellony turned her eyes from emptiness, and fixed them upon her mother's face, dimly outlined in the vagueness.

"Is that all you've been," she asked, "just somebody's daughter?"

It was as if a heavy weight fell from her lips and settled upon her mother's heart. There was a silence. Mellony's eyes, though she could not see them, seemed to Mrs. Pember to demand an answer in an imperative fashion unlike their usual mildness.

"It's because I have n't been — it's because I'd save you from what I have been that I — do as I do. You know that," she said.

"I don't want to be saved," rejoined the other, quickly and sharply.

The older woman was faced by a situation she had never dreamed of, a de-

mand to be allowed to suffer! The guardian had not expected this from her carefully shielded charge.

"I want you to have a happy life," she added.

"A happy life!" flashed the girl. "And you are keeping me from any life at all! That's what I want, — life, my own life, not what anybody else gives me of theirs. Why should I be happier than other people? Why should n't I have what they have, even if it's bad now and then? Don't save me in spite of myself! Nobody likes to be saved in spite of themselves!"

It was a long speech for Mellony. A large moon had risen, and from the low horizon sent golden shafts of light almost into the room; it was as if the placidity of the night were suddenly penetrated by something more glowing. Mellony stood looking down at her mother, like a judge. Mrs. Pember gazed at her steadily.

"I'm going to save you, Mellony," she said, her indomitable will making her voice harsher than it had been, "whether you want to be saved or not. I'm not going to have you marry, and be sworn at and cuffed." Mellony moved to protest, but her strength was futility beside her mother's at a time like this. "I'm not going to have you slave and grub, and get blows for your pains. I'm going to follow you about and set wherever you be, whenever you go off with Ira Baldwin, if that'll stop it; and if that won't, I'll try some other way, — I know other ways. I'm not going to have you marry! I'm going to have you stay along with me!"

With a slight gesture of despair, Mellony turned away. The flash had burned itself out. The stronger nature had reasserted itself. Silently, feeling her helplessness, frightened at her own rebellion now that it was over, she went out of the room to her own smaller one, and closed the door.

Mrs. Pember sat silent in her turn, reviewing her daughter's resentment, but

the matter admitted no modifications in her mind; her duty was clear, and her determination had been taken long ago. Neither did she fear anything like persistent opposition; she knew her daughter's submissive nature well.

Brought up in a country village, an earnest and somewhat apprehensive member of the church, Mrs. Pember had married the captain early in life, under what she had since grown to consider a systematic illusion conceived and maintained by the Evil One, but which was, perhaps, more logically due to the disconcerting good looks and decorously restrained impetuosity of Captain Pember himself. Possibly he had been the victim of an illusion, too, not believing that such austerity of principle could exist with such bright eyes and red cheeks as charmed him in the country girl. At least he never hesitated subsequently, not only to imply, but to state baldly, a sense of the existence of injury. Captain Phippeny was one of those sailors whom the change of scene, the wide knowledge of men and of things, the hardships and dangers of a sea life, broaden and render tolerant and somewhat wise. Pember had been brutalized by these same things.

The inhabitants of Grayhead were distinguished by the breadth and suggestiveness of their profanity, and Captain Pember had been a past master of the accomplishment. Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley could have been no more discriminating than the local acknowledgment of his proficiency in this line. No wonder Mrs. Pember looked back at the ten years of her married life with a shudder. With the rigid training of her somewhat dogmatic communion still potent, she listened in a horrified expectancy, rather actual than figurative, for the heavens to strike or the earth to swallow up her nonchalant husband. Nor was this all. The weakness for grog, unfortunately supposed to be inherent in a nautical existence, was carried by Captain Pember to an extent inconsiderate even in the eyes

of a seafaring public; and when, under its genial influence, he knocked his wife down and tormented Mellony, the opinion of this same public declared itself on the side of the victims with a unanimity which is not always to be counted upon in such cases. In fact, her married life had, as it were, formalized many hitherto somewhat vague details of Mrs. Pember's conceptions of the place of future punishment; and when her husband died in an appropriate and indecorous fashion as the result of a brawl, he continued to mitigate the relief of the event by leaving in his wife's heart a haunting fear, begotten of New England conscientiousness, that perhaps she ought not to be so unmistakably glad of it. It was thus that, with Mellony's growth from childhood to womanhood, the burning regret for her former unmarried state, whose difficulties had been mainly theological, had become a no less burning resolve that her child should never suffer as she had suffered, but should be guarded from matrimony as from death. That she failed to distinguish between individuals, that she failed to see that young Baldwin was destitute of those traits which her sharpened vision would now have detected in Pember's youth, was both the fault of her perceptive qualities and the fruit of her impregnable resolve. She had been hurt by Mellony's rebellion, but not influenced by so much as a hair's breadth.

Early one morning, two or three days later, Mrs. Pember, lying awake waiting for the light to grow brighter that she might begin her day, heard a slight sound outside, of a certain incisiveness out of proportion to its volume. With an idleness that visited her only at early day-break, she wondered what it was. It was repeated, and this time, moved by an insistent curiosity blended with the recognition of its probable cause, she rose and looked out of the window which was close to the head of her bed. A little pier was a stone's throw from the house on that side, at which were moored sev-

eral boats belonging to the fishermen about. It was as she thought: a stooping figure, dim and hazy in the morning fog which blurred the nearest outlines and veiled the more distant, was untying one of the boats, and had slipped the oars into the rowlocks.

"Going fishing early," she said to herself. "I wonder which of 'em it is. They are all alike in this light."

Then she stood and looked out upon the morning world. It would soon be sunrise. Meanwhile, the earth was silent, save for the soft rippling of the untired waves that scarcely rose and fell in this sheltered harbor; the land had been at rest through the short night, but they had climbed and lapsed again steadily through its hours; the paling stars would soon have faded into the haze. The expectation of the creature waited for the manifestation.

Softly the boat floated away from its moorings. It seemed propelled without effort, so quietly it slipped through the water. In the bottom lay the sail and the nets, a shadowy mass; the boat itself was little more than a shadow, as it glided on into the thicker fog which received and enveloped it, as into an unknown vague future which concealed and yet held promises and welcome.

Mrs. Pember glanced at the clock. It was very early, but to go back to bed was hardly worth while. The sun was already beginning to glint through the fog. She dressed, and passing softly the door of the room where Mellony slept — rather fitfully of late — began to make the fire.

The morning broadened and blazed into the day, and the whole town was making ready for its breakfast. Mellony was later than usual, — her mother did not hear her moving about, even; but she was unwilling to disturb her; she would wait awhile longer before calling her. At last, however, the conviction of the immorality of late rising could no longer be ignored, and she turned the knob of Mellony's door and stepped into the room.

She had been mistaken in supposing that Mellony was asleep; the girl must have risen early and slipped out, for the room was empty, and Mrs. Pember paused, surprised that she had not heard her go. It must have been while she was getting kindling wood in the yard that Mellony had left by the street door. And what could she have wanted so early in the village?—for to the village she must have gone; she was nowhere about the little place, whose flatness dropped, treeless, to the shore. Her mother went again to the kitchen, and glanced up and down the waterside. There was no one on the little wooden pier, and the boats swung gently by its side, their own among them, so Mellony had not gone out in that. Yes, she must have gone to the village, and Mrs. Pember opened the front door and scanned the wandering little street. It was almost empty; the early morning activity of the place was in other directions.

With the vague uneasiness that unaccustomed and unexplained absence always produces, but with no actual apprehension, Mrs. Pember went back to her work. Mellony had certain mild whims of her own, but it was surprising that she should have left her room in disorder, the bed unmade; that was not like her studious neatness. With a certain grin Mrs. Pember ate her breakfast alone. Of course no harm had come to Mellony, but where was she? Unacknowledged, the shadow of Ira Baldwin fell across her wonder. Had Mellony cared so much for him that her disappointment had driven her to something wild and fatal? She did not ask the question, but her lips grew white and stiff at the faintest suggestion of it. Several times she went to the door, meaning to go out and up the street to look for her daughter, but each time something withheld her. Instead, with that determination that distinguished her, she busied herself with trifling duties. It was quite nine o'clock when she saw Captain Phip-

peny coming up the street. She stood still and watched him approach. His gait was more rolling than ever, as he came slowly towards her, and he glanced furtively ahead at her house, and then dropped his eyes and pretended not to have seen her. She grew impatient to have him reach her, but she only pressed her lips together and stood the more rigidly still. At last he stood in front of her doorstone, his hat in his hand. The yellow shirt and the leathern jacket were more succinctly audacious than ever, but doubt and irresolution in every turn of his blue eyes and line of his weather-beaten face had taken the place of the tolerant kindness.

"It's a warm mornin', Mis' Pember," he observed, more disconcerted than ever by her unsmiling alertness.

"You came a good ways to tell me that, Captain Phippeny."

"Yes, I did. Leastways I did n't," he responded. "I come to tell you about—about Mellony."

"What about Mellony, Captain Phippeny?" she demanded, pale but uncompromising. "What have you got to tell me about Mellony Pember?" she reiterated as he paused.

"Not Mellony Pember," gasped the captain, a three-cornered smile trying to make headway against his embarrassment as he recalled the ancient tale of breaking the news to the Widow Smith; "Mellony Baldwin."

"Mellony Baldwin!" repeated Mrs. Pember stonily, not yet fully comprehending.

The captain grew more and more nervous.

"Yes," he proceeded, with the haste of despair, "yes, Mis' Pember, you see Mellony—Mellony's married."

"Mellony married!" Strangely enough she had not thought of that. She grasped the doorpost for support.

"Yes, she up and married him," went on the captain more blithely. "I hardly thought it of Mellony," he added in

not unpleasurable reflection, "nor yet of Ira."

"Nor I either." Mrs. Pember's lips moved with difficulty. Mellony married! The structure reared with tears and prayers, the structure of Mellony's happiness, seemed to crumble before her eyes.

"And I was to give you this," and from the lining of his hat the captain drew forth a folded paper.

"Then you knew about it?" said Mrs. Pember, in a flash of cold wrath.

"No, no, I did n't. My daughter's boy brought this to me, and I was to tell you they was married. And why they set the job on to me the Lord He only knows!" and Captain Phippeny wiped his heated forehead with feeling; "but that's all I know."

Slowly, her fingers trembling, she unfolded the note.

"I have married Ira, mother," she read. "He took me away in a boat early this morning. It was the only way. I will come back when you want me. If I am to be unhappy, I'd rather be unhappy this way. I can't be unhappy your way any longer. I'm sorry to go against you, mother; but it's my life, after all, not yours. MELLONY."

As Mrs. Pember's hands fell to her side and the note slipped from her fingers, the daily tragedy of her married life seemed to pass before her eyes. She saw Captain Pember reel into the house, she shuddered at his blasphemy, she felt the sting of the first blow he had given her, she cowered as he roughly shook Mellony's little frame by her childish arm.

"She'd better be dead!" she murmured. "I wish she was dead."

Captain Phippeny pulled himself together. "No, she had n't, — no, you don't, Mis' Pember," he declared stoutly. "You're making a mistake. You don't want to see Mellony dead any more 'n I do. She's only got married, when all's said and done, and there's a

sight of folks gets married and none the worse for it. Ira Baldwin ain't any great shakes, — I dono as he is; he's kinder light complected and soft spoken, — but he ain't a born fool, and that's a good deal, Mis' Pember." He paused impressively, but she did not speak. "And he ain't goin' to beat Mellony, either; he ain't that sort. I guess Mellony could tackle him, if it came to that, anyhow. I tell you, Mis' Pember, there's one thing you don't take no reckonin' on, — there's a difference in husbands, there's a terrible difference in 'em!" Mrs. Pember looked at him vaguely. Why did he go on talking? Mellony was married. "Mellony's got one kind, and you — well," he went on, with cautious delicacy, "somehow you got another. I tell you it's husbands as makes the difference to a woman when it comes to marryin'."

Mrs. Pember stooped, picked up the note, turned and walked into the living-room and sat down. She looked about her with that sense of unreality that visits us at times. There was the chair in which Mellony sat the night of her rebellious outbreak, — Mellony, her daughter, her married daughter. Other women talked about their "married daughters" easily enough, and she had pitied them; now she would have to talk so, too. She felt unutterably lonely. Her household, like her hope, was shattered. She looked up and saw that Captain Phippeny had followed her in and was standing before her, turning his hat in his brown, tattooed hands.

"Mis' Pember," he said, "I thought mebbe, now Mellony was married, you'd be thinkin' of matrimony yourself agen." As Mrs. Pember gazed at him dumbly, it seemed as if she must all at once have become another person. Matrimony had suddenly become domesticated, as it were. Her eyes traveled over the horseshoe charm and the long gold chain as she listened, and from pocket to pocket. "And so I wanted to say that I'd like to have you think of me if you was mak-

in' out the papers for another v'yage. The first mate I sailed with, she says to me when she died, 'You've been a good husband, Phippeny,' says she. I would n't say anythin' to you, I would n't take the resk, if she had n't said that to me, Mis' Pember, and I'm tellin' it to you now because there's such a difference; and I feel kinder encouraged by it to ask you to try me. I'd like to have you marry me, Mis' Pember."

It was a long speech, and the captain was near to suffocation when it was finished, but he watched her with anxious keenness as he waited for her to reply. The stern lines of her mouth relaxed

slowly. A brilliant red geranium in the window glowed in the sunlight which had just reached it. The world was not all dark. The room seemed less lonely with the captain in it, as she glanced around it a second time. She scanned his face: the buttonhole of a mouth had a kindly twist; he did not look in the least like handsome Dick Pember. Mellony had married, and her world was in fragments, and something must come after.

"I never heard as you were n't a good husband to Mis' Phippeny," she said calmly, "and I dono as anybody 'll make any objection if I marry you, Captain Phippeny."

Annie Eliot.

THE TILDEN TRUST, AND WHY IT FAILED.

THE supposed purpose of the late Samuel J. Tilden to establish by his last will a free library and reading-room in the city of New York, through the agency of what was termed the "Tilden Trust," and the lamentable failure of that purpose are still fresh in public recollection. The failure of the Tilden Trust has been emphasized by the recent judgment of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois, rendered on the 19th of June last, affirming the validity of the will of Mr. John Crerar, late of Chicago, devoting a sum of money, estimated at about three millions of dollars, to the founding of a free public library in that city. Why should the charitable purpose of the one testator be defeated, while that of the other is sustained? Why should the courts of New York pronounce the Tilden Trust a failure, while the courts of Illinois declare the John Crerar Library to be an assured fact? Why, under the same general system of jurisprudence prevailing in these two great States, should it be a task of such apparent difficulty to create a valid

trust for charity in New York, while it is a matter of comparative ease to accomplish the same result in Illinois? The answer is not difficult to the professional reader, and it is believed that a comparison of the two cases, eliminating all technicalities, will afford an easy solution of these questions to the layman.

Mr. Tilden died in August, 1886, leaving his last will, dated in April, 1884. His only surviving heirs were a sister, two nephews, and four nieces. After creating, by his will, various trusts for the benefit of specific persons named, he devised the entire remainder of his property to trustees, to be held by them during the lives of a niece and grand-niece, and to be applied to the purposes named in the will. By the thirty-fifth paragraph of the will he requested his trustees to obtain from the legislature, as speedily as possible, an act of incorporation of an institution to be known as the Tilden Trust, with capacity to establish and maintain a free public library and reading-room in the city of New

York, and to promote such scientific and educational objects as his trustees might designate. In case the Tilden Trust should be incorporated during the life of the survivor of the two nieces named, he authorized his trustees to organize the corporation, and to convey to its use the residue of his estate not specifically disposed of by the will, "or so much thereof as they deem expedient." He then directed that, in case the Tilden Trust should not be so incorporated, "or if, for any cause or reason, my said executors and trustees shall deem it inexpedient to convey the said rest, residue and remainder, or any part thereof, or to apply the same or any part thereof to said institution, I authorize my said executors and trustees to apply the rest, residue and remainder of my property, real and personal, after making good the said special trusts herein directed to be constituted, or such portion thereof as they may not deem it expedient to apply to its use, to such charitable, educational, and scientific purposes as in the judgment of my said executors and trustees will render the said rest, residue, and remainder of my property most widely and substantially beneficial to the interests of mankind."

The trustees named in the will actually procured the incorporation of the Tilden Trust, and conveyed to it the residue of Mr. Tilden's estate for the purpose of giving effect to the presumed intention of the testator. At the suit of one of the nephews and heirs at law this provision of the will was defeated, and, by the judgment of the court of last resort of the State of New York, was declared to be invalid.

In a vigorous article which appeared in the *Harvard Law Review* of March 15, 1892, written by Professor J. B. Ames of the Cambridge Law School, the writer ascribes the miscarriage of the Tilden Trust to a combination of two causes, the one legislative, the other judicial. The legislative cause he finds in

the fact that the English law of charitable trusts has been abolished in New York by statute, and trusts for charity are there put upon the same footing as private trusts, except that property may be given directly to corporations which are authorized to receive and permanently hold bequests for specific charitable purposes. The other, and what he terms the judicial cause, is found in previous decisions of the courts of New York, unnecessary to be here repeated, by which the courts were fettered and hampered in their construction of the Tilden will, being unable to depart from these precedents. And the writer expresses his own conviction that, had the Tilden case arisen in England, or in any of the United States except New York, Michigan, Minnesota, Maryland, Virginia, and West Virginia, the trust for the library would have been sustained.

Whatever may be said as to the justice of the criticism of Professor Ames, another and fatal objection to the validity of the Tilden Trust existed, and upon this objection the judgment of the New York Court of Appeals, in setting aside the trust, was largely based. This objection may perhaps be best expressed in the statement that it nowhere clearly appears in the will that the testator intended to found a free library and reading-room in the city of New York. The extract from the will above quoted indicates a noticeable lack of precision on the part of the testator, first, as to the amount of his bounty which should be devoted to the purposes of the library, and, second, as to whether he desired, in any event, to found such a library. And while, as is said by the court in the final opinion in the Tilden case, at the threshold of every suit for the construction of a will lies the rule that the court must so construe it as to give effect to the intention of the testator, the courts have never gone so far as themselves to make a new will, or to apply any portion of the estate for a purpose which

was not specifically and unmistakably authorized by the testator himself.

The uncertainty upon the part of Mr. Tilden as to the amount of his estate which should be devoted to the library, and, indeed, as to whether he desired, in any event, to establish a library will be more apparent by again referring to the language of his will. He directs his trustees, after procuring the incorporation of the Tilden Trust, to convey to the corporation the residue of his estate not specifically disposed of, or so much thereof as they may deem expedient. Here is an absolute and uncontrolled discretion upon the part of the trustees to devote so much or so little of the residue to the purposes of the library as they may see fit. Whether the entire residue of the estate or a mere fraction thereof should ever be applied for the purposes of a library was a question which Mr. Tilden himself did not attempt to determine. In other words, as to the amount of his benefaction thus hypothetically devoted to the library, he may be said to have made no will, but to have left the amount to the discretion of his trustees. This objection alone would doubtless have been fatal to the Tilden Trust under the laws prevailing in any English-speaking country, since it is a rule of universal application in all such countries that, to create a valid trust for charity, there must be a grant or donation, either of a specific sum or of a sum which may be rendered specific and certain by some process fixed by the instrument creating the trust.

But the want of precision as to the amount which should be devoted to the library is perhaps less striking than the uncertainty as to whether any library should ever be called into being. After leaving the amount of the benefaction thus undetermined, the testator proceeds to declare that, if, for any reason, his trustees shall deem it inexpedient to convey any part of the residue of his estate to the Tilden Trust, they are au-

thorized to apply such residue to such charitable, educational, and scientific purposes as in their judgment may be most beneficial to the interests of mankind. Uncertainty as to the amount of the donation is thus emphasized by additional uncertainty as to the object of the gift; confusion is thus worse confounded, and it becomes a legal impossibility to determine what may have been the actual intention of the testator.

Nor is this uncertainty, both as to the purpose and as to the amount of the donation, relieved by what may be termed the general charitable purpose of Mr. Tilden, or by his apparent desire that the residue of his estate should be devoted to purposes which, in the judgment of his trustees, should be "most widely and substantially beneficial to the interests of mankind." However commendable in the abstract such a purpose may appear, it is too nebulous and undefined to be enforced by the action of the courts. It was for Mr. Tilden to determine what purposes would result in the most lasting and substantial benefit to posterity, and having failed so to determine, to his own lack of precision, rather than to any defect in the existing law, must be attributed the failure of his bounty in this regard.

It was, however, strongly urged in argument that the elements of uncertainty here discussed had been eliminated from the case by the action of the trustees in procuring the incorporation of the Tilden Trust, and in conveying to the corporation the residue of the estate. And it was insisted that, having thus passed the point of uncertainty, the trust for the library might be sustained and its provisions might be enforced in accordance with the intention of the testator as thus supplemented and defined by the action of his trustees. The answer of the court to this contention was a very simple and natural one. It was, in brief, that the validity of the will was to be determined as of the date of Mr. Tilden's death,

and was in no manner dependent upon the subsequent action of his trustees. If at the time of his death the Tilden Trust was valid, the rights of the heirs were subject to the trust; if invalid, the heirs immediately inherited that portion of the estate, and no subsequent action of the trustees could disinherit them.

Stripped of the technical language in which wills are usually couched, that branch of the will under consideration may be summarized substantially, as was done by Mr. Justice Brown in the opinion of the New York Court of Appeals, by assuming that Mr. Tilden said to his trustees, I desire to devote my estate to charitable, educational, and scientific purposes. I have not worked out the details, but, since the laws of New York require this to be done through a corporation, I request you to cause an institution to be incorporated as the Tilden Trust, with capacity to maintain a free library and reading-room in the city of New York, and such other educational and scientific purposes as you shall designate. If you think proper, you may convey to this corporation so much or so little of the residue of my estate as you may determine. If you do not think this course desirable, you may apply the residue to such charitable, educational, and scientific purposes as will, in your judgment, most widely and substantially benefit mankind. So far, therefore, from attempting to establish, by his will, a free library and reading-room, or any other specific and definite trust for charity, Mr. Tilden remitted to his trustees, in the exercise of their uncontrolled discretion, the selection of the charity, as well as the determination of the extent of his bounty which should be devoted to such charity when thus selected. As to the portion of his estate thus tentatively devoted to charity, he made no will, but attempted to delegate the entire subject to the action of his trustees. Their will, not his, was to be the rule of action. The result cannot be better

summarized than in the language of Mr. Justice Brown, delivering the opinion of the majority of the New York Court of Appeals, who says:—

“As the selection of the objects of the trust was delegated absolutely to the trustees, there is no person or corporation who could demand any part of the estate, or maintain an action to compel the trustees to execute the power in their favor. This is the fatal defect in the will. The will of the trustees is made controlling, and not the will of the testator. As was said by the learned presiding justice of the General Term, ‘the radical vice of the entire provision seems to have arisen from the testator’s unwillingness to confer any enforceable rights upon any qualified person or body.’”

It is true that a vigorous dissenting opinion was filed by three of the seven judges who sat in final judgment upon the Tilden will. It is true also that the judgment of the court, based upon this bare majority of four out of seven learned judges, has been freely criticised both by lawyers and by laymen. Perhaps the most common form of criticism was that which was generally voiced in the public press at the time in asserting the difficulty of creating valid trusts for charity, and in lamenting the grasping tendency of covetous heirs in seeking to recover a portion of the bounty of their ancestor, which he may have intended to devote to public benefactions. Yet it is believed that the general verdict of the legal profession has been and will continue to be that the Tilden Trust was properly defeated by reason of the vacillation, uncertainty, and lack of precision of Mr. Tilden himself.

If now we turn to the case of the Crerar will, we shall have little difficulty in determining why Chicago is to have one more great public library, while New York is to have one less than was supposed upon the publication of Mr. Tilden’s will.

John Crerar, by birth a Scotchman,

and formerly a resident of the city of New York, died in Chicago, October 19, 1889, at the age of sixty-two. He had for many years prior to his death been a successful merchant of Chicago, and had accumulated a fortune of several million dollars. He was never married, and left no surviving kin of nearer degree than first cousins. By his will, consisting of fifty-two separate paragraphs, he devised his entire estate to Norman Williams and Huntington W. Jackson as executors and trustees, with power to sell and dispose of his estate, to convert it into cash, and to hold the proceeds subject to the trusts of the will. By thirty-eight separate paragraphs he gave sums of money aggregating about \$800,000 in special legacies to cousins on the mother's side, to family and personal friends, and to various charities, public and private, including among such legacies \$100,000 for the "erection of a colossal statue of Abraham Lincoln," and other large sums to hospitals, churches and mission schools. He then directed his trustees to set apart so much of his estate as they might deem necessary, the income from which should be applied in payment of costs and expenses of administering the will and its trusts, including compensation to his trustees for their services, the surplus income from this fund to be yearly devoted to the purposes set forth in the fiftieth clause of his will, and when, in the judgment of his trustees, it should be proper, the entire principal sum thus segregated should be devoted to the same purposes.

By the fiftieth clause of his will, Mr. Crerar expressed his recognition of the fact that the greater part of his fortune had been accumulated in Chicago, where he had resided since 1862, and acknowledged with gratitude the kindness which had always been extended to him by his friends and acquaintances in Chicago. He therefore gave all the residue of his estate for the erection, maintenance, and

endowment of a free public library, to be called "The John Crerar Library," and to be located in the city of Chicago, a preference being given to the south division of the city, inasmuch as the Newberry Library was to be located in the north division. He directed his trustees to procure an act of incorporation to carry out the purposes of the bequest, and designated the first board of directors of such corporation. He then added the following general directions as to the library trust:—

"I desire the building to be tasteful, substantial, and fire-proof, and that a sufficient fund be reserved over and above the cost of its construction to provide, maintain, and support a library for all time. I desire the books and periodicals selected with a view to create and sustain a healthy moral and Christian sentiment in the community, and that all nastiness and immorality be excluded. I do not mean by this that there shall not be anything but hymn-books and sermons, but I mean that dirty French novels and all skeptical trash and works of questionable moral tone shall never be found in this library. I want its atmosphere that of Christian refinement, and its aim and object the building up of character, and I rest content that the friends I have named will carry out my wishes in these particulars."

He appears to have been ignorant of the existence of any cousins on the father's side, the will making no provision for such cousins. Shortly after Mr. Crerar's death, legal proceedings were instituted by several first cousins on the father's side, residing in Scotland and in Canada, to set aside eight different clauses of the will, including that for the creation of the public library.

Various objections to the library trust were pressed by counsel for the contesting heirs, which need not be here discussed. One objection was urged with much force, and upon substantially the same grounds as in the case of the Til-

den Trust, namely, that the amount devoted by the will to the purposes of the library was uncertain and impossible of ascertainment, and that the library clause was therefore void. It was insisted that because the testator had set aside an indefinite and uncertain portion of his estate, the amount of which should rest wholly in the discretion of his trustees, to meet the expenses of administering the trust, including their own compensation, they might devote so much or so little of the estate to these purposes as they should see fit, and thus in effect defeat the library trust or leave nothing for its endowment. Had this objection been well founded in point of fact, the bequest to the library would doubtless have failed, since it is an indispensable element of a valid trust for charity that the sum devoted to the charitable purpose must be either definitely ascertained and determined by the testator, or that he must prescribe some standard by which the amount may be determined. The Supreme Court of Illinois, however, in sustaining the will, held that the setting aside of this fund to meet the expenses of the trust was a proper detail of administration within the control of the testator; that in any event such expenses were a prior charge upon the entire estate and must be paid as such; that the trustees had no arbitrary discretion as to the amount of the fund to be thus set apart for expenses, or as to their own compensation; that the courts would correct any abuse in the exercise of their discretion in this regard; that these expenses were necessary to the administration of the charity itself, and that the entire residue of the estate, including the fund thus temporarily set aside for expenses, was devoted to the library trust. The court affirm with no uncertain sound the doctrine long prevailing in England and in this country, that the charitable purpose indicated by the testator is the substance, while the ways and means which

he may have provided for carrying out his intention are mere matters of detail; that it is the wise policy of the law to uphold charitable bequests, and that if all machinery provided by the testator for giving effect to his charitable purpose shall fail, the courts will still execute the trust in the spirit of the donor. The conclusion reached by the court is compressed in the closing words of the opinion as follows:—

“No greater wrong could be done the giver of this magnificent bequest than to defeat his clearly expressed wish, that the greater part of his estate, amply sufficient for the purpose, should be expended in the erection, creation, maintenance, and endowment of a free public library in a great city, to bear his name, because, forsooth, in an effort to direct the means of carrying out the purposes of that bequest he may have misconceived the practicability of some of those means, or failed to prescribe with exactness when and how those means should be put into operation.”

The vital point which distinguishes the will of Mr. Tilden from that of Mr. Crerar sufficiently appears from the language here quoted. Indeed, a mere comparison of the library clauses in the two wills sufficiently indicates this point of difference, without the aid of judicial interpretation. Mr. Crerar clearly expressed his wish that the residue of his estate should be expended in the erection, creation, maintenance and endowment of a free public library. Mr. Tilden expressed no such intention. The former desired a library and nothing else, and directed that the entire residue of his estate should be devoted to this purpose. The latter was uncertain, first as to the amount which should be devoted to a possible library, if his trustees should decide to apply any of his estate to that purpose, and second, as to whether, indeed, he desired in any event to found a library. The attempt of Mr. Crerar to create a library is expressed

with precision and certainty; that of Mr. Tilden with doubt and hesitation. The former proceeded directly to give expression to his charitable intention in clear and unmistakable language, while the latter doubted, hesitated, and finally left all to the uncontrolled discretion of his trustees. In brief, Mr. Crerar himself made a will, devoting the entire residuum of his estate to the founding of a great trust for charity. Mr. Tilden made no such will, but merely sought to transmit his testamentary intention to his trustees, to be by them defined and executed.

Even this brief and imperfect review of these two *causes célèbres* may serve to emphasize the injustice of the criticism which was so freely made upon the courts of New York after the failure of the Tilden Trust, that they were inclined upon technical grounds to defeat the clearly expressed intention of testators regarding trusts for charity. And while it is true that the legislation of New York upon this subject shows a wide divergence from the general current of legislation both in England and in America, it is believed that the courts of that State have been inclined to go quite as far toward sustaining trusts for charity, when clearly expressed, as have those of other States. Upon this point Mr. Justice Rapallo, delivering the opinion of the New York Court of Appeals in *Holland v. Alcock*, 108 N. Y. 312, decided in 1888, clearly shows that the change of legislation in New York in abolishing the English system of charitable trusts has led to no loss or diminution of charity in that State. Upon the contrary, he asserts that New York has substituted a policy which offers the widest field for enlightened benefactions, and he points with pride to the great number of charitable institutions throughout the State of New York. He adds:—

“It is not certain that any political

state or society in the world offers a better system of law for the encouragement of property limitations in favor of religion and learning, for the relief of the poor, the care of the insane, of the sick, and the maimed, and the relief of the destitute, than our system of creating organized bodies by the legislative power and endowing them with the legal capacity to hold property which a private person or a private corporation has to receive and hold transfers of property.”

Nor need the failure of the Tilden Trust cause any apprehension upon the part of benevolently disposed testators lest their purpose to devote any portion of their estates to trusts for charity should miscarry. No testamentary bequests are more jealously guarded or more strictly enforced by the courts in the spirit of the testator than are those for charity. Let it only clearly appear that the testator directs that some portion of his estate, either definitely ascertained, or susceptible of definite ascertainment, is unmistakably devoted to a public benefaction as distinguished from a private trust, and the courts of all countries in which the English system of jurisprudence prevails are prompt to give effect to such intention. That the Tilden will failed in this regard is the fault, not of the courts by which it was construed, but rather of the testator who failed to give proper expression to his possible intention. It has been generally understood among the legal profession that this will was drawn by Mr. Tilden himself, and that it was possibly submitted for approval to the late Mr. Charles O'Connor. Be this as it may, the failure of the Tilden Trust has added one more to the list of eminent judges and lawyers, including Lord St. Leonards and Mr. O'Connor himself, who have failed to draw their own wills in such manner as to successfully withstand attack by their heirs at law and next of kin.

James L. High.

TWO MODERN CLASSICISTS IN MUSIC.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

"Quot homines, tot sententiæ" is a saw the application of which might well be extended beyond its current limits. It is not only upon our opinions that we cannot escape setting at least a faint stamp of our own individuality, — though this impress may often seem obliterated by our modes of expressing them, — but our understanding, our perceptions, our very seeing and hearing are indefeasibly and inveterately our own. Language is at best a makeshift by which we seek to impart to others an approximate notion of our meaning; but, use it as we may, there is always room for doubt as to whether we have really made ourselves understood. That which we call a word is but the shadow of our thought; it may mean this to us, but that to another. Written language, unaided as it is by the plastic imagery of gesture and the innuendo of emphasis, is an especially rough tool; we write a word, and every reader makes of it what he can — lucky for us if he have the honesty not to make of it what he please! The idea-conveying force of the word will be what it means to him, not what it means to us. If we would be distinctly understood, we must beat about the bush and explain ourselves; our word, left to itself, will have as many meanings as there are men who read it.

But, to quit generalities and come down to a definite point, how many different meanings in as many minds has not this one word "classicism"! *Classic*, *classicism*, *classicist*, have grown to be very vague terms. To those who look for the meaning of a word in its etymology they are impregnated with a flavor of the academy, they reek with associations with the categorical imperative, the "thou shalt" and "thou shalt

not" of the schools. To others they convey an idea of authority based on a survival after long sifting and a gradual recognition of what is fine, worthy, and, as the Germans say, *mustergiltig*. To others, again, they imply merely something old, that was doubtless admirable once, but has had its day like other dogs, and should by rights be obsolete now. And who shall say that any of these interpretations is wholly without warrant? What we call a "classic" has become so in virtue of being recognized as fine and worthy by successive generations, and should be looked upon as a model in its way, as far as it goes; being a model, it naturally has been held up as such by the schools, and departure from its scheme has been deprecated, with more or less reason. Again, as it is of necessity old, inspired by the afflatus of a time when the conditions of life, thought, and even emotion were different from ours, when men had other ideals than ours, is there not unavoidably an element of obsolescence in it? May we not assume that its mature growth, like all mature growth, has brought with it the potentiality of decay? All these meanings of "classic" and "classicism" have truth in them; it is only by holding too fast by one, to the exclusion of the others, that we run the risk of error.

Yet, although these interpretations of the word "classicism" are all more or less true, they are still too general and vague for my present purpose. If I have dwelt on them at all, it was to ward off at the outset any prejudice, any foregone conclusion, in the mind of my readers, — either in the way of partisanship or opposition, *pro* or *con*, — by showing that no single one of

them covers the whole ground ; and that, consequently, so soon as we hold fast by the special truth contained or implied in one, discarding that implied in the others, we thereby place our chosen truth as it were *in vacuo*, thus inviting error to flow in and surround it. I would address myself here neither to the enthusiasm of the so-called classicist, nor to the militant scorn of the modern comouter ; I would as far as possible paint a faithful picture of something that has been and the true significance of which seems to me of lasting importance.

To my present purpose neither the authority, the *Mustergültigkeit* ("model-worthiness"), nor the age and possible obsolescence of musical classicism is of any consequence whatever ; I wish to look at the subject from a totally different point of view. I would specify what the true gist, the quintessence in the last analysis, of musical classicism was in its heyday, apart from all definitions, with all that was merely external and unessential eliminated. What I speak of is an æsthetic point of view which history shows us was the dominant one during the periods in which the great masterpieces were written which are by common consent called classic to-day. And, in examining this point of view, I trust far less to the evidence furnished by anything of the didactic sort written or read during the periods to which I refer than to the internal evidence of the masterworks themselves.

If it be true of any art that its real essence is the expression of emotion, this is doubly true of the art of music. And it may be well to state here that in all epochs in the history of music which have since been rated as classic — the great Italian period of strict vocal counterpoint, from the immediate forerunners of Palestrina, the two Gabriellis, and Orlando Lasso down to such decadents as Orazio Benevoli (a period extending from early in the sixteenth century to near the close of the seven-

teenth) ; the great "Neapolitan" period of opera and oratorio writing, from Alessandro Scarlatti down to Pergolesi and Sarti ; and the great German period, from Sebastian Bach and Handel down to Beethoven — the art of music was unhesitatingly looked upon as distinctly an independent art. The idea that music was an art immediately dependent on poetry was that of the ancient Greeks ; it cropped up again for a while under the Florentine Music Reform of the early part of the seventeenth century, and has since made its reappearance with Richard Wagner ; but it had absolutely nothing to do with any period or school generally or properly known as classic. In all classic epochs the art of music was regarded as an art by itself, following its own course of development, and subject to its own inherent laws. This was one part of the classic point of view ; it was axiomatic. But, based on this axiom, the true quintessence of the classic point of view was this : that in music — as in the other fine arts — the expression of emotion must be realized through perfect beauty of form and a finely and stoutly organized construction. The recognition of the indispensableness of this, so to speak, "architectural" side of music was the most distinctive and characteristic mark of the classical point of view ; as I have said, it is the very quintessence of classicism.

It is in this sense, and in this sense alone, that I shall use the words *classic*, *classicism* and *classicist* in the present article. In contradistinction to classicism, I would take musical "romanticism" to imply the aim to express emotion in music by more or less picturesque and suggestive means, by the imitation or suggestion of natural (extramusical) modes of expression, in short by any means in the power of the art not necessarily connected with beauty of form and stoutness or symmetry of organic structure. By this I do not mean

that the modes of expression peculiarly characteristic of musical romanticism are necessarily inimical to or discrepant with beauty of form or stoutness and symmetry of organism; the two circles of connotation of "classicism" and "romanticism" may intersect, and a certain domain be common to both; the two elements may pull together toward one and the same artistic goal. But, for the sake of clearness, I here limit the meaning of each of the two terms to that which is distinctively characteristic, and hence essential, in it. I take classicism to imply the endeavor to express emotion musically through beauty of form and stoutness and symmetry of organic construction; romanticism, the endeavor to express emotion by other musical means, for the present no matter what.

The last great classic master in music, universally recognized as such, was Felix Mendelssohn. It is true that he was more famous in his own day, and is to a great extent so still, as a romanticist than as a classicist; indeed he was both. But he was distinctly a classicist *jusqu'au bout des ongles*; strongly romantic as his native bent was, and full rein as he gave it for his time, he never indulged it at the expense of his classicism. With all his imaginative romanticism, he was and remains the last world-famous classic composer, so far. His classicism and romanticism went hand in hand and were, like Sebastian Bach's, in perfect equilibrium. Robert Schumann cannot compare with him in this respect; with Schumann the romantic side preponderated over the classic. Even if we admit that his artistic aims may have been as classic in spirit as Mendelssohn's, — which a careful study of his works gives some reason for believing, — the accident of lacking early training made him far less in condition to compass them than Mendelssohn, whose technical musical education was phenomenally thorough. Perfection of

musical form was something that Schumann always had to struggle for; with Mendelssohn it was a second nature.

But if Mendelssohn was the last universally recognized great musical classicist, there were two men, younger than he and less widely famous, whose lives were intimately associated with musical life in Boston, whose memory is green in the hearts of many of us, and in whom the spirit of the truest classicism still breathed in as perfect purity as in Mendelssohn himself: Robert Franz and Otto Dresel. They were staunch and life-long friends; their agreement on musical subjects was as complete as their friendship; they both worked together toward the same end, though they lived long apart; neither of the two gave anything to the world without its passing through the ordeal of the other's criticism; they died within two years of each other. It is well to speak of them together.

In both of these men was to be found, in its highest perfection, what I will call, for lack of a better name, the sense for musical beauty; the keenest sense for beauty of expression, beauty of form, proportion, and color. And, so strong was this sense in them, so imperative in its demands, that neither of them could be content unless the whole of his sense for beauty was satisfied. Beauty of form alone was not enough for them: truth and poignancy of expression, divorced from beauty of form, left them with the feeling that something indispensable was lacking; beauty of detail — in melody, harmony, or modulation — left them cold, unless there were also coherency of development and symmetry of design. Without beauty of color (a beautiful quality of tone) their delight in music was sorely marred. For them music must fulfill all the demands a complete and spherical æsthetic sense could make upon it. I must own that I was rather surprised to find in Dresel — whom I knew personally and

intimately, for with Franz I had only two or three years' intercourse by letter — so keen a delight in musical color, to find him make such severe demands upon music in this respect. In Boston he had the name of being rather "grim" in his tastes, and I knew his sense for form was so keen and fastidious that I thought it likely enough his demands upon beauty of clang-tint might be less exorbitant. But no: a disagreeable voice, a dry-toned pianoforte, a poor violin, unbeautiful orchestration, offended his ear as unpardonably as it could that of the veriest color-epicure in music; Paderewski himself could not surpass him in fineness of musical color-sense. And speaking of the great Polish pianist (whom, by the way, he never heard) reminds me of something I heard Dresel say one day, in talking of pianoforte playing: —

"I have heard almost all the great pianists; but of the whole lot I can think of only two whom I should call really remarkable for beauty of touch: Thalberg and Rubinstein."

"How about Gottschalk?" I suggested.

"Ah! yes, I had forgotten him; he certainly belongs with the other two; his tone on the pianoforte was phenomenally fine!"

In a similar way I was somewhat surprised at first at the high value he set upon emotional expressiveness in music, especially upon the expression of individual emotion, upon the emotional personality and temperament of a composer. To be sure, these surprises came at a time when I knew him far less well than I did afterwards, near the beginning of our musical friendship, when I still had to take him largely for what his reputation with music-lovers in general painted him to be — something of a "dry" musical formalist. Yet even after I had become better acquainted with the emotional, romantic side of his nature, there were certain points in him

that I still failed to understand; points which seemed to me not to harmonize well with the rest of him. Indeed, to his death, I could never explain the to me extraordinarily cool attitude he assumed toward Gluck's operas and the works of the older Italian contrapuntists, Palestrina, the Naninis, and others of that school. The Gluck matter, to be sure, did not trouble me overmuch; but, as for Palestrina and his contemporaries, it seemed to me to border on the illogical for an ardent Bach and Handel worshiper like Dresel to ignore this older music, which was really one of the main foundations of the great Germans' art. I never could get him to talk long enough on the subject, which evidently did not interest him in the least, to give me any clue to his inexplicable feelings in the matter. It was only after his death that Franz, to whom I had written on the subject, suggested an explanation that made me begin to see clearly into it. In a letter dated October 31, 1890, Franz answered my questions as follows: —

"The questions you ask are not easy to answer. But I would remark before all things that it can not be required of a musician to bring an equal interest to bear upon *all* art-phenomena, a requirement which is no doubt a *conditio sine qua non* for the historian, not for the musician, for a lifetime would hardly suffice for the intensive study of them. Friend Dresel was, to be sure, guilty of many a harshness in his judgments, which unfortunately led superficial people to charge him with one-sided narrowness. I myself have not fared better! I never had any talk with Dresel about his attitude toward Gluck and the old Italian school, so I am in no condition to give you any information about his aversion. Yet I can very well imagine that he did not sympathize with the frequent over-estimates of Gluck's artistic expression. The somewhat cold objectiveness to which the subjects he

treated forced this master could not possibly be sympathetic to so subjectively disposed an individual as Dresel unquestionably was — his cool sympathy is only thus to be explained. He seems to have assumed a similar, perhaps a harsher, attitude toward the old Italian school. In it the personal element withdraws almost wholly into the background, and is overwhelmed by the demands of the Catholic Church, which, as you know, does not consider the individual of any account. The expression of the masters of this school thus became so typical that one has some difficulty in distinguishing between, for example, the grand works of Palestrina. It was Protestantism that first loosed musicians' tongues; for in it the personal element, in contradistinction to the typical, gets its rights. The musical culmination of the liberated spirits is to be discerned in Bach and Handel — in both of them does the 'Ego' celebrate its most brilliant triumphs. Nowadays we are told to fall back solely upon ourselves, a fact which has already led to a subjectivism that makes one's flesh creep. In my opinion the individual element should subordinate itself to the universal, in which the artistic spirit of the noblest sort attains to self-consciousness; and here it finds its limit. He who disregards this limit will sooner or later come to grief. The great crowd that rule the roast to-day should naturally be sharply distinguished from this 'universal;' for them everything is sensual pleasure, and they have no inkling of a *katharsis* in which, and in which alone, the true blessings of art are realized. After the crowd was emancipated, even in its relations to music, . . . then began the downfall, about which only blindness can have any doubts.

"These cursory remarks to a certain extent explain Dresel's attitude. His negative judgment on Gluck and the old Italian school is but the outcome of a passionately mobile inner nature, for

which, in neither case, does the blood pulsate quickly enough, and one that could not possibly come to an understanding with the false objectiveness of our doctrinarians. Dresel's opposition to the Neo-Germanic school, too, has its interesting side. Its intolerance of all barriers (*ihre Schrankenlosigkeit*) was necessarily antipathetic to his measure-loving nature; in which matter he may perhaps now and then have overshot the mark."

I quote this merely to show that Dresel was very far from being the "dry formalist" in music that many thought him. In truth, the romantic side of his nature was as fully developed as that in any of the musical "new lights" of to-day; only with him it went hand in hand with, and was counterpoised by, an equally well-developed spirit of classicism. And what was true of Dresel in this respect was quite as true of Franz; in many of his long musical talks with me, the former continually quoted Franz, not as authority, but to show that he himself was not alone in his views.

What separates the classicism, the sense for beauty of musical form and proportion, of Franz and Dresel from that of almost all "classicists" to-day, — and the spirit of musical classicism, if possibly obsolescent, is by no means quite so dead yet as some persons would have us believe, — what made them, in a sense, the last of the Mohicans of a now by-gone period, is more a difference in kind than in degree. I do not think it any exaggeration to say that their perfect purity, chasteness, and nice discrimination of specifically musical sense are now a thing of the past. Our musical instincts nowadays run in other channels; we follow other ideals, and are not only willing, but eager, to sacrifice things to them that our fathers would not have consented to forego. For the absolute fineness and delicacy of musical sense of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, and Mendelssohn, we have no doubt substituted something else;

we can stand things — ay, and take delight in them, too — that would have set their teeth on edge; we can find a certain ideal coherency, of mood, poetic or dramatic purpose, or emotional expression, in things that would doubtless have struck them as utterly chaotic. I am not even prepared to deny that our modern musical sense may have, or may be developing into acquiring, a somewhat larger scope than theirs; but that it has not the perfect fineness of fibre of theirs I am sure. I am not criticising either them or us; I am merely stating what seems to me an undeniable fact. No doubt there are many musicians, especially of the older generation, now alive (albeit fewer than is generally supposed) who have enough of this old fineness and purity of musical sense left to know what it is; but those of them in whom it still has sufficient vitality for them to make its complete satisfaction a *sine qua non* of musical enjoyment must be exceedingly few and far between. Franz and Dresel were the last prominent figures in that goodly company of musical purists; with their death the old fineness of musical sense became virtually extinct. And if I call them purists, I do so hesitatingly, and because I can think of no better term. In the invidious sense, they were really not purists at all; for they did not throw greater stress upon purity of form and style than upon other elements in the art. Nothing was farther from their nature than aesthetic dandyism; only for them purity of form and style was a *sine qua non*.

Of the two, Franz alone was a creator. Dresel, to be sure, composed to a certain extent, and what he wrote was often surpassingly fine; but in him the spirit of self-criticism was stronger than the creative impulse. After publishing a few things, a pianoforte trio and some smaller pieces, when still a young man, he kept countless songs in his portfolio, waiting for the time when his own

musical sense should have sufficiently matured for him to trust it implicitly; he would give nothing to the public that he might be sorry for or ashamed of later. He had a horror of letting anything callow go on record; he was not content with satisfying his ideal for the time being, but must wait until he could be sure of satisfying his perfected and firmly grounded ideal. And the maturing process in him went on almost indefinitely; it seemed as if it would never end; until at last, shortly before his death, he did publish one small book of songs — songs written years before, which had survived decades of cumulative self-criticism, and which he was at last willing to father as something worth doing. The wonderful beauty of these songs might make one lament that Dresel kept them back so long, instead of giving them to the world at once, and making them the point of departure for flights into other and loftier regions of composition, did one not recognize the fact that, where genius is truly creative, the creative instinct is ever stronger than that of self-criticism, and has in itself a certain inborn fearlessness that prompts it to compose, and give to the world without regard for consequences. The man of genuine creative genius can not help flooding the world with his creations. He may not, and probably does not, satisfy his own highest ideal; but that matters little to him: he has done his best for the nonce, and can not wait to work over it longer; he must give it to the world for what it is worth, and try to do better next time. That Dresel had not creative genius of this sort seems evident enough; and we should be thankful for the beauty of the few songs he did persuade himself to publish rather than regret that he did not publish more. Upon the whole, there is no such thing, nor was there ever such a thing, as an unborn master-work; for it is, and ever has been, the prime characteristic of the embryo of a masterpiece

that it will and must be born; it struggles uncontrollably toward birth, and nothing under heaven, save fell death alone, can prevent its being born. There is no more futile lamenting on earth than that over the great things this or that man did not do. Devout thankfulness for the little and insignificant things men have not done is infinitely wiser; for it is profoundly true — though the truth thereof is too often overlooked or misappreciated — that in art, as in other matters, the world really wants nothing but masterpieces. All else it is well able to do without.

Franz, on the other hand, distinctly was a creative genius; and, like all true geniuses, as distinguished from men of mere talents, he was a man of progress. He carried the German *Lied* to its highest known pitch of perfection. Uniting the purely lyric element one finds in such splendor in Schubert with the wondrously subtle and mobile expressiveness of every varying shade of emotion that characterized Schumann, fusing these two elements so that their union was absolutely — one might say, by a not too daring figure, “chemically” — complete, Franz gave the finishing master touch to the plastic form of the *Lied*. Franz’s songs are as truly lyrics, in the most exact sense of the word, as Schubert’s; at the same time, they are to the full as emotionally expressive, as picturesquely and poetically suggestive, as vivid pieces of tone-painting, as Schumann’s. And, more than this, he has given them the most stoutly organized, pure, and concise form known in song-writing. Of what Schubert and Schumann did before him Franz brought the natural and logical completion; he crowned the edifice.

In thus comparing Franz with Schubert and Schumann as a song-writer, I have intentionally left his own personal individuality out of consideration; I have spoken only of his continuing and completing their work in establishing and

perfecting the form of the German *Lied*. But, apart from this, his own genius had the finest, the most unique aroma; it was as individual as that of any man who ever wrote. Indeed, after looking through all modern art, one finds Franz to stand utterly alone and companionless in one high respect; to find a parallel to the spirit that breathes through his songs, one must go back to the old Elizabethan love poetry; nothing else in our own day has their peculiar aroma. Franz’s songs have just that unforced felicity of cadence and expression, that wholesome out-of-door freshness, that refinement without priggishness, warmth without feverishness, above all that native reverence for purity and beauty, that we find in the English love poems of Elizabeth’s day. No lover can be too passionate to sing them, no maid too pure to hear them.

Their “vocality,” to coin a vile word to fit an abominably abused thing, has often been called in question; indeed, Franz’s songs are by no means always written according to the rules of the Italian *bel canto*, and it has long been the fashion to consider songs that do not obey these rules as pieces of bad vocal writing. But this objection is really foolish. Because even the finest and best developed vocal technique of great Italian singers is not fully equal to conquering certain technical difficulties in Franz’s songs, there is no more reason to call them essentially unvocal and badly written for the voice than there would be for saying that Chopin’s nocturnes and preludes are pieces of bad pianoforte writing because, say, Moscheles or Hummel could not have played them. The only difference is, that the peculiar technique needed to play Chopin has been very fully developed in pianists to-day, whereas the peculiar vocal technique requisite to sing Franz has been only very sparingly developed in singers. And as for *bel canto*, the Franz songs differ diametrically from much of the

vocal music written to-day in that they are but seldom declamatory in character, but almost always are purely lyrical; they have a *bel canto* of their own, — not the Italian, but another, — and imperatively demand that it shall be done full justice. The vocal technique required by Franz's songs still remains to a great extent a problem that singers will have to solve for themselves; some few have already solved it, but mastery over it has by no means become general as yet. I myself, *moi qui vous parle*, have heard Franz's songs sung as purely, as smoothly, sustainedly, and with as perfect emission of tone as I ever have "Casta diva" or "Una furtiva lagrima" by the best Italians. But I admit that it has not been often!

It has been regretted that Franz, as an original creator, confined himself so exclusively to the *Lied*, instead of spreading a wider wing in flight through larger musical domains. His technical equipment was probably more thorough than that of any other composer of his day. Perhaps he felt the short song to be his most congenial sphere, and had no inner spurings to attempt larger things. But one may suspect there was something else that kept him from trying the larger forms of vocal composition or any form whatever of instrumental writing. And I am led to guess that this something else may have acted quite as effectually upon Dresel as upon him, preventing him from overstepping the limits of the song, and discouraging Dresel almost wholly from doing original work in any field. To explain what this something, this mysterious influence, was, let me quote again from Franz's letters.

In a letter dated November 23, 1890, after beginning thus: —

"I am very glad that you agree with my explanation of Dresel's attitude. If you lay strong stress upon these points

of view in your intended article,¹ many a misunderstanding about our friend will be cured thereby.

"You are quite right in calling Liszt's composing in the archaic style *reflective*, for every imitation drags after itself the loss of naiveté, and thus leaves the domain of all true artistic creation. The Berlin matadors, —, —, —, etc., labor under the same deficit."

He goes on, in reply to some expostulations of mine with the exceedingly black view he had taken of the future of the art of music, as follows: —

"So you really believe that the individualism of our day, tearing down all barriers as it is, is but a process of fermentation, the precipitate of which must lead to a clarification promotive of art! If you mean the complete negation thereof, then I agree with you; but if you think a new era of artistic productiveness possible as the result of this clarification, then our views go far asunder. Every development has, like everything in the world, its beginning and its end; the development of the organism of art like the rest. Now, you have only to look at the historical progress of Music to deserv in it an uninterrupted chain of perfections and retrograde movements. To be sure, instances of disorganization occur, but their place is immediately taken by more vital forms in other domains. Vocal as well as instrumental music has gone through this process; neither of them could ever rise above a culminating point that was always followed by a rapid decadence. Church music lived to have this fate during and after the period of Bach and Handel; then the opera before and after 'Mozart,' whose name I especially emphasize because his genius possessed the highest faculty of dramatic art: 'to create figures of flesh and blood;'² farther on the epic forms, which cul-

and Heroines, in which I had spoken of Wagner's having "created figures of flesh and blood."

¹ An article I never wrote, by the way.

² This was in allusion to an article of mine in Scribner's Magazine, on Wagner's Heroes

minated in Beethoven; and finally, we have arrived again at the beginning of all art, at the lyric, which seems likewise to have exhausted its springs to the very bottom, in achieving a fusion of poetry and music which can hardly be carried to a higher pitch of intimacy."

In another letter, dated May 5, 1892, he says:—

"As I know you from your letters as an optimist incarnate, who even *per tot discrimina rerum* believes in a beautiful future, I will only remark that our art has been, in its noblest results and for divers centuries, its own object, and that it may at last be high time to take in hand the education of humankind, its higher mission. Trash will, of course, be excluded thereby, and what is genuine will come into its rights."

These are but hints; but they tend to show that Franz was fully persuaded that all forms of composition had been virtually worked out, and nothing new was to be done in them; the field of original creation in music was closed, or fast closing, except to those adventurous modern spirits to whom pure individualism in expression was acceptable as a worthy aim in art. At any rate, as he himself could not accept the modern idea, the field of original musical creation was effectively closed for him, save in that one still perfectible form, the song. Yet it is easy to see by what he actually did that this beautiful, but narrowly circumscribed, form of composition did not seem to him to give a man of creative genius sufficient scope to make it worth his while to devote his whole life-work to it. Indeed, if we look through the history of music, we can find no single instance of a man of really high creative genius—even among those to whom we owe the perfection of very small musical forms—devoting himself exclusively to them. Take, for instance, Schubert, to whom we owe the establishment of the

Lied-form; probably his most perfect and absolutely original work was done in that form; but he was not content to apply his genius to it alone, he also worked in the larger fields of the symphony, the sonata, concerted chamber music, church music, and the opera. Take Schumann, who brought the short fugitive pianoforte-piece to such perfection and may even be said to have created the *genre*,—for what Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven had done before him in this line was little more than a hint that something great remained to be done in it, and Mendelssohn's Songs without Words were rather superficially than essentially a new development, being in reality little or nothing more than the application of the *Lied*-form to pianoforte writing;¹—even Schumann could not confine himself to the short *morceau de genre* for pianoforte, but exploited nearly all the largest and highest domains of composition. Chopin himself, who, barring a few songs and a piece or two of concerted chamber music, was exclusively a pianoforte composer, was not content to confine his genius within the limits of the mazurka, the waltz, the nocturne, nor the short free prelude, but must needs apply himself also to the sonata, the concerto, the scherzo, and the longer ballade; and though Chopin brought the nocturne, the mazurka, and the short prelude to a pitch of perfection never equaled before nor since, and his most characteristic work was done in these small forms, he still was not satisfied with limiting himself to them alone. And it would have been strange indeed if a man of Franz's genius had been content to immure himself in the restricted domain of song writing. Yet, as we have seen, he considered other fields of original creative work virtually closed to him. What he did do is well known; and why he did it is at least hinted at in the water-color sketches, Schumann has cut veritable cameos."

¹ Saint-Saëns well said that "where Mendelssohn has given us the loveliest musical

sentences, "It may at last be high time to take in hand the education of humankind, its (music's) higher mission. Trash will, of course, be excluded thereby, and what is genuine will come into its rights."

There was one high field left for the musician of genius, even of creative genius, a field in which the great Mozart himself had done pioneer work, in which Mendelssohn had labored, but which had otherwise been left to men of mere talent and insufficient ability. This was the filling-out of the incomplete scores of Bach, Handel, and other great masters of their day. Here was work in the very highest field still remaining to be done! Nothing could contribute more to the higher musical "education of humankind" than the popularization of Bach and Handel; and by worthily filling out the vacant gaps in their monumental scores, what was "genuine" would be enabled to "come into its rights." I remember Dresel once saying that he considered the completion of Bach's and Handel's scores the highest task now left for musicians to accomplish. One need have little doubt that this feeling, coupled with and in part springing from the conviction that all fields for purely original musical creation were virtually worked out and closed, was what impelled both Franz and Dresel to devote the better part of their lives to the work they did on Bach and Handel.

I have but small inclination to examine or criticise this conviction here. I personally cannot agree with it; I even find it difficult to imagine it; as Franz said, I still believe in a beautiful future, that the present barrier-spurning spirit of ultra-individualism, with all the chaotic and monstrous phenomena to which it has given birth, is really but a transitory "process of fermentation, the precipitate of which must lead to a clarification promotive of art." And I have perfect faith that the clarification will

come in due time. Even the history of music — although it proves the contrary to Franz — only strengthens my faith, if it in any way needed strengthening. An almost precisely similar "instance of disorganization (*Verwilderung*)" is to be found in the Florentine Music Reform of the seventeenth century; there, too, was a temporary reign of barrier-breaking individualism, an utter subversion of all that was "typical" and "universal." Ask the classicists, the acknowledged great masters, of that day what they thought of Caccini, Peri, and Monteverde, with their *stile rappresentativo* and their establishment of the music-drama, and whether they could see anything in the movement, or in the music that resulted from it, but sheer chaos regained? "There was a "process of fermentation" with a vengeance! But the precipitate came, and with it the clarification; music could not remain forever in the amorphous state into which the Florentines had thrown it, for that which has in itself the potency and power of organism tends irrepressibly to develop itself organically. Nay, one may even say with absolute truth that the particular ferment that raised all this Florentine row-de-dow contained the fructifying vital principle that made it possible for Bach and Handel to be born from Palestrina, the Gabriellis, and Orlando Lasso. History has but to repeat itself, and the "clarification" we now look for may come!

But, though one need not agree with the view of the present and future condition of the art of music taken by Franz and Dresel, a conviction so thorough, honest, and unflinchingly lived up to as theirs cannot but command the most reverent respect. No matter whether their feeling and arguments convinced you or not, they were every inch true men, men of genuine genius, powerful brains, and wide culture; in short they were men who abundantly deserved to be listened to. No men that ever

lived were less fit subjects for mere pooh-poohing. And, when we consider what the results of this artistic conviction of theirs have been, we must find that the world has little cause to be otherwise than profoundly thankful that they were what they were and thought as they did. What they did for the incomplete scores of Bach and Handel is unquestionably to be counted among the things the world really wants, and hence cannot do without, as true master-work.

The violent controversy between the small Franz party and the far larger "historical" party about the *Bearbeitungsfrage*, the question of filling out the gaps left by the old composers in their scores, is one which I need not go into at great length; many of the arguments on both sides are so inseparably interwoven with musical technicalities as to make their rehearsal out of place here.¹

But it will be none the less interesting to hear Franz himself talk about it a little; not a few passages in his letters to me give a fine picture of the man himself, of the sturdy fighter for his own principles, unshaken in his faith, if somewhat embittered and turned to causticity by hard usage; these passages also throw light upon the only element in the controversy which I shall permit myself to take up in this article. In a letter dated August 6, 1889, he writes, in reply to some remarks of mine on the general attitude of musical criticism in this country:—

"With us, too, does criticism hold fast with convulsive grip by mere externals in judging of the question of additional accompaniments, and cannot get beyond the idea of instrumental retouching. Of the spiritual vitality, the *afflatus divinus*, that everywhere pervades Bach's and Handel's compositions, and to which the

complementary additions must in some measure correspond, the gentlemen have no inkling, and have therefore nothing to say on the main point. But this in no wise prevents their incessantly trotting out their *bornées* opinions and looking down with envy upon endeavors that are beyond their miserable powers of comprehension. You are right, too, in saying that the boundless vanity of professional singers bears a substantial part of the blame for the current misapprehensions about Bach's and Handel's airs. These gentry never care for the thing itself, but only for their own personal success. As vocal music since Mozart has its centre of gravity in the *cantilena*, people think they may apply this to compositions of earlier periods also, which are almost without exception written polyphonically—whereby the remaining web of voices comes off badly enough. But we will not let ourselves be led astray by this crazy company and its adherents, but will now as heretofore let the honor be to Truth; it will carry off the palm in the end, in spite of all."

Again, in a letter dated October 8 of the same year, he writes:—

"That the Communications about Bach's Magnificat¹ do not dissatisfy you rejoices me greatly. The most valuable part of them is probably the side-remarks on the ideal contents (*Gehalt*) of the master's works. If you could occasionally communicate some of these to your fellow-countrymen, you would compel my thanks. I read with astonishment in your letter that the magazines published in America refuse to accept the least word about Sebastian Bach. So there are queer people everywhere—not only here in this country! Bach has a future, like Shakespeare; he but honors himself who acts on this point of view.

¹ I have already treated this subject at some length in an article on Additional Accompaniments to Bach's and Handel's Scores, in the Atlantic Monthly for September, 1878, to

which I would beg to refer the reader curious in the matter.

¹ Mittheilungen über J. S. Bach's Magnificat, von Robert Franz, Halle, 1863.

"You are very right in saying that between the artistic perception and the historico-philological recognition of a fact there yawns a chasm that is hardly to be bridged over. Those who hold to the latter cannot even conceive how the historical must always be sublimated in the artistic. In his pamphlet, Robert Franz in his *Additional Accompaniments to Old Vocal Works*, J. Schäffer, after quoting a few sentences from my *Open Letter*,¹ goes on to say: 'How surprisingly exact is the agreement of these sentences with Mattheson's and Heinichen's directions! How deeply is the historian here thrown into the shade by the practical (*ausübenden*) artist! The former, albeit in possession of all historically established facts, remains still blind to them; the latter, perhaps without any sort of suspicion of what stands written in the old books, achieves, through practical experiments and the divining faculty of genius, results which alone prove to be vouched for by history!' Why, it is axiomatic that every working-out of an old composition must penetrate the secret of its style, and so must be historically right. Bach's and Handel's sketches do not endure our modern expression, but must be completed in the forms of the day when they were written. But to this end one need not plough through the musty old books; one has but to question his own artistic conscience. He who does not comprehend that is a blockhead!

"The German historical party think to have an easy job with me by denouncing me to the public as a mere song-scribbler (*Bänkelsänger*), who dares to lay profane hands on Bach and Handel. The fools naturally do not know that my musical developments rest on the basis of polyphonic forms of expression, for they are much too high and mighty to look into such small wares. Luckily,

¹ Offener Brief an Eduard Hanslick über Bearbeitungen älterer Tonwerke, namentlich

the gentlemen's stupid experiments facilitate our pointing out their sins against those masters. That they were in no condition to refute us has contributed much to swell their wrath. However, many enemies, much honor!"

Again, under date of July 14, 1890, he writes:—

"I willingly believe you that the true essence of Bach's music, mystical depth combined with mathematical strictness, was not comprehended by — in —, and was shorn over the same comb with common wares. But is it any better in this respect here in this country? How low musical taste has sunk with us may be proved to you by this: that the young director of a famous conservatory dared to proclaim that Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words* were 'sheer thoosy-moosy feeling,' and a noted young German author had the impudence to call Schubert's songs 'hand-organ sentimentality.' These are the consequences of modern realism! What our 'strong-minded' folk cannot grasp with their fists is cast without further ado into the rubbish-bin! Whither in the world are we steering?

"Half a year ago the musical works of Frederick the Great were published by the firm of Breitkopf & Härtel, by order of Emperor William I., and under the chief supervision of the academic music-historian —. All the sonatas are written for flute with figured *continuo*, and therefore necessitate a working-out of the accompaniment. Old Fritz's music is in the main capital, and contains *Sicilianos* such as Handel could not have written more soulfully; in face of such genuine beauty the accompaniment should naturally show no falling-off. But now there has appeared in No. 17 of the *Hamburger Signale* an article which simply annihilates —'s edition and proves the bungling character of the working-out by examples in notes — it Bach'scher und Händel'scher Vocalmusik, von Robert Franz, Leipzig, 1871.

swarms with fifths and octaves. The affair makes all the more painful an impression that our young Emperor has presented an *exemplaire de luxe* of his ancestor's compositions to Jules Simon in Paris, where *messieurs les Français* can convince themselves what sort of spirits are cocks of the walk now in musical Germany. The high-school clique, with the renowned — at their head, are naturally in sheer despair, and have reason enough therefor."

Under date of August 16, 1890, he goes on :—

"The great — has tried to justify himself in a reply that runs over with futilities. According to his assertion, the accompaniment is the most indifferent matter in the world, which any one is at liberty to treat as he happens to please; he may make changes at will without thereby injuring the substance of the composition in any way—in short, the scribble is an *oratio pro domo* pronounced by a thoroughly impotent man upon himself. If you will give a glance at my additional accompaniments, you will hardly look upon this domain as of secondary importance. To write in the style of the old masters, which is here absolutely necessary for the sake of unity, is not one of the tasks you can carelessly shake out of your sleeve. Neither does — make any bones of the fact that in those days men of Bach's and Handel's stamp sat accompanying at the *cembalo* or organ; they did not write out the accompaniment, and must therefore be content with what we botch together in all haste, this way to-day and to-morrow that. Of course with such a dogma music can be raised out of her hinges—God help our children and grandchildren!"

The letter dated May 5, 1892, from

which I have already quoted (page 496), begins :—

"Your letter contains little that is cheering about the condition of music to-day. Communications of the sort in no wise surprise me, however, for, since the principles have been suspended that ruled artistic expression from Palestrina to Beethoven, phenomena like those you describe must necessarily make their appearance. Up to Beethoven and his epigones people held fast by the idea that melody, harmony, and rhythm were the fundamental elements of music; the neo-Germanic school has radically destroyed these and set up in their stead the absolute freedom of the personal element. Men like Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner could to a certain extent compensate for this by the weight of their personality; but the army of those who have followed in their footsteps, not being able to throw such a weight into the scale, have necessarily, in face of this intolerance of all barriers, ushered in universal chaos."

This was elicited by some accounts I had given him of new works of the latest French school that I had heard in Paris, where I had been spending the winter and spring of 1890-91. Later in the same letter he goes on to say as follows :—

"The experiment of having the dear public sing, too, in the chorals of the Matthew-Passion¹ must have turned out badly enough, for, in his harmonization of them, Bach thought only of an *ideal* congregation. What can have come, for example, of the choral, 'Was mein Gott will, gescheh' allzeit,' especially at the place 'und züchtigt mit Maassen?' How much people hang on externalities in the rendering of Bach's and Handel's works has been proved by the fight the

¹ This experiment turned out not to be quite so thorough-going as I had supposed before the performance, when I wrote to Franz about it. In some of the performances of the Passion-Music given by the Handel and Haydn Soci-

ety in Boston, the audience was invited to join in singing the melody of some of the chorals—not of all, as I had supposed. Of their singing the harmony there had never been any question whatever.

London philisterium billed against me about my Messiah score. Even ——— did not dive to the heart of the question of additional accompaniments, the restoration of the musical style of the complementary parts, but had only to do with things that lie wholly outside that domain. And yet it is of the highest importance in this matter whether one knows how to write in the style and spirit of the old masters, or not. People ought to thank Heaven that the solution of this difficult problem has been striven after by me in decently fitting forms! I never should have undertaken such work, had it been a question of nothing more than instrumentation, which the first town-piper that came along could have carried out effectively.

"I have just received your article in the Contemporary Review,¹ but must once more lament my being too little a master of the English language to edify myself therewith as it deserves. I shall send it to Dr. Prieger,² who will communicate to me the staple of its contents. I am much pleased that you took in the two quotations from my Communications, for they contain the quintessence of what is needful for the understanding of Bach's art. But when Herr ——— talks about polyphonic style and what hangs together therewith, then I am sick outright! He who hears in Bach's world-famous motet, 'Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied,' nothing but scales running up and down should not let his tongue coquet with the old master's name and expression. On his visit to Leipzig, Mozart had the *voice-parts* — there was no score — laid before him, and cried out enchanted, 'Here at least one can learn something from a man!' How sharply this modesty contrasts with ———'s impudent condemnation!"

I said that I would take up only one

point in the controversy between Franz and the German historical party about the additional-accompaniments question: this is the utter misapprehension of Franz's point of view by his opponents. This misapprehension has been so complete, so obstinate, that one is at moments tempted to think there could be nothing but partisan ill-will behind it. Yet I have found it in so many people who were not especially interested in the controversy, who could not possibly have any partisan prejudice in the matter, and were rather inclined to sympathize with Franz than otherwise, — not so much for what he really did as for what they thought he had done, — that it seems to me there is ground for believing the anti-Franzites to be not entirely dishonest. Indeed, it was very noteworthy that the author of one of the exceedingly few obituary notices on Franz that appeared in German newspapers shortly after his death, and of the most glowingly enthusiastic one, too, evidently shared this misapprehension with his most embittered opponents. What this misapprehension is may be seen plainly enough from the passage in the letters just quoted, where Franz says, "With us, too, does criticism hold fast with convulsive grip by mere *externals* in judging of the question of additional accompaniments, and cannot get beyond the idea of *instrumental retouching*." Even the author of the admiring obituary notice I have just mentioned speaks of his "amplifying the monumental scores of Bach and Handel to *satisfy the greater demands for sonority made by the modern ear*." Such a statement, coming from an "admirer," was fit to make the good Franz turn in his grave!

Here is not the place to go into the merits of the case; I will merely emphasize the fact that, whereas Franz —

tributed to Bach by Dr. Philipp Spitta and others before him, and recently published by Breitkopf & Härtel in Leipzig.

¹ On Johann Sebastian Bach.

² Erich Prieger, who published a few years ago a very able pamphlet abundantly proving the spuriousness of the St. Luke-Passion, at-

and with him Dresel — threw the whole weight of his arguments upon the real gist of the question, upon the *musical style* in which the additional accompaniments should be written, the historical party almost without exception dodged this issue and laid the whole stress upon what instrument, or instruments, the additional accompaniments should be written for. Franz knew as well as anybody that Bach and Handel used to fill out the vacant places they had left in their scores with improvised accompaniments on the organ or clavichord; remember the passage in his letters where he says that “in those days men of Bach’s and Handel’s stamp sat accompanying at the *cembalo* or organ;” and, if he preferred to write his additional accompaniments for orchestral instruments, instead of for the organ or pianoforte (the modern representative of the clavichord, or *cembalo*), it was for reasons amply satisfactory to himself. But note this: he announced again and again that if conductors of choral societies did not agree with him in preferring orchestral instruments, but preferred the organ or pianoforte, he was perfectly willing to have them transcribe his additional accompaniments for one or the other of these instruments, so long as they preserved the musical outlines of *what* he had written; that the question of instruments was in his mind one of utterly secondary importance. In one case¹ he even did this work of transcription himself, writing and publishing, beside his orchestral amplification of the score, a separate organ-accompaniment, to be used in connection with Bach’s original parts and without his own orchestral additions. But, pay what deference he might to other people’s preference for the organ or clavichord, announce as emphatically as he pleased that he was willing to have his orchestral parts played on either of these instruments,

¹ In his edition of the cantata: “Sie werden aus Saba Alle kommen.”

and that the *musical style* in which his additional parts were written was all he deemed of essential importance, he but spoke to deaf ears; his opponents refused to see anything in his work but additional instrumentation, orchestral retouching, of the sort Sir Michael Costa permitted himself when he added trombones, bass-tuba, and big drum and cymbals to the *already complete* score of Mozart’s *Don Giovanni*. Ils ne sortaient pas de là!

The reason for this persistent misunderstanding of Franz’s principle — apart from partisan obstinacy — was doubtless that hinted at by Franz when he said, “Between the artistic perception and the historico-philological recognition of a fact there yawns a chasm that is hardly to be bridged over.” Franz’s arguments were all based on his own highly cultivated artistic perceptions, upon ideas; those of his opponents, on mere historical data. And the latter could not see that their historical data, the accuracy of which Franz never for a moment called in question, had really nothing to do with what he was talking about. Not being men of musical genius and the keen, profound insight into the genius of others that comes therewith, they could in no wise comprehend either the fineness or the trustworthiness of Franz’s perceptions; they were unable to see that, with all their historical and biographical researches, they had sounded the mighty heads of Bach and Handel only wig-deep at best, and that Franz, with his artist’s intuition and sympathy, had penetrated not only their mighty brains but down to their very heart of heart. So all Franz might say about his principles was but Greek to them; they could no more understand him than a Tierra del Fuegian can understand the subjunctive mood. Again, it is not difficult to see why the arguments of the historical party should have had far more influence upon outsiders in general than those advanced

by Franz; the "historical" arguments were all more or less on the principle that "figures cannot lie" — they were based on facts, and the public mind is peculiarly open to facts. But Franz's arguments, being based on perceptions and ideas, were of a far more subtle and illusive sort; they were by no means so palpable to popular apprehension. Naturally most music-lovers did

not take the trouble to examine into the question very closely; if they cared to look into the matter at all, they did so cursorily, as one would skim over a newspaper. It was perfectly natural for people in this state of mind, when they found that there were two opposing parties, and that one of them based its arguments on uncontroverted facts, to believe that this party must be right.

William F. Apthorp.

TONE-SYMBOLS.

I.

Arpeggios.

BEE-FLIGHTS from bloom to bloom beguiled along
Till darkness sends the hour of honeyed rest;
Bird-flights from spray to spray about the nest
In a tumultuous ecstasy of song;
Cloud-soarings from the bosom of the sea
To snowy peaks and moonlit vastnesses;
Star-showers sprinkling space's wilderness:
Are these not symbols of Humanity?
The creatures of caprice and dim desire,
We strive to soar when scarce we know to climb,
And lose not nor advance, but fruitlessly
Wing little flights, till, in an hour sublime
And unforeseen, we strike with pulse of fire
Some primal note of our life-melody.

II.

Harmonics.

Up from the rim of this transcendent night
Sweepeth the silent moon, full-orbed and free.
Turn not thy gaze therefrom, yet wilt thou see
Side-gleams of vapors sown with rainbow-light;
Of leaves that twinkle in a dalliance bright
With evening zephyrs; of the silvery mere
Where ripples sparkle, speed and disappear.
The frame that Nature forms for every sight
Is portion of her picture, as, in sound,
Each note partakes of subtle sister-tones.

Adjudge that virtue flawless ; circling round
 See sombre shades of selfishness and pride.
 Wholly condemn this sin, and through thy groans
 Some angel voice rejoices at thy side.

III.

Octaves.

Melodious messages our Shakespeare sang
 In the old time came to me yesterday,
 But not from heights Olympian ; they sprang
 Out of the common mire and the play
 Of sunny childhood in a sunless den, —
 Less lofty, but as potent now as then.
 With hearts elate we summon the high gods
 By their shrill pæans to applaud our deeds ;
 They sound an answer suited to our needs,
 Tuned deeper than the rapture that we miss, —
 Not sky-born strains, but psalms that rise from sods.
 The same refrain — true souls, ye know it well ! —
 Is hymned in altitudes of heavenly bliss,
 And hurled in hate from the profound of hell.

IV.

Fifths. I.

Great hopes that grow and languish ; great despairs
 That blot out suns, yet on the verge of night
 Unveil the stars ; high instincts, humble prayers
 That out of darkness yearn unto the light ;
 Lost loves that clasp their agony — to know
 A solace in the glory Love has been ;
 And bottomless desires all aglow
 With the unconscious majesty of Sin, —
 All things that lead away from common sight
 Into the vast abyss above, below,
 And make, beyond our ken, for weal or woe,
 Sound open fifths to-day, but on the morrow
 Eternity reveals the thirds within
 Sublime with major joy or minor sorrow.

V.

Fifths. II.

How wonderful the tonal mystery
 That fifths, so long as they at rest abide

Or move in divers ways, not side by side,
 Do wake an elemental harmony
 Serene and simple and profound; but bent
 On the same progress, all grows discontent,
 All chaos, where sweet concord was before!
 Souls that I love, we are not otherwise:
 Should each of us his proper path explore,
 Bold to perform the best that in him lies,
 True to himself in thought and word and deed,
 Life were a pæan. But to choose our lot
 By the blind guidance of another's creed
 Makes God's fair world a discord and a blot.

VI.

Undertones.

From the far sea a haunting cadence falls
 Through boom of breakers hissing into spray
 And thunderous swirl around dank chasm walls,
 More peaceful, yet more masterful, than they.
 And in the wood a quiet note is heard, —
 Not where the leaves hold breezy whisperings,
 Or faintly pipes the newly-fledged bird
 'Mid slumberous stir of hidden insect-wings;
 The spirit of the place hath accents clear
 That ring through all the babel pure and true.
 And so with Man. Who, silent and sublime
 Moves through this din of multitudes, may hear
 Under the words we say, the deeds we do,
 Our life-notes swell the symphony of Time!

John Hall Ingham.

HIS VANISHED STAR.

VII.

As they went, the deputy sheriff's manner was little characterized by an official decorum. He seemed rather some bold roisterer who himself might have had ample cause to dread the law that he was sworn to administer. The rough humor of his sallies affected Espey as an incongruous sort of fun, taken in connection with his interpretation of their errand, and his recollection of the

keen, sinister thin face, with its piercing dark eyes, and its sharp hooked nose, and the straight, menacing eyebrows meeting above it. He had this mental vision distinctly before his contemplation, as it had impressed him in the flicker of Mrs. Larrabee's tallow dip, instead of the undistinguishable equestrian shadow that in the black night pressed close to his horse's flank, and now and again laid a sinewy hand upon his arm. For the officer, in a spirit of mock confidence,

was detailing, much to that worthy's discomfort, the spectral fears of his friend from "the t'other e-end of the county," a professed ghost-seer, and making an elaborate pretense of sharing them. Now and again, with a sepulchral voice and an agitated manner, he would conjure Espey to say if he saw nothing flickering, waving white, in some open stretch of the road that lay vacant and vaguely glimmering in the starlight before them. Then, hardly waiting for an answer, he would burst into a whoop of derisive laughter, startling the solemn silence of the night-bound mountain wilderness, and rousing strange echoes of weird mirth from rock and ravine. More than once the uncanny tumult of these wild, insensate cries moved the staid comrades of the deputy sheriff to remonstrance.

In the distance and the night and their repetitiveness, the sounds seemed curiously unrelated to those that had evoked them.

"That ain't no rocks a-answerin' back," said the man from the Gap. "I b'lieve somebody is a-hollerin' at ye."

The officer turned alertly in his saddle to look back over his shoulder. "That would n't s'prise me none," said the capable deputy, whose large experience would seem to furnish precedent for any given phenomenon. "I knowed a man out our way, — mighty loud talker and a toler'ble active cusser, — whilst callin' hawgs, hed n't tuk no special notice o' the rocks answerin', till one day whenst he war 'dad-burnin' an' 'all-firin' round till the very shoats looked blue. He stopped ter take breath, an' he hearn a voice, powerful coarse, out'n the woods jes' yellin' like sin, 'Fire-burn!' 'Fire-burn!' an' he knowed that minit who 't war. An' in course he jes' hed n't no mo' interes' in nuthin', an' jes' dwindled away."

He paused abruptly.

"But — but — who war it ez said 'Fire-burn' with a coarse voice?"

breathlessly demanded the believer in spectral manifestations.

"Why, Satan, to be sure, ye fool," replied the deputy. "I useter hear him myself a-callin' in the woods, 'Fire-burn!' whenst Ad Peters would git ter cussin' his hawgs! Jes' so" — He lifted his voice in a wild, fantastic cadence, and throughout the long stretches of the mountain fastnesses the words, as of some demented incendiary, echoed and re-echoed, varied presently with mocking cries of unpleasant falsetto laughter, set astir when the officer's gravity failed.

The patience of his friend had given way. "Look-a-hyar, 'Dolphus Ross," he broke out angrily, "this hyar ain't no way ter go ter apperhend criminals, a-hollerin' like a plumb catamount through the woods."

"I don't want ter s'prise nuthin'," said the crafty deputy sheriff, "that is nuthin' unyearthly, on its yerrands what no mortal knows about, an' mebbe git s'prised myself plumb down ter the doors o' the pit. Ye know them ez sees harnts either draps down dead or loses thar minds, one. They 'low now'days ez all the crazies kem so from seein' sperits. An' ye know yerse'f, an off'cer of the law needs brains."

"Ef ye don't know yer bizness no better 'n that, I be goin' ter l'arn it ter ye. Ye 'pear mo' like a jay-hawker 'n a off'cer o' the law," retorted the other tartly.

But not even with this rude touch upon the sensitive nerves of official pride could he control the elusive and slippery deputy. "That 's a fae', Pearce. But the truth is, I be all-fired 'feared in these hyar lonesome places, whar humans air seldom an' few, o' seein' suthin' or hearin' suthin' what no mortal eyes or ears air expected ter see an' hear. So I like ter hear the sound o' my own voice, — let 'em know I 'm a-comin'. Even with two or three men with me, it's so darned fur an' lonesome! I 'pear less like a harnt myself, an' less apt ter meet up with one, ef I make my-

self sorter lively. I'm a mighty quiet cuss in town. I'm a — What 's — what 's that?" he broke off sharply.

He drew rein suddenly, throwing his horse back upon the haunches. The two men behind him, coming forward at the swift pace he had set, collided heavily with the obstacle thus furnished them, a reckless proceeding here on the narrow rocky road, on the verge above the abysses of the valley on one side, and with the inaccessible heights of the mountain rising sheerly on the other. They stood between heaven and earth, on this craggy beetling promontory, with the pulsating white stars above and the dark depths of the gorge below. His sight becoming more accustomed to the night, Espey could distinguish through the clear darkness the fringed branches of a pine-tree clinging to the heights above and waving against the instarred sky, and below a vague moving whiteness which he knew to be the involutions of the mist in the valley. He too had drawn up his horse, slightly in advance of the others, and was looking forward in keen expectation of developments.

"What 's what?" he demanded of the deputy, who was managing his rearing horse with considerable skill.

"Something white — beckoning," gasped the officer of the law.

Espey, with all the ignorant superstitions of his class, felt his blood run cold. Nevertheless he sought to reassure himself and his comrades.

"Jes' these elder-flowers, mebbe," he said, breaking off a great bough from a bush rooted in a crevice of the crag, and so profusely blooming that the black night itself could hardly nullify its white-gleaming graces. He received full in his face the cool spray of the dew and the sweet breath of the flower, all unheeding, for the officer again protested in a loud, broken voice: —

"Beckoning — beckoning — Oh, my friends, somebody in this crowd is a sinner; somebody hev done wrong! An'

he may be a saint in the church-house, or leastwise familiar with the mourner's bench, — an' he may escape jedge an' jury, — an' he may cheat hemp, — but in the dead o' the night an' in the lonely paths o' yearth he'll be betrayed by a v'ice, or he'll see a beckonin'!" —

"Oh, shucks!" interrupted the believer in "harnts." "I'm a-goin' back ter Mis' Lar'bee's." He was essaying to wheel his horse on the narrow ledge. "'T ain't my bizness ter go 'long with ye, ter apperhend crim'nals in the middle o' the night. Ef ye can't take 'em in the daytime, go 'thout 'em, I say."

"Some truth in that. I wisht I could jine ye," said the deputy. "But my jewty lies ahead. I be bound ter go on; an' I reckon it can't be so fur from Tems's now, — air it, frien'?" he asked, turning to Espey.

With a sinking heart, Espey replied that it was not very far, and the wonder as to what lay before him in the unknown scenes to which he sped in such haste reasserted itself in his mind, as the deputy rode briskly up alongside once more.

It required, perchance, only a moment's reflection on the inexpressible loneliness of the miles of mountain woods, that must of necessity intervene before the shelter of Mrs. Larrabee's house could be reached, to change the design of the deserter from the little party. The beat of his horse's hoofs annotated his continued presence, and it was soon made even more indisputable by his raucous voice again lifted in remonstrance.

"Ye mus' see, now, 'Dolphus, ez n'ise an' ribeldry an' gamesomeness don't purvent ye from viewin' sech ez ye air intended ter view. Sech goin's-on ain't lawful fur citizens, much less o'cers o' the law."

"Ye ain't gone back, then?" commented 'Dolphus over his shoulder.

There was no answer to this, and after a pause the facetious deputy went on: —

"*I ain't fur hollerin' an' rampagin' an' sech. I be a mighty quiet cuss in town, like I said, — a mighty quiet cuss indeed. The old man,*" he alluded thus to the high sheriff, "*he sez ter me sometimes, 'I dunno, 'Dolphus, whether ye air in yer skin or no. Ye jes' 'pear ter be settin' thar, 'sleep or dead.' Wunst he tole me ez I war n't mo' lively 'n jes' a suit o' clothes hangin' outside the store door, an' a suit would cost less 'n my pay ez a dep'ty. I tried ter brace up arter that.'*"

He had braced up considerably from the quiescent state he described if the sudden yell that he emitted might be received as evidence of his more stalwart condition. The sharp exclamations of surprise from the rest of the party afforded him intense delight, which was not mitigated by a blood-curdling shriek, as it were in response, set up by a catamount on the opposite heights, so close at hand by the direct line across the spaces above the valley through the air, despite the intervening miles of trackless mountain desert below, that they could hear the creature snarl before it lifted its thin, keen, inarticulate voice shrilling again into the black night.

There was no definite remonstrance, for he forestalled their outbreak, beyond a few words, by declaring tumultuously that he saw it again, — something a-waving, a-beckoning.

"No use talking!" he exclaimed. "The guilty sinner is 'mongst us, an' hyar he be!"

He leaned out of his saddle and passed one arm around Espey, pinioning the young fellow's right arm to his side. Espey, startled beyond control, despite his expectation of this contingency, with which, however, hope and suspense had juggled painfully, detected with sharpened senses the dull clanking of handcuffs. He hardly knew how it came there, he had no definite intention of resisting arrest, but a pistol was in the hand over which the rude wristlets dan-

gled; a jet of red light that showed the dark-eyed, laughing, grimacing face near to his own, the whizzing of a bullet so close between the officer's side and arm that the blazing powder singed and burned his "store clothes," an abrupt sharp report, and once more the night, rent by the sound, clamored with echoes.

From the dense darkness the officer's voice, with a changed tone, a sharp note of surprise, was crying, "Look out! Look out!"

The other men were stunned with amazement. They had only a vague sense of struggling mounted figures which the darkness did not suffer them to descry. And suddenly a second swift funnel-shaped glare for an instant invaded the gloom, — it came from the officer's pistol this time, — a second clamorous report rang amongst the rocks. The frightful, almost human scream of a wounded horse, a wild plunging on the side of the rocky bridle-path, and Espey and the yellow roan disappeared over the verge of the cliff. The three men standing in the road, hearing with sickening horror the dull thud far below, might judge of the terrors of the fall by the time elapsing before the sound reached their ears.

VIII.

The household at the Tems cabin had been keeping late hours that night. Except for a certain reserve of cogitation, which at times held him silent with a burning thought in his eye, his superficially moving lips framing unspoken words, and occasionally a keen, sarcastic smile irradiating his features with the light of some satiric expectation, Captain Lucy had resumed his wonted aspect and mental attitude and the habits of his simple existence.

"Ye fetch yer book out'n yer pocket," he said imperatively to Jasper Larrabee earlier in the evening, when the young

man had joined them on the porch. "The gals ain't goin' ter run away, — leastwise 'thout corno'sider'ble mo' encouragemint 'n they hev hed. They 'll keep! Ye jes' sot awhile by that thar taller dip in thar an' read yer book, an' I 'll listen out hyar."

The penalties of the acquisition of knowledge, from the days of the Garden of Eden to those of the hero of the horn-book, have not been few. They fell somewhat heavily on Jasper Larrabee, debarred the fresh air, heavy with perfumed dew; the vicinage of dank vines; the glimmer of the firefly in the bosky gloom; the scintillating stars in the sky above the massive mountains; the sweet, low voices of the two girls, silenced now; and the trivial chatter so dear to the heart of youth. The room, with the low red glow of the embers, was warm to-night; the tallow dip melted and sputtered and cast a wan, melancholy, ineffective radiance into the dusky spaces, rendering the aspect of the familiar furnishings strange and spare and dull, instead of all rudely a-flicker with the dancing firelight in which he was accustomed to see them. Even the dogs had deserted the hearth-stone, and went in and out with lolling tongues, and hot, sleepy eyes, and an inattentive manner. Moths and strange winged fire-worshippers unknown to his observation would fly in from the cool darkness without, circle swiftly about the white jet of the candle, and now and then, with a sudden dart, would fall, shriveled cinders but for the convulsive throes of lingering life, on the page of the volume.

He wondered sometimes, as he droned on and on, if Adelia were listening, or if Julia could see him from where she sat. From the lighted spaces he could not distinguish their shadowy figures, albeit Captain Lucy, close at hand and with the red glow of his pipe, was plain enough. Sometimes Larrabee felt the vague sense of her gaze fixed upon his clear-cut face, all ethereal, illumined by

the soft pallid white light within against the brown shadows. He was unaware of any valid embellishment of his aspect from the pensive gleam, the irradiated square of the window, the ascetic gravity of his expression, intent and pondering on the longer words, which it was his pride that he need not pause to spell. On the contrary, he was often conscious of cutting a sorry figure when Captain Lucy, with the rigor of a most rational reason and all the fervid insistence of a personal interest, would plunge at him, and require him to recant, to spell out syllable by syllable some questioned dogma, and at last, with all the nonchalance of a sophisticated theologian, take refuge in the equivalent of a plea of mistranslation.

"Ye can't haffen read, boy!" he would exclaim roughly. "Ye don't read eka! ter what ye hev done. Keep on goin' back'ards, an' ye 'll git thar arter a while. 'Agree with thine adversary!' My stars! ef ye war wuth a grain o' gunpowder, ye could see ez that air obleeged ter be '*Dis-agree* with thine adversary.' It stands ter reason! '*Dis-agree*' with him, early and often, else the dad-burned critter will git up the insurance ter *dis-agree* with you-uns. I know thine adversary! Been 'quainted with him this many a year! Read on, read on, Jasper; git shet o' thine adversary."

Thus it was that, with the shadowy, snarling, intent old face vaguely visible in the dusk, just at his elbow, outside the window, ready to spring forward at the first intimation of an unacceptable doctrine; with the sense of responsibility for all the biblical dogmas irreconcilable with Captain Lucy's tenets and the tenor of his way; with the spectacle of glamour, lure, catastrophe, and death furnished by the unrestrainable moths, Jasper Larrabee found his preëminence of learning a comfortless pinnacle, and even the wonted sweet solaces of complacency in his superiority were denied him. He was forced to appear before the eyes of his

lady love as an ignorant pretender, of ridiculous and inadequate assumptions,—and that by a man who could not read his own name,—humiliated and brow-beaten; for how dared he answer Captain Lucy? More than once he wished himself back at the Lost Time mine, where he knew Espey thought him to be, and where Lorenzo Taft needed him. The work, unpalatable as he often found it, would be welcome indeed, and his untutored, unquestioning, often inattentive audience there a happy exchange from Captain Lucy in the character of polemic. He made some effort to shift the subject, to turn from the preceptive and doctrinal pages upon which he had chanced to fall to the chronicle of events in the nature of historical detail, as less liable to elicit Captain Lucy's contradictory faculties. It availed him naught. Captain Lucy's interest was fairly roused, and he imperatively negated the proposition. The guest felt, still later, that it was not hospitality in its truest sense which so flatly declined to heed the suggestion of departure. And thus constrained, he read on, so conscious of the shadowy face at his elbow that he seemed to see it, with the light of excitement in the wide blue eyes, the alertness in every line, the lips intently parted, the glow of the pipe dying out as it was supported motionless by his hand.

"Hey!" shrieked out Captain Lucy suddenly, as if he had been poignantly pinched. "Ef he takes yer coat, gin him yer cloak! Jasper, ye air demented! Ye ain't 'quainted with the dad-burned ravelings out o' the alphabit, let alone the weft of it! My sakes!" in an outraged falsetto, "ye tell me that's sot up ez Christian doctrine in the Book! Take yer coat, gin yer cloak! Whar's the man ez hev done it! Trot him out! Great Moses an' Aaron! I'd like ter look at him! Take yer corner-stone an' monimint o' boundary, an' gin him yer line an' yer lan'!—ha! ha! ha! Let him take yer rock known ez

Big Hollow Boulder, an' gin him yer corner-stone!—ha! ha!"

Luther rose precipitately. The significance of the paternal discovery of the removal of the corner-stone was fraught with great perplexity and foreboding, and he hardly knew what ill-judged disclosure was to follow. He had intended to interpose, albeit he scarcely had a pretext. It came to him at the moment.

"What's that? I 'lowed I hearn suthin'!" he exclaimed.

Captain Lucy turned upon him with the breathless acrimony of one interrupted in some cherished pursuit.

"Hearn suthin'! Jes' the rustlin' o' yer own long ears,—that's all. I"—He stopped abruptly.

In the midst of his strident raised tones an alien sound smote his attention. There was an approach of horsemen from down the road. Captain Lucy's acrimony was merged in curiosity and excited expectation. Still holding his pipe, filled with dead ashes, as stiffly and cautiously before him as if its wonted coals glowed in the cob-bowl, he rose from his chair, and advanced a pace or two nearer the rude steps, peering out into the darkness. The two girls had turned their heads toward the sound. Larrabee was leaning on his arms in the window, and Luther had started down the path to the bars. His deep bass voice sounded in a bated, thunderous mutter, as he rebuked the barking dogs, who subsided into low growls, punctuated now and then by a clamorous yelp. Perhaps the insistent tone of these canine threats influenced the newcomers, for it was at a goodly distance that the party called a halt and hailed the house.

Luther returned the halloo with a ringing response in kind, but Captain Lucy added a genial "'Light and hitch'" to the unknown guest that the midnight had convoyed hither, his habit of broad hospitality all unmindful of the individuality or intent of the new-comers.

"Me an' Luther air ekal ter all sorts," he would sturdily answer to the occasional remonstrance that times were not what they once were, and that he might thus "at sight unseen" be inviting in the marauder or the devil. "Me an' Luther air ekal ter 'em."

The tone of this hospitality seemed a sore-needed encouragement in this instance. Rodolphus Ross had flung himself, metaphorically, upon the fraternal bosom of Luther, as he hastily sought to summarize the misfortunes that had befallen him; the slow young mountaineer, all unprepared for so dramatic a recital, staring, uncomprehending and amazed, at his interlocutor, hardly knowing whether to ascribe his fluent diction to drink or to histrionic talents; as fact he did not take it into account.

"Yes, sir!" the wild-eyed Ross was saying as he came up the steps, "flung over the bluffs, horse an' all,—dead or alive, I dunno! Cap'n Tams, yes, sir; plumb proud ter shake hands," mechanically acknowledging the introduction to the head of the house. "Jes' purtendin' ter handcuff the fool,—jes' fur fun,—an' he fired at me! Yes, sir, fired at the officer o' the law! I dunno what ailed him, 'thout he thunk I war in earnest. But Lord! he war bound ter know I war arter another man. I tole him so. I hed nuthin' agin this hyar Lar'bee. I war jes' purtendin' ter handcuff him, jes' shuck the bracelets at him, jes' fur fun,—ye know, Cap'n Tams, it's powerful dull an' drowsy a-ridin' so stiddy arter malefactors 'thout no sort'n entertainment or enjeyment,—an' this hyar Jasper Lar'bee jes' ups an' fires at the officer o' the law, jes' scorched my clothes." He held up his arm, and caught the pallid light of the candle on his coat and powder-singed sleeve. "Not that I keer fur the josie, 'ceptin' it's too durned near the meat fur thar ter be enny fun in shootin' through it."

He laughed in a constrained falsetto tone,—his wonted laugh, but with all the

mirth eliminated from it. It had a sort of wooden quality, and ended with a nervous catch in his throat. The light falling through the window showed his dark eyes, set a trifle too close together, and the straight black brows meeting above them. His teeth gleamed, for the laugh left his lips mechanically distended. Larrabee, leaning on his folded arms in the window, a mere silhouette upon the pallid lustre of the aureola of the candle behind him, gazed silently on the stranger's face.

One is apt, in thinking of a man of experience, to associate sophistication with the idea. But life presents varied aspects of mental development, and the caution, the silence, the reserve of judgment, with which Captain Lucy hearkened might have seemed gleaned from the observation of the juggle of cause and effect in a far wider sphere. The two comrades of the deputy sheriff said not a word, and once more the officer began to elaborate the justification of his conduct.

"It takes a toler'ble stiff backbone ter set on a saddle an' let a man shoot at ye fur nuthin'. It 'stonished me powerful. I war jes' funnin', an' purtended ter be aimin' ter handcuff this young rooster, an' he jes' whurled roun' an' let the bullet fly. I b'lieve he 'lowed I war in earnest, yes, sir. This hyar Lar'bee hev been up ter suthin' agin the law,—moonshinin', I reckon,—else he would n't hev been so dad-burned handy with his f'crackers."

"Why—why"—blurted out Luther, amazed at the lack of symmetry in the situation, incapable of the paternal wisdom of silently awaiting developments, with the incongruity of the sight of Larrabee in the window mutely hearkening to the reflections upon the "Larrabee" who took so vehement a part in the officer's reminiscences—"t war n't Lar'bee, mebbe; some other fellow."

"Naw, sir," returned the deputy. "This hyar man," laying his hand on his

bulky companion's shoulder, "knowed whar Lar'bee's mother, a widder lady, lived, an' we-uns called him 'Lar'bee' an' 'Jasper,' an' he answered ter 'em both; an' his mother called him 'Sonny.' He 's a wild-catter, sure. He 's " — He caught himself suddenly, remembering the prepossession against the revenue force which often animates even law-abiding citizens of this region. "But he need n't fired at *me*! I got nuthin' agin moonshiners. I b'long ter the County, not ter the Nunited States, — to the County!"

"Whar 's this man now?" demanded Captain Lucy circumspectly.

The alert, sinister face of the deputy changed. But he sought to bluff off the anxieties and conscious criminations which crowded upon him. He swung his hat, which had a bullet-hole in it, gayly in his light grasp, and his dark eyes twinkled as he met the gaze of his host.

"Ye air a powerful good hand at axin' riddles, but this'n air too hard fur me! I *dunno*, an' these men *dunno*! I fired back in self-defense at the miser'ble fool — I hed been funnin' all along, cap'n. I shot his horse, I know, an' the critter slipped, an' the whole caboodle went back'ards over the bluffs — an' — an' — he mought be dead or alive — Air — air that a cheer?"

He had suddenly lost his self-control; he sank back into a seat and seemed gasping for breath.

The details of their immediate errand thus devolved upon his comrades, — a lantern and a guide to search the slope where the victim of the deputy's pleasantry had fallen.

"'Dolphus air sech a turrible bouncin' wild buck," said his friend from "the t'other eend o' the county," who had begun to resume his remonstrant air, as of "I-told-you-so." He was a slow and serious-minded man, with a scant appreciation of even the most symmetrical jest, but when the joke seemed fur-

nished with such distortions of sequelæ his gravity grew aggressive. "'Dolphus kin crack a toler'ble funny joke wunst in a while, but this hyar one air goin' ter make him laff on the t'other side o' his mouth."

"Who war it ez ye war arter, sure enough?" asked Captain Lucy.

"A stranger what they 'lowed war puttin' up with you-uns, Cap'n Tems."

"Hey?" cried Captain Lucy, with a high quaver of excited delight. "He hev gone; but, my stars! what a hearty welcome ye mought hev hed with him!"

"What's he done?" demanded Larrabee, speaking for the first time, addressing the friend of the deputy.

"Shot a man in Tanglefoot Cove," he replied, looking somewhat intently at the silhouette in the window.

"What did ye 'low his name war?" asked Larrabee, placing one hand behind his ear as if he had not heard what indeed they had not disclosed.

"Espey, — John Espey from Tanglefoot, o' course. He hev been hidin' out cornsider'ble time."

There was a sudden significant silence which the stranger felt, but did not comprehend. Then Captain Lucy, recovering his poise, remarked: —

"Waal, the stranger ez we-uns hev hed hyar air named Kenneth Kenn'ston, from Bretonville. He air a town man, an' aimin' ter build some sort'n tavern in the Cove."

The three men — for the officer was himself again — looked at one another with the pathetic helpless disgust of hunting dogs on a cold trail.

It seemed that their quest was hopeless from the beginning, and in its interests they had deeply involved themselves in the toils of the law which they sought to aid.

"Waal," said the deputy's friend, "we-uns hed better git the lantern, an' take ter the woods agin an' find the corpse," — the deputy winced at the word so palpably that even his sturdy,

literal-minded companion was moved to seek some euphemism; "leastwise find out what's the damage we-uns hev been an' done."

His stolid, unflinching shouldering of such responsibility in the matter as might fall to his share was oddly contrasted with the nervous excitement and agitation of the man from the Gap, who had served as guide to the party to Mrs. Larrabee's house.

"Waal, I ain't done none o' the damage," he protested, nodding his head emphatically. "I think I hed ter kem along o' the off'cer o' the law whenst required. I hed no idee o' junketing 'roun' with the wildes' buck this side o' hell, a-caperin' like a possessed lunatic, an' a-shootin' of 'spectable citizens off'n the bluffs. Jasper Lar'bee done nuthin' ter me, — never laid eyes on him afore. I done none o' the damage. I call ye ter witness, Cap'n Tams, ez I hed nuthin' ter do with his takin' off."

Captain Lucy, always adorning the opposition, gave a high, fleeing laugh. "*Me ter witness!* Me! Why, man, I been settin' hyar sence dark, a-readin' o' the Holy Scriptur's. I hev no part in yer ridin' an' raidin'."

That repulsion to the idea of taking life, and all its ramifications of moral responsibility, apart from the legal consequence, natural to the civilized man, had yielded in the deputy sheriff to his habitual mental impulses. His wild, fierce, shallow personality was in the ascendant once more.

"I'll guarantee ye, Bob," he declared, with his wonted swift smile of dark eyes and red lips and lifted meeting eyebrows. "Ef the g'loot is dead, he died resistin' arrest by the off'cer o' the law. Ef he be 'live, I be durned ef he don't hev cause ter resist the off'cer o' the law, fur I'll swar ter glory I'll nose out what this hyar Jasper Lar'bee hev been a-doin' of ter be so monst'ous afeard o' the bracelets bein' put onto him, — murder or moonshinin', it's all the same ter

me. I'll set the bloodhounds o' the law onto him, sure! He hain't gin me sech a skeer ez this fur nuthin'!"

As the blood came surging hotly along its accustomed channels, his fury mounted higher. It jumped with his humor to threaten as living the man who he feared was dead. He sought to spurn that possibility from his consciousness. It renewed his confidence in himself, too, to protest so jauntily that if the man had lost his life it was in resisting the law legitimately enforced. He reviewed, with a burst of anger, the fright of the other two men and his own anxiety, that had suffered this lapse of attention to his own interest, and allowed the true detail of the case to be rehearsed here publicly. Naught could obliterate this; naught could justify him save to prove that the surprised Jasper Larrabee had been guilty of some offense against the law, and was resisting arrest legally attempted.

"I'll fix him! I'll follow him like a bloodhound! I'll nose him out and pull him down! Bless God, I will!" he cried out with sudden vehemence. Then he turned roughly to his two companions. "Kem on, ye two mud-turkles! Ye got jes' about ez much life an' sperit ez a couple o' old tarripin. Stir yer stumps, bubby," to Luther. "Git yer lantern, an' bring yer slow bones along ter aid the off'cer o' the law! An' ye, too, my frien' in the winder, ez quiet ez a cat stealin' cream; ye 'pear ter be young an' able-bodied. I summons ye ter kem an' aid the off'cer o' the law!"

The tallow dip, which had been for some moments sputtering in the socket of the candlestick, suddenly flared up with a wide illumination, then sunk as suddenly almost to extinction, feebly rose again, and, in a gust of wind, was extinguished, leaving a tuft of red sparks on the drooping wick, and a pervasive odor of burning grease in the room and porch. Perhaps it was because of the brighter light for the moment, perhaps

because of the keener observation of the officer, whose faculties were once more well in hand, but no one else had noticed a strange stillness in the figure of Adelia, as she sat in her wonted place on the edge of the floor of the porch, leaning back against the post.

"One o' yer darters hev fainted, I b'lieve," he said to Captain Lucy. "Suthin' ails her." Then, turning away, "Kem on, fellers; mount an' git out'n this. We-uns hev been hyar too long now."

As Jasper Larrabee rode away in the little troop toward the scene of the disaster, to search for the body of the supposititious Jasper Larrabee, his mental faculties began to recover from the torpor of surprise which had benumbed them. That cautious self-control which sometimes seems an added faculty in a certain type of law-breaker had held him mute as he watched the development of events. Now, as he began to take cognizance of the disclosures of the evening, he adhered of sober intention to the policy he had intuitively adopted. He feared the acknowledgment that he had received and harbored Jack Espey, a fugitive from justice, more than the acrimonious search of the deputy sheriff for the misdeeds of Jasper Larrabee. This, indeed, might result in his apprehension for the violation of the revenue laws, and the discovery of the moonshiner's lair, and this would mean many years of imprisonment; but the other might involve him, and possibly his mother as well, in a trial for murder, as accessories after the fact. It might be impossible to establish their ignorance of Espey's crime, and their lack of connivance in his escape. He had that pervasive terror of the law, as of technical and arbitrary construction of crime, common to the unlearned. His heart burned with rancor against his whilom friend. He would not recognize Espey's share in these ignorant terrors of the law. He argued that if his friend had been open with him, he would at

least have been a free agent in receiving him, have had some voice in the degree of responsibility he assumed. As it was, his open-handed hospitality had been grossly imposed upon, and as a return he was given the choice of the jeopardy of a charge as accessory to a murder, or of an infringement of the revenue laws. He saw the whole drama as it had been enacted. He understood that Espey, conniving at the officer's mistake, and allowing him to suppose him to be Larrabee, had thus shielded his own identity as the fugitive from justice whom they sought. And this ruse Espey fancied was discovered, when the deputy, in his wild horse-play, had facetiously endeavored to handcuff him; he had therefore strenuously resisted, and thus had possibly come to his death. This possibility did not soften Larrabee toward him; perhaps he did not altogether accredit it at once, for death is difficult to realize even when a certainty. He dwelt upon his own danger, even more upon his mother's possible jeopardy; upon her untiring and laborious hospitality; upon his own labors which had rendered such entertainment practicable, for the money earned without her knowledge at the still went, much of it, to this pious use.

The sharpest sting of ingratitude is often the sense that the giver has been a fool. Larrabee harbored a surly grudge against himself as he rode silently on, and Luther, uncomprehending his friend's reason for not disclosing his identity, and suspecting that Jack Espey was the man they sought, was silent too. The loud voices of the others in acrimonious criminations and recriminations accentuated the stillness of the night, and the sound of their horses' hoofs as they filed along the mountain passes, multiplied by rock and ravine, and far echoes from distant heights, might have seemed the march of squadrons of cavalry.

The skies had taken on that unfamiliar aspect of the hours which just precede the dawn. Far, far, on their pauseless

way the constellations fared. Stars were low in the west, which on these summer nights had seemed the familiars of the meridian. A strange sense of loneliness, of silence, pervaded the firmament. The breathless pause that heralds the miracle of dawn bated the pulses of nature. No more song of cicada, no more stir of wind. Once a meteor, with an incongruous irrelevance of effect, shot athwart the sky with its gleaming trail as of star-dust; the motion was like a sacrilege in the holy stillness and breathlessness of the world.

And suddenly in the midst of the myriad scintillations a brilliant white jewel was ablaze, which Jasper Larrabee could have sworn was not there before; pellucid, splendid, tremulous, a star of stars. He knew the skies only as the herder or the shepherd knows them in lonely, lowly paths of earth, but even an ignorant man may feel that the circuit below is narrow and the ways above are wide, and the heart is lifted up. Not the name of one of the stellar glories visible to the naked eye could he syllable, but he had marked them all; he was wont to dwell for hours upon their contemplation; he knew the contour of their most brilliant whorls and scintillating arabesques as he knew the intricacies of the woodland ways in the wilderness. He had drawn his horse hastily back upon the haunches, and again his eyes sought the lines of the stars as his fancy had marshaled them. There was one more, — one that he had never before seen; one unknown to all the splendid nights that had ever shone upon the earth.

The voices of the men patrolling the slope below the point, where they had paused, rose excitedly on the still air. The horse was found, he gathered vaguely, dead, shot through the brain. The man was gone. The officer, in a frenzy of energy, beat the bushes far and near, lest the fugitive, wounded and disabled, might have crept away in the midst of them, and still lay hidden in the leafy

covert. The hour wore away; the dawn came on apace, and, with the quest still fruitless, the officer presently mounted his horse and rode speedily off, fearing less, perchance, the review of his conduct by his superiors in the county town than the arbitration of the few citizens of the scantily settled region, who might take an inimical view of the disappearance of the guide of the jocose officer.

Only when the gray day came with the tremulous wind over the mountains, and the craggy ranges grew darkly distinct, and the unpeopled wooded valley distinct and vaguely drear, and the dark blue sky faded and was colorless, and one by one the stars noiselessly, invisibly slipped away without a trace, like some splendid promise never to be fulfilled, did Jasper Larrabee turn rein, perplexed and distraught and deeply awed. For in his unlettered ignorance he had never heard of that simple fact known to astronomy as a temporary star.

IX.

In the days that ensued, no trace of the fugitive was developed. Captain Lucy experienced a certain relief in the fruitless result of the extended search instituted by the friends that Espey had made in the Cove. In their opinion the conclusion was inevitable that, despite the lack of his horse, he had made good his escape, and did not lie wounded or dead in the jungle of laurel, awaiting their humane succor, or burial at their hands. He was glad that Espey was gone, doubtless never to return, and that the matrimonial problem was gone with him. He was not quite frank with Adelia in regard to this expectation. Her constitutional hopefulness instantly adopted the general belief of Espey's safety as fact, and she fixed her expectant eyes on the future with such fidelity of certainty that it seemed they must constrain the return she so definitely awaited.

"He 'll find out ez them off'cers 'lowed 't war Jasper Lar'bee, an' never knowed they hed *him*. An' then, uncle Lucy, he won't be 'feared ter kem back," she said many times a day.

"Course not," assented Captain Lucy. "He 'll be hyar afore long, jes' ez good lookin' 'ez he knows how ter be."

It was perhaps a pious fraud, for the girl's despair and grief had been so wild that Captain Lucy was glad for her optimism to be reasserted on whatever terms, and to have the pleasant thing in the house once more.

Luther had necessarily been enlightened by the recent events as to the sentimental phase of the matter; for Captain Lucy had hitherto sedulously kept it secret, since he did not favor a fugitive from justice as a suitor for his niece, and was determined to break off the affair at all hazards. Luther looked with disapproval upon his father's crafty methods.

"I dunno what ails ye ter make Ad'licia b'lieve ez Espey will kem back," he once ventured to say aside to his father. "He air sure ter 'low ez they never tuk him fur Lar'bee, else he would n't hev tried ter break away."

"Luther," said Captain Lucy, "I hev noticed ez a man air obleeged ter hev a powerful strong stommick ter be able ter tell the truth at all times. An' ez I git old, I hev sorter got the deespepsy."

The son merely gazed at him with a sort of literal-minded bovine stare, as he sought to entertain this statement of the moral effect of debility.

"An' then, whens I war a leetle boy," continued Captain Lucy, "I war bit by a rattlesnake; an' sometimes whens I hear myself sayin' sech ez air agin the actual fac' it don't s'prise me none, fur I know it air jes' a leetle me-anderin' o' the venom o' the sarpiant in me yit, 'kase, ye know, he war a deceiver from the beginning."

What impression the strange and unexpected events had made upon the impassive and reserved Julia, none had

taken thought to observe. The demonstrative, expressive characteristics of the other members of the household filled the domestic stage. It was only when the poignancy of Adelia's grief and anxiety had given way to a resolutely patient and hopeful waiting, and Captain Lucy's vehement interest had subsided into a trivial occupation with the passing details of life, that it chanced to be noticed that Julia was wont to sit idle at her spinning, the thread in one hand, the other lifted as if to regulate the whirl of the motionless flax-wheel; her wonderful blue eyes fixed upon the distant purple mountains, glimpsed through the parting of the gourd vines above the porch; her head, with its smooth plaits of glossy hair, held up and alert; some unspoken thought upon her marble face that filled every still line with meaning.

"Ye 'pear ter be palsied, Julia," said the unobservant Luther, smoking his pipe on the porch one evening. "Ye hain't moved hand or foot fur a solid hour."

She started slightly at the sound of his voice, fixing her attention on him with obvious effort. Her mind was evidently coming back from distant removes, and Adelia, with vague curiosity, demanded suddenly, —

"What air you-uns studyin' 'bout, Julia, whens ye air lookin' like that?"

"Studyin' an' a-studyin'," said Julia, dropping her hands in her lap and leaning back in the chair, her eyes once more turning to the high massive mountains afar off as if they possessed some magnetic attraction, "'bout'n whar pore, pore Jack Espey kin be now, an' how powerful cur'ous 't war ez ye would n't marry him whens he axed ye."

The fore legs of Luther's tilted chair came down to the floor with a thump. With a hand on either knee, and the cinders and burning tobacco dropping from his pipe unheeded to the floor, he sat fixedly staring at his silent sister. To his comprehension she was speaking her

mind very unequivocally now. Despite the vaunted feminine quickness, Adelia heard in it only personal upbraiding, for a certain remorse had made her sensitive on this score, and prone to protest her constraining dutifulness.

"I hed Cap'n Lucy's word agin it!" she exclaimed, with a rising flush and angry bright eyes.

Julia slowly shook her head, her eyes, her thoughts, far, far away. "I would n't hev keered fur no Cap'n Lucy's word," she declared iconoclastically. "I reckon, ef the truth war knowed, Cap'n Lucy hisself married ter suit his own taste. Leastwise, I ain't never hearn o' no old uncle or aunt or dad, or sech kinfolks, ez ondertook ter make a ch'ice in marryin' fur him."

"Waal, sir," Luther interposed in a tone of shocked propriety, "settin' up hyar an' talkin' by the yard medjure 'bout marryin' an' men-folks, an' I'd bet my best heifer that Jack Espey ain't gin air one o' ye a single thought sence he lef' hyar. No, nor nare 'nother man. Ef the truth war knowed, ye hain't got a haffen chance apiece, — without it air 'Renzo Taft, down yander at the Lost Time mine, an' he can't make out which air the hardest favored 'twixt ye! Ye hed both better go ter work. Jack Espey 'll never kem back agin. Dad jes' say he will ter pledjure Adelia. An' Julia, ef ye don't spin up that thar truck," — he pointed with fraternal imperiousness at the wheel, — "ye 'll be toler'ble scant o' new clothes, an' ye 'll look wuss like a skeercrow 'n ye do now."

Julia received this taunt to her beauty with the equanimity of one whose title is unimpugnable; but Adelia, all unheeding any subtler sense than the obvious meaning his words conveyed, protested against even this conjectural banishment of poor Jack Espey. He would come back, she declared. He had doubtless found out by this time that he was mistaken in supposing the officers cognizant of his true identity, and that they

were jesting, thinking him still Larrabee. And now that the nine days' wonder had blown over, and people were interested in it no more, and so much was going on in the Cove to usurp public attention, she looked for him any time just to slip back in his old place. "I never kem out on the porch but I look to see him in that thar cheer whar Luther be. I hev 'peared ter see him thar."

"That ain't the way I 'pear ter see him," said Julia suddenly. "I dreamt he war a-kemin' on his claybank horse, a-lopin' down the road, a-wavin' his big white hat at we-uns like he done that day he kilt the wolf an' fatched home the pelt. That's the way I view him ever sence I dreamt that dream."

"Then ye hev the nightmare," said Luther, surly and helpless to stem the tide of sentiment, "an' ye hain't got no mo' sense sleepin' than wakin'; fur that claybank roan will lope down these rocky roads no mo', partly through bein' dead, an' partly through old Miser Miggins hevin' gone down the gorge an' tuk off the critter's shoes. Ye better content yourself with the claybank roan ez a nightmare, fur ye ain't goin' ter view Espey an' the critter a-lopin' round no mo', no matter how much be a-goin' on in the Cove."

For the Cove was indeed in a phenomenal ferment. To the astonishment of the leisurely and dilatory mountaineers, the work on the new hotel had begun, and was being pushed forward on parallels inconceivable to their ideas of progress.

Captain Lucy, his mind recalled to his more immediate personal interests, watched it with a sort of avidity of observation from the porch of his own house, where he was wont to sit with his pipe. His sneer, his silent laugh, his acrid enigmatical phrases, grew frequent as the blasting for the cellars proceeded, and the flying fragments of rock, which had elicited such formidable prognostication, fell far short of his cabin or his

inclosures, indeed seldom coming to the ground beyond the jungle of laurel at the base of the great natural terrace, the site of the work.

"He did n't git the edzact range, Luther," he would say in affected surprise; or, sarcastically, "This hyar Kenn'ston would hev made a powerful spry gunner in the old war times, — sech a eye for distances!"

Adelicia, observing the circumstance, also remembering Kenniston's expressions of fear for their safety, only saw cause for gratulation.

"Mr. Kenn'ston 'lowed ez we-uns mought hev ter leave home whilst the blatin' war goin' on!" she exclaimed. "An' he made a powerful mistake, uncle Lucy."

"So he did," said Captain Lucy, with a twinkling eye. "He air a great man fur moving, generally: He b'lieves in moving things."

Luther, remembering the peripatetic corner-stone and the impending processioning, understood the allusion, but he had a foreboding of trouble, and his heart sunk within him. He was glad when the blasting was concluded, which it was shortly; for he feared a premature or ill-advised accusation, and it seemed to him that the meaning of those thinly veiled sarcasms must presently be revealed to others as known to himself. The foundations were laid, and the framing of the building followed promptly; soon the gaunt skeleton of the hotel, an outline of modern frivolity and summer pleasuring and flimsy vastness, was incongruously imposed upon the silent, solemn mountain behind it, with the rugged, austere crags below it, with the unfamiliar mists shifting through it and drifting along corridor and ball-room and scaling the tower, with its prophetic shadow, like a line engraving, flung by the moonlight on the dark surface of the top of the dense forest below. More than once furious mountain storms assailed it; but its builder's philosophy

had taken account of these inimical forces, and it held fast.

The unbroken mountain wind, however, played havoc with the light shanties of the workmen in this exposed situation on the promontory of rock, and when rebuilt the camp was moved below the terrace, down in a sort of gorge, shielded and safe, albeit the distance from the work was a matter of some inconvenience.

They proved civil folk, the town mechanics, and answered gravely many a queer question put from a vast distance in civilization and sophistication, albeit at arm's length from the natural body; for from far and near the mountaineers visited the unfinished structure. Often a wagon with a yoke of steers would stand, the patient beasts humbly a-drowse, for an hour or so in the sandy road, while the jeans-clad owner, goad-stick in hand, would patrol the new building, solemnly stepping from timber to timber over the depths of the cellar, or with the utmost simplicity of assurance make a critical circuit about the whole, and offer suggestions looking toward improvements. Sometimes the visitor was of shyer gentry: a red fox was glimpsed early one morning, with brush in air, speeding along the joists of the ball-room; it might seem they would never know the weight of aught more graceful or agile; a deer, doubtless a familiar of the springs, was visible once, leaping wildly down the rocks in great elastic bounds, evidently hitherto unaware of the invaders of these preempted sylvan wilds. Others, too, of the ancient owners of the soil came on more prosaic quest, but in the dead hour of darkness or the light of the midnight moon. A young bear, who had long harbored predatory designs upon a certain fat shoat, a denizen of that pig-pen of Captain Lucy's upon which the owner and Mr. Kenniston looked with such differing eyes, was brought to a pause, in a cautious reconnoitre, by the fragments of food, scraps from the workmen's dinner, which might

be found by nosing about among the shavings. Perhaps it was this alone that led him about the angles and turns of the building; but as he went between the sparse substance of the timbers and their scant linear shadows that, in the sorcery of the moonlight, appeared hardly less real, he seemed as censorious a critic as Captain Lucy himself. Sometimes he would pause in his clumsy shamble, and, with the moonlight a-glitter in his small eyes, lift himself on his hind feet and gaze about the solitary building, indescribably melancholy in the loneliness and the wan, pensive sheen; grin with his white teeth, a-gleam with a sarcastic, snarling contempt; fall to all fours again; and, shrugging his heavy shoulders to his ears, scud along with the aspect of clumsy sportiveness common to his kind.

It chanced that a light, portable forge had been in use that day, in the process of the work; the foreman had himself looked to the extinction of the fire, albeit the scene of the operation was upon the solid rock, and far from any possible communication with the building. The wind could never have turned over the low apparatus set in the hollow of the ledges, but the bear could, and did. Then he sat down suddenly to lick his singed paw, for the metal was still hot. The fuel had been charcoal; it still sustained heat, and even combustion. There was a steady spark in a few of the scattered cinders, quickening, reddening, as the eager night air touched them. The shavings amongst which they had fallen, further down the slope, were slightly astir for a moment; then a timorous blaze sprang up along the more tenuous, lace-like, curling edges.

How the destructive element fared, whether by slow, insidious, fearful degrees, as of conscious but furtive evil intent, or as animated by a wild, tumultuous, riotous impulse, more and more rapacious with impunity, as of some turbulent, maddened thing escaping con-

trol, none but Bruin might say, for, save the impassive, neutral night, the event had no other witness. Before the flames had fairly taken hold of the studs and joists his cowardly fears had gained the ascendancy over his gluttony. More than once he paused, in gnawing his trophy of a beef bone, to growl fiercely, his remonstrant, surprised eyes illuminated by this alien flicker. As the skies began to redden, and the pale moonlight to fail, and the great massive mountains to appear, dark and weird, from the deep and silent seclusions of the night, he left his booty and retreated toward the verge of the woods, pausing now and again in the dun-colored shadows, all veined with shifting pulsations of red and white, to look with eyes aglow, reflecting the fire, upon its ravages, growling fiercely at times; then, with his recurrent fears, setting out once more on a lumbering run.

Perchance the reflection flung upon the clouds, all lurid and alight, before which the stars shrank away invisible, apprised the traveler journeying in far-away coves and ranges, or the herder of the lofty solitudes of the balds, or the hunter in distant coverts, of the disaster in progress before the nearest neighbors were roused. The angry glare of the conflagration seemed to pervade the world, like the vivid searching terrors of the red day of doom, when the workmen, down in their sheltered nook beneath the crags and the dense shadows of the forest, discovered the untoward fate of their handiwork. Into the crevices of the batten shutters of Captain Lucy's glassless windows the keen rays at last pierced, like some sinister, pestilential, dazzling sunburst, illuminating the homely scenes with an uncanny flare, and displacing the broken dreams with a terrified awakening.

Naught could be done. It might be accounted a spectacle in some sort to watch the airy acrobatic feats of the lithe flames leaping from beam to brace,

from joist to rafter, of the three tall stories, seeming of vaster proportions with all their detail illustrated in these living tints upon the subsidiary, flickering night. There was a series of wild, dancing, tangled blazes a-whirl in the lengths of the ball-room, white and red and orange and blue, an uncanny rout. High up on the battlemented turret a vermillion banner flaunted suddenly out to the moon, and then it was struck amidst a myriad of sparks, and the echoes clamored out against the crashing of the tower.

For days thereafter the smoking, charred ruin was the terminus of many a pilgrimage amongst the simple folk of the region, who had never beheld wreckage on such a scale. The idle workmen hovered about it, dispirited and anxious, awaiting orders. There was much mysterious talk of incendiarism, and a rumor pervaded the Cove that the matter had already been reported in this light to the authorities, and that Rodolphus Ross was on his way to the scene of action.

Captain Lucy, seated on the rocks about the limpid spring, at a comfortable distance from the hot, smouldering mass, smoked his pipe, as he contemplat-

ed it, in more placidity of mind than had for some time fallen to his share. He was not a man who would deliberately seek to injure his enemy in person or property; but Captain Lucy was eminently human, and he could but admire the wisdom of the uncovenanted dispensations of Providence, through which Mr. Kenniston's game was, as he conceived it, so handsomely blocked. He had a most buoyant sense of irresponsibility in the matter.

"I ain't so much as once spoke to the Lord 'bout'n that man," he said privately to Luther, as if his prayers must needs have been inflammable.

He was not the only one of the spectators who thought, in view of the magnitude of the ruin, that the whole project was necessarily ended, and who looked on Kenniston's invasion of the Cove as a thing already of the past. It was a matter of very general surprise when the "town man" suddenly reappeared upon the scene in a bounding fury, and, in the metaphorical phrase of the mountaineers, "primed and loaded for b'ar." They little dreamed how literal a reason he had to hold a grudge against Bruin.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

LOVE IS DEAD.

LOVE is dead, they say;

Where is he laid away?

I would see him, stark and fair,

Cut a lock of his shining hair,

Kiss his lips, however cold,—

Poor Love, sweet Love,

Who lived not to grow old.

Love? We laid him here,

On a flower-strewn bier,

Yet he's gone, we know not where.

Lift the pall,—was he ever there?

When his soul is fled away,

His form will never stay.

Marion Couthony Smith.

THE HAYES-TILDEN ELECTORAL COMMISSION.

THE Forty-fourth Congress assembled in its second session on the 4th of December, 1876, under circumstances which caused unusual solicitude. A presidential election had been held in November, and the result was contested. There were 369 electoral votes, of which 185 were necessary to a choice. Of the 369 votes, Samuel J. Tilden confessedly had 184, lacking but one of the required majority. Rutherford B. Hayes had only 163 undisputed votes, but his friends claimed, in addition, the votes of Florida, Louisiana, Oregon, and South Carolina, with an aggregate of 22 electors, which would make his total vote 185, precisely the number needed to secure his inauguration. It was thus necessary that the votes of all these disputed States should be counted for General Hayes to make him President, whereas, should Mr. Tilden gain but one of these, or but one vote from one of them, the victory would be his.

From the States just named there were two sets of returns, one favorable to General Hayes, the other to Mr. Tilden. The Hayes or Republican returns had, in general, the character or quality that we call regular, that is, they were made up and forwarded by officials regularly appointed for that purpose by political organizations recognized by national authority as state governments, and actually holding power as such. The Republicans contended that, in counting the electoral vote, we could not go behind these regular returns; that to do so would be an invasion of the constitutional sphere of the States; that the Constitution expressly declares that each State shall appoint its electors "in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct;" that thus the State had a right to determine how its electors should be

chosen, who they were when chosen, and how the report of this fact should be made. To this the Democrats responded that these returns were a product of fraud and dishonesty; that, in preparing them, the vote of whole precincts, parishes, and counties had been thrown out in order to secure Hayes electors; that fraud vitiates everything; that no pretended states rights should serve as a shelter to fraud; furthermore, that the state governments, so called, were not really such; that they did not represent the people of those States, but were themselves the product of fraud and corruption, and were kept in place only by what was called the "moral influence" of Federal bayonets. The Republicans retorted that the character of state governments could be denied to these organizations only by robbing the freedmen of the ballot guaranteed to them by the Constitution, and that when the votes of precincts, parishes, and counties had been thrown out, it was done in obedience to law, which commanded that this course should be pursued in communities where terrorism had been exercised to such an extent as seriously to affect the result.

Thus the issue was made up. Members of Congress came together feeling strongly themselves and reflecting the strong feeling which prevailed in the country. The eight millions of voters who had taken part in the election had been about equally divided. Those of each party were convinced that they had gained an honest victory, and were indignant with those of the other party for denying or even doubting it. The feeling of mutual hostility had been greatly intensified by party leaders, orators, and presses. In some of our cities it took all the terrors of a police court to keep Dem-

ocrats and Republicans from breaking the peace. Members of Congress who had begun by being angry on their own account, and who felt under some obligation to represent the anger of their constituents, exploded when they began to discuss the subject with their opponents, at the hotels and in the club-rooms of the city of Washington. It took quiet and sensible men some time to learn that they could gain nothing by arguing the question with those of opposite political views, and men of a different stamp never did learn it.

Under these unfavorable conditions, — conditions such as had never before followed a presidential election in this country, — Congress and the nation approached the counting of the electoral vote. The practical question in all men's minds, and on nearly all men's tongues, was, by whom shall it be decided who has been elected President of the United States? Who shall determine what are the proper electoral votes, distinguishing between those that are genuine and those that are spurious? Who shall count the votes and declare the result? Where is the tribunal to which this issue can be submitted, whose authority will not be questioned, and whose decision will be accepted as final?

There were many theories upon this subject of the count, but none of them seemed to be practicable. The only light which the Constitution sheds upon it is in these words: "The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the vote shall then be counted." By whom? We are nowhere expressly told, and hence, wide scope is given for the partisan imagination. It is indeed added that the person having a majority of all the electoral votes shall be the President; but no further aid is furnished us in our effort to ascertain what authority is to decide who has, or has not, this majority.

The theory prevalent among Republicans was that the counting should be done by the President of the Senate. For this theory it was urged that precedent was in its favor, the President of the Senate having generally counted and declared the vote since the formation of the government; and further, it was asked, who would so naturally count the vote as he who opens the certificates containing the statement of it in the presence of the two Houses? Many names, great in the history of the Republic, were quoted as authorities on the side of this theory, but, to say nothing of other objections, there was one practical difficulty which was fatal to it. The President of the Senate was a Republican, whose opinions were presumably known, and there probably was not a Democrat in the United States who would willingly have submitted to his decision.

Another theory which was advocated by a portion of the Democratic party was that the House of Representatives should do the counting, the Senate being present merely as spectators. It was argued that inasmuch as the Constitution lays upon the House the duty of choosing a President, in case there has been a failure to elect by the people, it is necessary that the House, by previously counting the vote, should ascertain whether such failure exists. But the House of Representatives was Democratic by a large majority, and it would have been as unsatisfactory to Republicans to have the vote declared by the House as it would have been to Democrats to have it declared by the President of the Senate.

A third theory, deservedly received with more favor than either of the preceding, was that the counting should be done by both Houses, each having equal authority and responsibility with the other. The practical difficulty here was that the two Houses were of opposite politics; that each would negative the action of the other, and that

hence no result could be reached. A colleague of mine in the House, Mr. Charles Foster, afterward Governor of Ohio, and recently Secretary of the Treasury, proposed another solution of the problem which I thought a good one. He introduced a bill providing that Congress should submit the case to the Supreme Court, and that its decision should be held to be conclusive. But this plan was unacceptable to the whole body of Democrats, and, I suppose, could not have received a single Democratic vote, for the philosophical reason that, of the nine judges at that time on the Supreme Bench, there were but two of Democratic antecedents.

I will mention but one more theory.

A few Democrats of an ancient and harmless school were delighted with a discovery which they had made in the writings of Jefferson. It appeared that that great man had suggested that the electoral vote should be counted by the two Houses, not as separate organizations, but as merged in one convention, in which the vote of a Senator should count for precisely as much as the vote of a Representative. These amiable theorists would have had us agree upon this plan as a happy method of settling all our difficulties. Now, in the Forty-fourth Congress there were 74 Senators and 292 Representatives, the latter being almost four times as numerous as the former. Hence, in all questions requiring the action of both Houses, the vote of one Senator was about equal to that of four Representatives. The Jeffersonian idea might have proved to be a great success, could our friends have made it appear agreeable to 74 Senators, representing, many of them, half the population and resources of great and proud States, to submit to the immense diminution of power implied in their being placed, in the proposed convention, individually on a level with members of the other House. But as there was a great deal of human nature in the country that

year, especially in the Halls of Congress, this theory of the past soon proved to be impracticable, and was heard of no more. It was evident that although Jefferson might have been responsible for the original suggestion, he was not responsible for the time and method of its application.

Such were the theories that were under discussion, and such were the obstacles which they encountered. It is now evident that the counting of the electoral vote could not have been safely committed to any of the agencies which were ordinarily recognized by different parties as the constitutional and proper tribunals for the performance of that duty. The responsibility could not have been laid upon any of these agencies without giving a positive advantage to one of the two parties, and thus encountering stubborn resistance from the other. As each party had control of one House of Congress, no plan could be successful in which both parties did not concur. But that Congress should promptly adopt some method of adjusting differences was demanded by the peace of the country. The situation was serious. Some thoughtful men felt that perhaps the greatest peril that the Republic had encountered was not that of the Civil War. It was repeatedly stated on the floor of the House of Representatives, and apparently believed by the majority, that if the Republican party should proceed, through the President of the Senate, to count the votes of the disputed States, and declare them for General Hayes, the House would then proceed to elect Mr. Tilden, or to count the vote and declare him elected by the nation. There would then have been a dual presidency, a divided army and navy, a divided people, and probably civil war. What plan could be devised to save the country from the evils that threatened it?

The answer was not easy. Everywhere about the Capitol were seen

thoughtful and troubled faces. The short winter days seemed gloomy, and the hours of wakefulness in the night were prolonged by anxious thought. Things were constantly occurring which revealed the extent of both the difficulty and the danger. One day a leading Democrat went across the House to General Garfield's seat, and, repeating a prediction which he had previously made, said that, within a hundred days, people would be cutting each other's throats. Republicans who happened to overhear the conversation did not, perhaps, regard the statement as improbable. My colleague from Ohio, Mr. Banning, a man kindly disposed, declared in a speech, that, if the Republicans should attempt to carry out their theory of the election, and if a part of the army with eighty rounds of ammunition, and the navy, should be ordered to support them, the people would put them all down. Mr. Goode, of Virginia, one of the ablest and best of the Southern members, said, upon the floor of the House, that, if the two parties went on in their respective courses, they would soon reach a point where one or the other must make an ignominious surrender, or they must fight. "Are gentlemen prepared for the latter alternative?" he exclaimed. A shout of "Yes" went up from the Republican side of the House.

In view of such a state of feeling as this, it was a satisfaction to know that, early in the session, broad-minded and patriotic men were beginning to study the difficult problem. It was thought well, in the first place, that the House should be better informed as to the extent of its own rights and duties. To this end, a committee was appointed to inquire and report upon the subject. The Speaker was pleased to name the writer of this article as a member of the committee. My first feeling was one of gratification at the compliment. But, upon reflection, it seemed so plain to me that the

committee should be composed of great constitutional lawyers, that, as soon as the House adjourned, I hastened to the Speaker and tendered my declination, which was accepted. A few days later, he filled the vacancy by appointing Judge McDill, of Iowa, who creditably performed the duties of the place. Some good work was done. Mr. Seeley, afterwards President of Amherst College, belonged to the committee, as did also Mr. Burchard, of Illinois, a man of much varied knowledge, and since Director of the Mint. Both majority and minority reports were made, which served, in a measure, as guides to the respective parties in the House in their subsequent labors.

On the 7th of December, Mr. McCrary, of Iowa, introduced a resolution that a committee should be appointed by the Speaker, to act in conjunction with any similar committee appointed by the Senate in preparing and reporting some legislative measure for counting the electoral vote. This resolution was referred to the committee on the Judiciary, and on the 14th of December was reported back to the House and passed. Notice of this action was at once sent to the Senate. On the 15th of December, a resolution of like character was offered in that body by Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, providing for the appointment of a committee of the Senate to act with that of the House. On the 18th this resolution was passed by the Senate, and the same day the House was notified of the fact. These committees of the Senate and House were appointed December the 21st and 22d respectively, Mr. Edmunds being chairman of the Senate committee, and Mr. Payne, of Ohio, since Senator Payne, chairman of that of the House. Each committee consisted of seven members. Frequent sessions of these committees, at first separate and afterward joint sessions, with much laborious investigation and much discussion of the merits of

different plans, were held from this time until January 18, 1877, when a carefully matured bill, with an accompanying report, was submitted by Mr. Edmunds to the Senate. The report was signed by all the fourteen members of the two committees with the exception of Senator Morton, of Indiana. The bill was soon launched upon the stormy sea of Congressional debate, to take its chances in the hurricane conflict of prejudice and opinion.

The gentlemen of this joint committee, — a joint committee we may henceforth call it, although it was not strictly such, the jealousy of the Houses having forbidden the use of that designation, — the gentlemen of this committee spoke with some reserve, as the proprieties demanded, of their month's work in the committee room. Some of them, however, did divulge to personal friends that they had found their task to be delicate, difficult, laborious, trying to the patience, provoking, and often very discouraging. Many plans had been, of course, rejected. One of these would sometimes break upon their minds like an inspiration and fill them with hope, only to encounter, after a morning's debate, some insuperable objection and be abandoned. Communications which they received from the outside showed with what jealousy they were watched by the two parties, both in Congress and throughout the country. They soon discovered that nothing but defeat could be expected for any measure they should adopt which did not exhibit absolute impartiality toward the two parties. To quote from a speech of Mr. Thurman in the Senate, "It was perfectly clear that any bill that gave the least advantage, ay, the weight of the dust in the balance, to either party, could not become the law of the land." To make the plan acceptable, it must be such that no one could give even a sensible guess beforehand as to what result it would produce.

The principal points of the bill, as finally reported to the two Houses, were the following: The Senate and House were to meet in the Hall of the House, as formerly, for counting the electoral vote. The President of the Senate was to be the presiding officer, and the vote was to be counted by him, or by the tellers under his direction, in accordance with precedent, until some State might be reached to whose vote objections should be offered. The objections should then be put in proper form, and, if there were but one return from the State which had occasioned the disagreement, the Houses should separate, and each House should render a decision upon the objections submitted to it. The Houses should then again meet, and the result of their action be announced. The vote of the State, which, it will be observed, had but a single return, should then be counted, unless it appeared that both Houses had concurred in rejecting it. But when, in the progress of the count, a State might be reached from which there was more than one return, the presiding officer should call for objections to any or all of the returns. The objections, when they had been prepared, together with all the returns and accompanying papers, should then be submitted to the judgment of a Commission which should be constituted as follows: The Commission was to consist of fifteen members, of whom five were to be Representatives, five Senators, and five Justices of the Supreme Court; the five Representatives upon the Commission to be chosen by the House, and the five Senators by the Senate. Of the five Justices, four were virtually designated by the bill, and these four were to elect the fifth. It was assumed by common consent, and was agreed by caucuses of the two parties in both House and Senate, that, of the five Representatives to be chosen, three would be Democrats and two Republicans; that of the five Sen-

ators, three would be Republicans and two Democrats. Of the four Justices that were indicated in the bill, two were of Democratic antecedents and two of Republican. The spirit of the bill required that the fifth man whom these Justices were to select should be neutral as regards the two parties, or, if possible, should be half Republican and half Democrat. Should this arrangement be perfectly carried out, there would, as the reader will see, be just seven and a half Republicans and seven and a half Democrats on the Commission. And yet, as the number of the Commissioners was an uneven number, a decision must be reached; for, however desirous the fifteenth member might be of rendering a decision on both sides, the absolute simplicity of the human will in its action would have prevented his doing so. He must decide wholly for or against each return from a State.

The bill provided that whatever powers were possessed by the two Houses of Congress, in counting the electoral vote, should also be possessed by the Commission. Should it be asked whether the Commission had power to go behind the returns made by the state officers, the answer was that it had not, unless the two Houses had such power. If it were asked whether the Commission was forbidden to exercise such power, the answer was, not unless the Houses were so forbidden. Indeed, the Senate, under the leadership of Mr. Edmunds, voted down, during the same hour of one day, two antagonistic propositions upon this subject; namely, the proposition that the Commission should have the right to go behind the returns from a State, and the proposition that it should not have such right. Beyond the proposition that the powers of the Commission were to be the same as those of the two Houses, there was no attempt in the bill to define what they were. With this limitation only,

which was scarcely a limitation, the Commission was made the absolute judge of the extent of its own jurisdiction. It was to a Commission so constituted and with such powers that the returns from Florida, Louisiana, Oregon, and South Carolina, with all accompanying papers, were to be referred. It was made the duty of the Commission to find who were the legal electors and what was their vote in each of those States, and report it to Congress. When such report should be made, the Houses must meet without delay to hear it announced. If objections were offered, the Houses must again separate, each pronouncing judgment upon them in its own chamber. They were then to reassemble, to hear these judgments read. The decision of the Commission must then stand as valid, unless it should be rejected by the concurrent action of both Houses. As these Houses, however, were of opposite politics, such a result, whatever the decision might be, was one that never could be reached.

Such were the methods of procedure provided in this bill,—the method in case of States to whose vote there was no objection, in case of States sending but one return to which there was objection, and States forwarding double returns to which, of course, objections would be numerous. These methods were to be continued until the votes of all the States should be counted in alphabetical order and the grand result declared. Had any statement in detail of the powers to be exercised by the Commission been contained in the bill, it would have insured its instant defeat. It was essential to the success of the measure that neither the members of the Commission nor those of the two Houses should be able to foresee what powers the Commission would assume. The form in which the bill was finally left exhibited an impartiality in regard to the two great parties as nearly absolute as it was possible to attain.

Whatever faults the bill might have, it had the great merit that, should it become a law, and its execution not be prevented by revolutionary measures, it must make somebody President of the United States. This, no doubt, was the result that the common welfare demanded. It was more important that the presidential issue should be decided effectively than that it should be decided rightly. If the alternative were a decision wholly right which should be questioned by half the nation, or a decision wholly wrong which the whole country would accept, the latter, no doubt, was the result to be desired.

This bill of 1877, to provide for and regulate the counting of the electoral vote, was one of the great legislative measures of history. It exhibited ability, skill, knowledge of men, fertility in resources, fairness, patriotism, statesmanship. It was worthy of a great crisis in national affairs, and deserved to be passed.

But before we follow the fortunes of this bill in Congress, it will be necessary to say something further of its relations to the two parties. It was from the beginning a Democratic rather than a Republican measure. It was indeed inaugurated, as we have seen, in the Senate and House by two Republicans who remained its faithful and efficient friends. Many patriotic men, of both parties and in both Houses, advocated it from the first and continued to do so to the end. But the proportion of Democrats in both Houses, and especially in the House of Representatives, who supported the measure throughout, was much larger than the proportion of Republicans. When among Democrats, on their side of the House, you felt that the atmosphere was friendly to the bill; while upon the Republican side it was regarded with general suspicion. The explanation is not far to seek. As the regular returns from the disputed States were favorable to General Hayes, the Republicans had what was

regarded as a *prima facie* case, and the burden of proof must rest upon their opponents. The presiding officer of the Senate and of the two Houses, when they should meet together, was a Republican, and, whatever theories might be held, his opinions would have some weight in counting the vote. Further, the Chief Magistrate was a Republican, and one not much inclined to surrender when he thought he was right. He would be pretty likely to see to it that the man he thought honestly elected should be duly inaugurated. Under these circumstances, the Democrats, or at least a majority of them, thought that they could lose nothing, and might gain much, by an impartial law which should bind all parties. Republicans, on the other hand, were naturally content to retain the advantages of their position. There was another consideration which affected the relative friendliness of the two parties to the bill. There was a sharp issue, as we know, between Democrats and Republicans in regard to the power of Congress to go behind the returns made by state officers. Republicans believed this to be unconstitutional, while Democrats declared that justice demanded it should be done. It was early understood that the bill which the committee were preparing would be neutral on this point. While it would not authorize the Commission to go behind the returns, it would not forbid their doing so. Many Republicans felt that they could not vote for a measure which would even permit such an invasion of the organic law. They contended that it was a compromise of principle like that of 1820, which condemned half the country to slavery; like that of 1850, which gave us the Fugitive Slave Law. It belonged to a class of weak concessions which had always injured the country and ruined every party that had touched them. They had a candidate, lawfully elected, and why should they sacrifice his

rights, and the rights of the people that voted for him, through the still worse sacrifice of constitutional principle? I shared in the views of my party and voted with the majority of my friends in the House against the bill. It was a mistake. We lost an opportunity. I did not give my vote, however, without much previous hesitation. I still have in my possession a rough outline of an argument in favor of the bill, which I made out late one night in my room, that I might see how it looked. In my present judgment, it is a better argument than one which I made afterwards in the House against the bill. It was an experiment which failed that I made upon my own mind. The feeling that I had no right to sacrifice a just cause upon grounds of doubtful constitutionality compelled me to vote in the negative.

I must not fail to present, as pertinent in this connection, a much more important piece of personal history, which was never fully understood by the public, and now seems, though quite undeservedly, to be almost forgotten. We have seen how important it was that the fifth place among the Justices of the Supreme Court who were to serve upon the Commission should be filled, if possible, by a man just half Democrat and half Republican. This, the reader will remember, was demanded by our arithmetic. In no other way was it possible so to divide the Commission that each party should have exactly half of it. The man needed for this purpose seemed to have been supplied in Mr. Justice Davis, of Illinois. This gentleman was an able judge and a worthy man with a strong taste for active politics. Originally a Republican and an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln, he had been nominated for the presidency in 1872 by the Labor Reform Party, had received nearly a hundred votes, the same year, in the National Convention of the Liberal Republicans,

and had been talked of as a Democratic candidate in 1876. These events, on some principle which I do not fully understand, were thought to have set him down about midway between the two leading parties. He belonged to a highly respectable class of politicians known as Independents. To anticipate a little, the impartiality of his attitude towards the two parties was strikingly illustrated, at a later period, in the United States Senate. It was said of him there, no doubt with some jocose exaggeration, that he seemed to be trying to divide his influence, his voice, and his vote, as equally as possible between Democrats and Republicans; that if he voted twice in succession with the same party, he appeared to be alarmed lest he should take on the character of a partisan, and made haste to restore the healthful balance of his mind and of his political action, by voting next time with the other side. In justice to him, it should be remembered that the position of independency in politics was at that time less understood, had been less practiced, and hence was more difficult of graceful maintenance than it now is. A man as richly endowed as we have seen Judge Davis to have been, with the grace of impartiality, with a talent for being on both sides, would seem to have been the very man that was needed for the fifth judge upon the Commission. If the ideal were half Democrat and half Republican, how could it have been more perfectly realized? Accordingly, it had been early understood that the other judges would agree upon him for the place, and that he would accept it, though doubtless feeling that there were nearly equal reasons both for and against his doing so. Assuming that Judge Davis would be the fifteenth Commissioner, the Democrats, with good grounds, counted upon his giving them the victory. It will be remembered that in order to elect Hayes it was necessary that the

Republicans should gain all of the four disputed States. If any State or any portion of a State went adversely, Hayes was defeated. It was necessary that at least four successive decisions relating to these four States should all be given in favor of the Republicans. Now it was morally certain—it was as certain as the future action of a free agent can ever be—that Judge Davis would never give four decisions in succession, upon difficult and delicate questions, in favor of the same party. It was inevitable that he would not decide all these issues for the Republicans, and if he failed them but once their case was hopeless. Hence, from the time when the main features of the forthcoming bill had come to be understood, until some time after the middle of January, there was a general expectation of victory among Democrats, and of defeat among Republicans. When you met a Democrat, his face wore an expression of evident, though restrained satisfaction, while Republicans looked troubled and depressed. This was largely due to the general impression that Judge Davis would be placed upon the Commission. Here was another of those causes which predisposed Democrats to commit themselves for the bill, and Republicans to commit themselves against it.

But now occurred one of those remarkable things which in reading fiction you stop to criticise as improbable, though they occasion no surprise to the thoughtful student of history. About the middle of January, the legislature of Illinois began balloting for United States Senator. The vote was so close between Democrats and Republicans that five Independents held the balance of power. Several unsuccessful ballots were taken, and there seemed no prospect of a result until negotiations were commenced for a union between Democrats and Independents, with a view to the election of Judge Davis. Late

one evening, I heard that our prospective Commissioner had decided to permit the use of his name as a candidate. The next morning, entering the Hall of the House some time before the hour for opening, I observed that the Democratic side was already well filled, and that its occupants were collected in groups which appeared to be engaged in animated discussion. I did not intrude, but learned from Republican friends, whose opportunities for hearing had been better than mine, that our neighbors were all talking about Judge Davis. Republicans also showed a deep interest in the news. It seemed to be generally admitted that the use of Judge Davis's name in an active political canvass, whatever the result of it might be, would disqualify him for a place on the Commission. We soon learned that this view of the case was also taken by himself. The effect of the withdrawal of his name as a candidate for the Commission undoubtedly was to make Democrats less and Republicans more hopeful as to the result. It no doubt made some votes for the bill on the Republican side, and deprived it of some on the Democratic. But this change occurred quietly among the more obscure members. Those on both sides who had openly committed themselves commonly adhered to the positions they had taken. It was creditable to the patriotism and consistency of both Democrats and Republicans, as a body, that they did not permit what had occurred to change their purpose in regard to the bill.

The name of Mr. Justice Bradley was now thought of as a substitute for that of Justice Davis. Of the occupants of the Supreme Bench whose names had not yet been considered, he was the most conservative. He had commended himself to Democrats by holding strong opinions, when on the bench, against the constitutionality of the Enforcement Act. He had held court in Louisiana, where he was popu-

lar, and had given a conservative opinion in the decision of the Supreme Court upon what were known as the "Grant Parish" cases. He had never been in sympathy with the original abolitionists, and would probably have found it difficult to attach the same importance to the interests of a black man that he did to those of a white man. Upon a comparison of views in regard to his antecedents, the faces of Democrats began to wear a look of returning cheerfulness. They felt that, if he should be placed upon the Commission, they could still look forward hopefully to the result.

Thus much it has seemed necessary to say in regard to the attitude of the two parties towards this great measure. Let us do exact justice to both. That there were some mere trimmers and time-servers in both parties cannot be doubted; but it is equally certain that the general tone of feeling was earnest and manly. The debate had a serious character which commended it to the approval of thoughtful visitors. There was much party feeling on both sides, but a prevalent sincerity of purpose. The desire to learn what duty and the common welfare demanded was general. It was no doubt party feeling which increased the friendliness of the Democrats to the bill in the earlier period and diminished it in the later. A few of them were bitter opponents of the bill from the beginning, and became obstructionists towards the end. But after making all the deductions from the credit due them which these facts require, it must still be admitted that a powerful, perhaps a controlling influence was exerted among them by patriotism and true statesmanship. We cannot withhold our admiration from the work which they or a majority of them did. To both parties in this crisis we must accord general honesty of purpose. But as what the Democrats did was objectively right, as they had the principal share in the support

of a bill which now appears to have been necessary to the public order, they will stand fairest, so far as this legislation is concerned, upon the page of that history which is less curious about hidden motives than about the utility of measures.

There were no Republican obstructionists. But it would be rash to say there would not have been any, had the election of Mr. Tilden seemed as probable as did that of General Hayes.

But it is time to inquire what progress was made by the electoral bill in the two Houses. It has been stated that this bill was submitted to the Senate, by Mr. Edmunds, on the 18th of January. The debate commenced on the 20th, and continued almost uninterruptedly to the 25th. The 25th and the 26th were mostly occupied with the discussion of the subject in the House. This debate must no doubt be classed in history with the great intellectual conflicts of Congress. Senator Edmunds, who reported the bill to the Senate, and who was understood to be the author both of the bill and of the report, made the opening speech. It was perhaps the best speech made in favor of the measure, not only because it was learned, logical, and persuasive, but still more because it was wise. It contained just enough to put the bill in an acceptable light. It was great for what it omitted. It was not delivered in order to make a great speech, but to secure the passage of the bill. It explained difficulties, soothed prejudice, conciliated opposition, and made the need of the country for amicable adjustment stand out in a clear light. He was the presiding spirit of the debate in the Senate. He was constantly in his place, and much of the time on his feet. By courteous interruptions, he supplemented the speeches of his friends with needed arguments, and helped his opponents to some ignored or forgotten fact which made a half-hour's talk irrelevant or innocuous.

He exhibited a rapier-like swiftness and point which considerably diminished the desire of the opposition to prolong the debate. It may fairly be said that he did more than any other man for the success of the bill. It was one of the occasions which led to the considering of the Vermont judge as the first man in the Senate. He was ably supported by Senators Bayard, Thurman, Frelinghuysen, and Conkling, and was warmly opposed by Morton, Sherman, Cameron, and Eaton. Mr. Blaine, then a new member of the Senate, spoke briefly but exceedingly well, expressing his regret at not being able to support the bill. In the House, Hoar, Foster, and McCrary, among Republicans, and Payne, Lamar, Springer, Hill, Abram S. Hewitt, and Tucker, among Democrats, delivered noticeable speeches in favor of the measure. Strong efforts were made against it by Garfield, Hale, Lawrence, and others on the Republican side, and by Proctor Knott and Blackburn on the Democratic. The debate included constitutional arguments, historical discussion, and patriotic appeal, enlivened occasionally, by humor and witty retort. There was also some downright raving. It would require a separate paper were I to indulge in quotation and appropriate comment. Many of the speeches in both House and Senate were elaborately prepared. Some of them were remarkable for beautiful and impressive perorations. I commend them to the attention of those of my readers who are fond of literary studies.

As the debate advanced in the Senate, and the bill was examined and privately discussed by members of both Houses, it was more and more evident that it would become a law. The tide of feeling in its favor rose higher every day, and the response from most parts of the country greatly aided it. On the morning of January 25, the bill passed the Senate, and it passed the

House on the 26th. It might have received the signature of the Chief Magistrate on the following day, but President Grant was absent in Maryland, attending, I believe, some exposition of mechanical industry. But, on the 29th, the bill was not only signed by the President, but was returned to the Senate with a message of cordial approval. On the 30th, the Commissioners were all elected. The Senate chose the following gentlemen: Edmunds, Morton, Frelinghuysen, Thurman, and Bayard. The House chose Representatives Payne, Hunton, Abbott, Garfield, and Hoar. The Justices who had already been designated by the bill were Clifford, Strong, Miller, and Field; and these gentlemen agreed upon Mr. Justice Bradley as the fifteenth member of the Commission. On the 1st of February, the Commission organized with Mr. Justice Clifford as president, and notified both House and Senate of the fact. On the same day, as was provided by the new law, the counting of the electoral vote commenced, and was the absorbing object of attention in both Houses, and I might almost say in the whole country, until it was completed on the 2d of March.

The members of both Houses and both parties came together with cheerful faces in the Hall of the House of Representatives to begin the count. Hope and good humor prevailed on all sides. The spectacle was one of unusual interest and had attracted visitors from remote parts of the country. At one o'clock P. M., the doorkeeper of the House announced that the Senate of the United States was at the door. The Senators, preceded by their proper officers, were immediately admitted and received by the Representatives standing. The ceremonial prescribed by the law was duly observed. The President of the Senate was seated in the Speaker's chair, as president of the joint meeting. At his left sat the Speaker, and in front and below sat the subor-

dinate officers of both Houses. The Senators occupied the body of the Hall upon the right of the presiding officer. Two tellers were appointed on the part of each House. The burdens of the presiding officer, Senator Ferry of Michigan, who had been made President of the Senate upon the death of Vice-President Wilson, were greatly lightened by the guidance and support afforded by the new law; but his duties were still delicate and arduous, and were performed with a dignity, watchfulness, impartiality, and painstaking correctness which secured general commendation. The counting went on briskly through the earlier States of the alphabetical list, Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, and Delaware. It was immaterial who counted the votes of these States. They could count themselves. But when the State of Florida was reached, double certificates were opened, and objections were at once heard from different parts of the Hall. Both certificates, together with the various objections and all papers in the case, were then sent to the Commission. That tribunal was occupied until the 9th of February in reaching a result which was not achieved without much wearisome investigation and listening to many arguments from both sides. On the 10th this decision was laid before the joint meeting of Congress. It was found that the seven men upon the Commission who had been chosen avowedly as Democrats had voted for the Tilden electors; the seven men who had been chosen as Republicans had voted for the Hayes electors; and the conservative member had determined the result by voting with the Republicans. Objections were at once raised to the decision, and the two Houses separated, the Senate voting to sustain it, and the House voting the opposite, which, of course, left it binding under the law. It would have been singular had there not

been a somewhat marked change in the feeling of the parties in regard to the operation of the law after this decision. It may be thought that, when the law was passed, there was no further peril; and this would indeed have been true except for disorderly and obstructive methods. The result of the vote must be announced before twelve o'clock on the 4th of March. The time was becoming short. Owing to delays, some of them unnecessary, the vote of Florida was not counted until the 12th. This left only sixteen full working days to complete the count. There were still three States with double returns, which of course would be sharply contested and must be referred to the Commission, which was a judicial body and could not be hurried. Minor difficulties were being raised for a purpose, it was thought, which increased the delay. But the majority of both Houses stood by the arrangement, and the great machine, though heavy and slow, still ground on. The vote of Louisiana was counted on the 20th, that of Oregon on the 24th, and both were counted for Hayes. On the last day of February, when there were but three more working days, the vote of South Carolina had not been counted, which was also true of Vermont and Wisconsin, in regard to both of which captious objectors were waiting their opportunity. It was at this point that there broke forth a bitter and persistent opposition by means of dilatory motions. This opposition, at one time, assumed such proportions as to fill patriotic minds with alarm lest the declaration of the final result should not be reached. This calamity to the country might not have been averted, had not the man of the occasion been found in Samuel J. Randall, the Democratic Speaker of the House. He was a warm partisan, but a man of firmness and conscience in regard to his obligations to the Constitution and the laws. His oath to support these was not to him

an unmeaning form. He had a clear conviction that it was his duty not to permit the object of the electoral law to be defeated by any factious policy of obstruction. He had a strength of will equal to the emergency, and he put it to good use. On the 24th of February, the Speaker, in declining to entertain a motion which, though parliamentary and suitable in itself, was dilatory in effect, made a ruling, involving a principle of the highest importance and of the greatest practical value for all legislative bodies. I give his words. The Chair "rules that when the Constitution of the United States directs anything to be done, or when the law under the Constitution of the United States, enacted in obedience thereto, directs any act by this House, it is not in order to make any motion to obstruct or impede the execution of that injunction of the Constitution and the laws." After that decision there was comparative good order for two or three days. On the 28th of February, the Speaker having refused to entertain a motion which was of a dilatory character, a member appealed from the decision of the Chair. The Speaker refused to entertain the appeal. Then followed a scene of great clamor and confusion, the obstructionists insisting upon it that the Chair should admit the appeal. But as that officer only gripped his gavel the tighter, and his always long under jaw seemed to be growing longer, they had to abandon the effort. We then had comparative quiet until the following day, when the disorder reached its height and was, at times, of almost a threatening character. From ten o'clock A. M. on the 1st of March until four o'clock A. M. on the 2d, we were constantly in our seats. Owing, perhaps, to an understanding reached among themselves, the previous night, the obstructionists made a united and desperate effort to waste the time of the House by dilatory motions. During much of this

time, the Speaker stood in his place deciding questions of order in the midst of noisy and hostile demonstrations. He was subjected to a strain upon voice and nerve and physical strength such as few men could have endured. At times he was visited with a storm of questions and reproaches. Would he not entertain a privileged motion? He would not. Would he not put a motion for a recess? a motion for a call of the House? a motion to excuse some member from voting? a motion to reconsider? a motion to lay something on the table? He would not. Were not these motions in order under the rules? They were. Would he not then submit some one of them to the House? He would not. Was he not an oppressor, a tyrant, a despot? He was not. Would he not then put some dilatory motion? He would not. Would he not entertain an appeal to the House from his own decision? He would not. Why would he not? Because of his obligations to law. This is a condensed statement of a struggle which was going on for several hours. The scene was varied on one or two occasions by a proposal that the House proceed at once to the election of a President of the United States, which, of course, was ruled out of order.

A better idea of what this struggle was may be conveyed by a quotation from the Congressional Record. It is but just to add, as will be seen, that several of the persons introduced here were acting in good faith and not with the intention of increasing the disorder.

Mr. Eden. I call for the regular order.

Mr. Caulfield. I wish to make a parliamentary inquiry. Do I understand that the two hours' debate allowed by the law is to begin now, under the ruling of the Chair?

The Speaker. The gentleman is right in so understanding.

Mr. Caulfield. Well, sir, I appeal from that decision. I contend that there is no power in this House to proceed to the consideration of this question until we know what the question is. Under the present circumstances we do not know what the question is.

The Speaker. That is for the House to determine, not the Chair.

Mr. Caulfield. But until that certificate is opened, it is impossible for us to know what objections we are to consider.

Mr. O'Brien. We must have the certificate before we can discuss and vote upon this question.

Mr. Watterson. I rise to a parliamentary inquiry. I wish to know whether the progress of this debate is in order or not.

The Speaker. It is in order. The gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Poppleton) is recognized; and if he does not desire to speak, the Chair will recognize some other gentleman.

Mr. O'Brien. Does not the Chair entertain the appeal from his decision?

Mr. Caulfield. I insist on my appeal from the decision of the Chair.

The Speaker. The Chair declines to entertain the appeal.

(Cries of "That is right," and applause.)

Mr. Springer. I hope the Chair will not insist upon that position. This is one of the most important questions that ever came before this House. (Cries of "Regular order!") I insist that this appeal must be entertained, and that we must know whether this is a case that has gone to the Commission, or whether it is now to be considered by the separate Houses. This is not a dilatory motion, but one that arises upon a vital provision of the electoral law; and I ask the Chair to entertain the appeal.

The Speaker. The Chair considers that he is bound by the law —

Mr. Springer. I want the law enforced.

The Speaker. And the law is as plain as the day.

Mr. Springer. If this case under the law has gone to the Commission, it is there now by the operation of the law and we have nothing before us.

The Speaker. This House has it within its power by a majority vote to call from the Senate that paper.

Mr. Caulfield, Mr. O'Brien, and others. When?

The Speaker. Surely, gentlemen will not say that the Chair has that power.

Mr. Walling. But we ask for a vote first on calling that paper from the Senate.

Mr. O'Brien. We want that question decided now, whether we have the right to send to the Senate for that certificate.

Mr. Beebe (who addressed the Chair amid cries of "Order!" and great confusion) was understood to say, Mr. Speaker, I have stood with the majority of this House against every proposition to delay obedience to this law. I acknowledge my obligations under that law. I recognize the further fact that we are here not only under that, but in the exercise of every prerogative and privilege guaranteed by the Constitution to this House. (Cries of "Order!" mingled with applause.) Will the Chair entertain the motion —

The Speaker. The Chair will entertain no motion.

Mr. Beebe. Then I charge the Speaker with doing what I have complained of the Electoral Commission for doing, violating the very law under which we are operating.

Mr. Rice. The Speaker is usurping power.

The Speaker. The Chair usurps no power.

Mr. Beebe. Ninety members of this House demand that appeal from the decision of the Chair, and it cannot be had.

Mr. Mills. I hope that usurpation

is not becoming so incapacitating as to cause usurpation of power over members of this House.

The Speaker. The Chair neither usurps, nor does he permit oppression upon the Chair. (Applause upon the floor and in the galleries.)

Mr. Beebe. Will the Chair state the reason for his ruling?

The Speaker. The Chair decides according to his conscience and the law.

Mr. Beebe. Will the Chair state the reason for his ruling?

Mr. Wells, of Mississippi. I ask whether —

(Here there was great confusion in the Hall, members rising and standing.)

Mr. Beebe (standing on top of one of the desks). I demand to know the reason why the Chair refuses to state his reasons for refusing to hear an appeal. (Applause.) With all respect to the Chair, I ask him to state the reason of his ruling.

Mr. Springer. I demand that the galleries be cleared.

Mr. Beebe. From my place in this House I now under the rules ask the Speaker of this House respectfully to state the reason for his refusal to entertain the motion which I make.

The Speaker. The Chair gave his reasons at length on a similar proposition yesterday.

Mr. Caulfield. We have no recollection of any such proposition having been made.

Several Members. It never has been.

Mr. Jones, of Kentucky. If the Chair ruled that way yesterday, he must have ruled wrongly.

Mr. Franklin. We demand that the appeal from the decision of the Chair be placed before the House.

Mr. Springer. Mr. Speaker, I move this House now take a recess until tomorrow at ten o'clock.

Mr. Beebe. I claim that I have some rights upon this floor. I claim that courtesy from the Chair that I always have cheerfully rendered to him.

The Speaker. The Chair will proceed with the public business.

Mr. Brown, of Kentucky. I ask, Mr. Speaker, that the officers of this House enforce order.

Mr. Money. Let them try it.

Mr. Brown, of Kentucky. They can do it.

Mr. Sparks. Let them try it.

Mr. Brown, of Kentucky. I demand that they enforce order upon you and all others who are out of order. If I were an officer of the House I would try it. (Applause.)

The Speaker. The Chair is determined that gentlemen shall take their seats. The Chair is not going to submit longer to this disorder. (Loud applause on the floor and in the galleries.) If gentlemen forget themselves, it is the duty of the Chair to remind them that they are members of the American Congress. (Renewed applause on the floor and in the galleries.)

Mr. Glover. I appeal to members of this House —

Mr. Sparks. The Chair is simply the Speaker of this House of Representatives. We are the representatives of the people. (Applause.)

Mr. Beebe. I respectfully ask —

Mr. Sparks. Look at these lobbies, Mr. Speaker. I have tried to get the Speaker's ear so that I could direct attention to them. We are mobbed by the lobby! Here is the rule (holding up the Manual), and we ask the Chair to enforce it. (Applause.)

Mr. Brown, of Kentucky. It is not the lobby, sir.

Several Members. It is.

Mr. Brown, of Kentucky. The lobby would be ashamed of it. (Applause.)

Mr. Sparks. So, too, the American people are ashamed of the action of members, some, too, claiming to be Democrats. (Applause.)

Mr. Glover. I appeal to every member of this House to try to contribute something to its order and its respectability. The time must come when

we must have order in this House, and it is the duty of every member now to give aid to restore order in this House.

The Speaker. The Chair desires every gentleman who is not a member of this Congress to retire.

Mr. Cox. I call for the reading of the one hundred and thirty-fourth rule, and its enforcement promptly.

Mr. Sheakley. I ask for the reading of the rule.

The Speaker. The Chair orders that the spaces behind members' desks on both sides of the House shall be cleared. That he has the right to do, and it is in the interest of good order.

Mr. Cox. I have the right to have read the one hundred and thirty-fourth rule. I desire to say, with all respect to the Chair, that the rule should be enforced in the cloak-room as well as on the floor.

Mr. Burchard, of Illinois. On that side of the House.

Mr. Cox. On both sides of the House.

Mr. Watterson. In the cloak-room as well as on the floor.

The Speaker. The Sergeant-at-Arms is discharging his duty in that connection, as the Chair understands.

To have an adequate conception of this scene of painful disorder, one must multiply this report by three or four. No system of reporting, no corps of reporters, was adequate to such an occasion. An account of it, which was published in the New York Tribune of the following day, does not seem to me to be greatly exaggerated. The writer says: "The whole" body of obstructionists "now rose to their feet and inaugurated such a scene of disorder as has probably never been witnessed in the stormiest scenes of Congress before. At least twenty were shouting and gesticulating together, and this number soon included the whole force of the revolutionists. . . . After about ten minutes of disorder, which cannot be

described, the Speaker sent the Sergeant-at-Arms among the desks on the Democratic side and compelled the members to sit down. . . . His manner rose to the occasion. He reminded those on the floor that they were members of the American Congress, and declared that the Chair was resolute, and would tolerate no more disorder."

The House now discovered that it had a master. Business began to move in its proper channels. The Houses met once more in joint session. South Carolina was counted, Tennessee, Texas; Vermont, after a contest; Virginia, West Virginia; Wisconsin, after another, but brief contest; and thus the roll of the States was completed. Then, at four o'clock and ten minutes, on the morning of March 2, 1877, the President of the joint convention declared that Rutherford B. Hayes, having received a majority of all the electoral votes, was duly elected President of the United States. In announcing the result the presiding officer said, "The Chair trusts that all present, whether on the floor or in the galleries, will refrain from all demonstrations whatever; that nothing shall occur on this occasion to mar the dignity and moderation which have characterized these proceedings, in the main so reputable to the American people and worthy of the respect of the world." The announcement was received by all parties with respectful silence and apparent submission. The pent-up feeling of dissatisfaction found vent through inflammatory articles in the press and much private grumbling. There was even some wild talk of a forcible attempt to prevent the inauguration; but if there was ever any serious purpose of that kind, it was extinguished by the thought that a great soldier was sitting silent but watchful in the presidential chair.

Two or three things are suggested by this narrative which it may be well to notice.

In the first place, we can now understand why no reliable history of the electoral count of 1877 has been written. Who was there to write such a history? This nation is made up mostly of Democrats and Republicans. For certain good reasons, none of the writers of either of these parties have wished to give us a history of the count. They have instinctively felt that any history which should be written ought to be in accord with the general approval which now exists in the public mind of the great measure by which the count was conducted. Democrats are not ready to express such approval, because the count resulted in the defeat of their candidate; and Republicans have felt a natural diffidence about commending a measure against which a large majority of them voted. This is why no leading man of either party has attempted to give us a complete account of the event.

Again, we see how absurd has been the statement that there was fraud in the count, that somebody was cheated by the manner in which it was conducted. The simple narrative of facts which has now been given refutes such a charge. If anybody was cheated, who was it? Certainly not the Republicans; for their candidate was made President. Nor was it the Democrats; for the bill in accordance with which the electoral votes were ascertained and declared was specially their measure. A majority of the votes cast for it in both Houses were Democratic. In the Senate but one Democrat voted against it; and in the House but eighteen. The number of Democratic votes which it received in the House was so large that the bill would have passed, if every Republican had voted against it. It was opposed by more than two thirds of the Republicans in the House, and when it was under discussion, Democrats reproached us for our want of patriotism and broad statesmanship in not supporting it; and there was some

truth in the charge. If it was wrong to leave questions to a commission, it was a Democratic wrong. If the mode of choosing the commissioners in the House and Senate was a blunder, it was a Democratic blunder. If it was a violation of a previous good understanding with the Democrats that Judge Davis should resign his place on the bench and be elected Senator from Illinois, it was a violation which was not committed by Republicans, but by Judge Davis himself, who resigned, and by the Democrats of Illinois who elected him, in spite of the Republicans of Illinois, who did their best to defeat him. If there was unfairness in the choice of Judge Bradley for the fifteenth commissioner, it was unfairness for which 180 Democrats in the two Houses had provided, and which two Democratic judges united with two Republican judges in consummating. In a word, if there was fraud anywhere in the measure, it was the work of an immense majority of the Democrats in both Houses of Congress.

Once more, the amicable adjustment of the serious difficulties of 1876 and 1877 by means of legislation, and the fidelity to principle shown in the peaceable submission to the result by both parties, — although it was so disappointing to one of them, — and by the whole country, afford new and solid grounds of confidence in the stability of our institutions. Such a happy issue out of our perils makes the foundations of government seem firmer under our feet. The capacity for self-control exhibited by the nation under the great excitement of the contest was a strong guarantee of a well-ordered and prosperous future. It showed the deep attachment of our people to law rather than revolution as a means of settling differences. It showed, as I trust, that an impassable gulf separates our methods and policies from those of the Spanish States of this continent; that Americans are indeed a branch of that

great Teutonic race who know how to make homes and build States, and how to defend and preserve them. It has enabled us to feel that we could approach another dangerous crisis in our affairs with less trepidation as to the result. It has increased our just pride in the common country. It is a noble precedent, and one which will be quoted

in all time to furnish motives for self-restraint in heated party contests, to give added strength to the reasonings of statesmen, and new force to the appeals of patriots. It will forever remain a conspicuous example of that moderation and love of settled order which are essential to the perpetuity of the Republic.

James Monroe.

THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM IN AMERICA.

THE fundamental idea of the Gothenburg system of liquor licenses is the conduct of the retail and bar traffic in spirits without financial reward other than ordinary interest upon the capital invested, and the regulation of the sale by public authority in such a manner that drinking is discouraged and the saloon purged of gambling and immorality. The profits are annually distributed to the community, since it has to bear the social burdens caused by immoderate alcoholic indulgence.

The principal agent for accomplishing this is a commercial company which is granted a monopoly of saloon and retail trade up to sixty-six gallons in one purchase. Shareholders in such corporations are usually individuals or institutions of high standing, while the management is given to persons intelligently appreciative of public interests. To cite an example, the parent company at Gothenburg, which made the first successful trial, was administered for eleven years by the son of the noted clergyman and apostle of temperance, Dean Peter Wieselgren. This gentleman has since been called to a seat in the upper chamber of the Swedish parliament and to the general directorship of prisons for the kingdom. Others, not equal perhaps in social distinction, but quite as eminent in public spirit, have rendered similar ser-

vice. No inconsiderable portion of the success which has attended the plan must be accredited to the sense of civic duty, fortunately so widespread in the Scandinavian peninsula, which has led the better elements of society actively to participate in the regulation of the trade in alcohol.

Each community possesses the right of local option. In the country districts it has been very generally exercised in favor of practical prohibition, only one hundred and eighty-six licenses in Sweden and twenty-seven in Norway, most of them life privileges, being now in existence. Where popular sentiment favors a licensing régime, the magistracy and municipal representatives, with the right of final sanction vesting in the provincial governor, constitute the granting authority. The duties of the crown functionary are largely formal, since he cannot act in opposition to the will of the magistracy or council. Nevertheless, his position as *ex-officio* head of the police service makes him a valuable adjunct. Privileges usually hold good for three years, but the number of concessions may be reduced at the end of any period without creating a valid claim for compensation.

The relation between the licensing authority and the company is necessarily very intimate. The concession of a

monopoly in the saloon and retail liquor trade involves the public interest to such an extent that proper safeguards must be insured. Hence the by-laws, rules of internal administration, regulations of sale, determination of prices and of business hours receive official approval. To inspect the corporation's books at any moment is another prerogative. In like manner no sub-licenses to hotels, restaurants, or clubs may be conceded by the company without authoritative indorsement.

Shareholders of Swedish liquor selling societies receive no other benefit than six per cent. interest on their capital stock. In the larger towns, seven tenths of the net profits go to the municipality, one tenth to the agricultural society of the province (an institution meant to foster the principal industry of the country), and two tenths to the crown. In smaller towns, the local proportion is reduced to five tenths; two tenths are accorded to the county commission of supply, and three tenths fall to the general government. Where companies operate in rural districts, the whole sum is paid directly into the provincial treasury, whence it is distributed, seven tenths to the communities in proportion to population, two tenths to the local commission of supply, and the remainder to the agricultural society of the province. The capital city, Stockholm, forms the only exception, the municipal treasury receiving eight tenths, while the rest goes to the crown. The audit of accounts and inquisition into the general management of the company is performed by a commission representing the various parties to the distribution of the surplus.

Such in outline are the principal features of the Gothenburg system in Sweden. A few years after its creation, it passed over the national border and took root in the adjacent countries to the west and east. In Norway it underwent important modifications, mostly in the line

of stricter public supervision. The fundamental principles of company monopoly and elimination of private gain from liquor selling were conserved, but business profits were no longer emptied into the public treasuries. Their apportionment was confided to a committee composed of the company's directors and a rather numerous body, including sometimes as many as forty individuals, half of them the appointees of shareholders, the other half the nominees of the local government. A veto power was accorded the provincial governor. The destination of the surplus was likewise legally restricted to subsidies for such objects of public utility as the municipality was not already bound to support.

The rate of interest in Norway to shareholders is reduced to five per cent. Public control is further emphasized by the fact that the licensing authority reserves the right to confirm bar-tenders and other employees of the company, by more stringent regulations as to Sunday closing, and by an ordinance which forbids loafing around saloons.¹ Sub-licenses to hotels, restaurants, and clubs are not granted in the same way as in Sweden. Liquor may be sold in them to *bona-fide* guests or members, but business is conducted on the company's account, the proprietor, lessee, or manager being merely the authorized agent. Another feature, which is by no means an improvement, consists in cutting down the limit to which the monopoly extends from sixty-six gallons to ten and one half in one purchase.

Very useful results have followed the operation of the system. Statistics of consumption, the surest test of the efficacy of any plan, when considered with reference to prevailing economic conditions, show that the drinking of spirits in Sweden in 1865, the year the Gothenburg Company was formed, amounted to 11.31 quarts per inhabitant computed

¹ In a Norwegian bar-room, when a man has taken his drink he must leave the premises.

on the basis of fifty per cent. alcohol: 7.42 quarts per individual is the average for the last quinquennial period. A decline of thirty-five per cent. in twenty-five years is a creditable record indeed. In Norway, results have been even more satisfactory. In 1876, when the companies did one twelfth of the liquor business of the country, the average individual drank seven quarts per annum, reckoned at fifty per cent. alcohol. In 1890, the last year for which statistics are available, when the companies' operations included one half of the total sales, the amount consumed per inhabitant was 3.3 quarts, or fifty-three per cent. less than in 1876.¹ The figures quoted include wholesale sales in which the companies take but little part.

Another important achievement has been the diminution wrought in the temptation to drink. The ratio of inhabitants to a license in Swedish towns advanced from 692 to 969 during the decade from 1880 to 1890. An equally favorable showing appears for the urban communities of Norway. The local option features of the law have been employed in both countries to inaugurate practical prohibition in nearly all the country districts. If we consider further that in the companies' bars discouragement to drink supersedes invitation to conviviality, we get a rough measure of the extent to which temptation has been lessened.

Poverty and crime, being less directly related to drink, do not respond so conveniently to statistical analysis; but the general verdict of competent observers is that steady progress in the right direction has been made. Finally, teetotalism, which counted a mere handful of adherents in 1865, has gathered nearly three hundred thousand recruits in the two Scandinavian kingdoms. The attitude of this large body in not demanding repeal affords strong presumptive

evidence of the practical efficacy of the system.

The Gothenburg system in its westward progress is to-day seeking a foothold in the British Isles. Thereafter exists no port of call until America is reached, and unless signs altogether fail, we shall soon be called upon to offer hospitality. Massachusetts, in adherence to her policy of leadership in industrial and social reform, has already undertaken to find out if her house is in order to receive the guest.

How far is the Scandinavian method of public control applicable to American conditions? What modifications are necessary to insure its efficient operation in this country?

Analyzing the distinctive characteristics as heretofore presented, one finds that there are many features not at all new to our practice. For instance, the fundamental basis, license with local option privileges, is the policy in many of the States. Such conditions as Sunday closing, prohibition of sale to minors, etc., are incorporated in the statute books of nearly every commonwealth, even if not always observed in practice. Neither is the application of moneys derived from the liquor traffic to objects of public utility a new thing. The city of New York apportions annually a part of the proceeds from licenses for dispensing intoxicating beverages (\$300,000) to the police pension fund.

But other elements of the system, the elimination of private gain from liquor selling, and the concession of a license monopoly to a commercial company regulated and supervised in the strictest possible manner in the interests of the public and with a view to discourage drinking habits, — these are foreign to previous policy. Is it possible for us to make use of these features as well?

Of course, it is no criterion to argue that because a scheme has been successful States Commissioner of Labor on the Gothenburg System.

¹ These and other figures are quoted from my recently published report to the United

ful in one country it will be equally successful in another. Still, it is worth noting that in all three countries where this particular scheme has been tried, Sweden, Norway, and Finland, conspicuous success has been attained under widely different conditions. The first two named, for instance, though the heritage of a single crown, are as divergent as possible in political ideas, and to a great extent also in social customs. The polity of Sweden is aristocratic, while that of Norway is ultra-democratic. Social prestige and influence are the prerogatives of a titled class in the one; in the other the existence of hereditary aristocracy is made legally impossible. As regards local government, in the eastern kingdom the prefect idea prevails, but the western prefers a civil organization much more akin to local autonomy. Neither political system, as a whole, interferes with a wise administration of the Gothenburg policy, since that is dependent only on integrity and patriotism. It is undeniable, however, that Norwegian institutions and habits account for certain modifications which have been made in that country. The centralizing spirit naturally requires that profits shall go to various public treasuries to be retained in relief of taxation, or specifically redistributed as constituted authority may decree; but is it not also a sturdy attachment to the principle of local self-government which dictates the Norwegian practice of apportioning the surplus through representatives of the shareholders and the public combined, and in such a manner that the sense of local civic duty shall not be undermined?

The Norwegian model of the Gothenburg system may therefore well furnish the basis for adaptation to American life. As regards the principle, no modification seems necessary, but it is very important to extend the field of operations so as to include *fermented as well as spirituous liquors*. Herein lies the

weakness of the plan in practice abroad. Historical justification for the policy adopted rests in the fact that spirits, not beer nor wine, constituted the prime artificial beverage of Scandinavians. The temperance party joined with the moderates in encouraging beer-drinking in substitution for stronger alcoholic potions. Hence, while traffic in spirits was hedged about with many safeguards, the sale of beer was left practically unrestricted. Two results have been attained, the one expected, the other unlooked for. The per capita consumption of spirits has declined, but of late years drunkenness has been on the increase. The period when the latter condition was most noticeable in Norway, namely, from 1886 to 1891, is precisely that during which the amount of beer consumed stood at 18.7, 21.9, 22.1, 26.2, 31.2 quarts per inhabitant, in consecutive years. In the larger cities, especially, the good done by early closing, diminution of attractiveness, and the ordinance against loafing in the company's bars has been largely offset by the opening of beer halls and the importation of Continental carousing practices. Capital, too, displaced from distilling, has found a new outlet in beer-brewing, which, so far, has suffered no social or legal taboo.

Further confirmatory evidence is afforded by the analysis of arrests for drunkenness in Gothenburg compiled by the police authorities of that city from 1875 to 1889, inclusive. In the former year, 130 drank last in a beer saloon, and 890 in the bars of the company. In 1889, the numbers stood at 753 and 765 respectively; in other words, the proportion advanced from less than thirteen to almost forty-nine per cent. of the combined quota. Too much faith must not be placed in beer-drinking as a temperance measure. The danger is not that drunkenness is directly produced, but that a brain already aglow with spirits is easily inflamed to intoxication

by a glass or two of beer. It is not a fair and sufficient test of any plan of public control to environ the consumption of spirits only with difficulties and let fermented beverages go free. Under such conditions it is of little use for companies to enforce their rules for blacklisting habitual drunkards, or forbidding the service of spirits to persons slightly befuddled, or in such quantities that intoxication will probably ensue. The appetite awakened by a glass or two of spirits will be sated to drunkenness with a little beer.

The limitation of the Gothenburg system to retail and saloon traffic in spirits has already been recognized as a handicap. Finland and still more recently Norway have given companies the right to undertake a monopoly of the sale of all intoxicating liquors, provided local licensing authorities will concede it to them. Bergen is getting ready to avail itself of the privilege, but, so far, Christiansand is the only Norwegian town of importance where the experiment has been tried. There it has turned out an unqualified success.

A second modifying feature must be the extension of the monopoly limit beyond the ten and a half gallon purchase, as it is fixed in Norway. The Swedish regulation, which places it at sixty-six gallons, is far preferable. A still higher figure, say one hundred gallons, would probably not be unwise. It is very desirable to check the creation of "drinking clubs" and "kitchen bar-trade," and this can then be more easily done, not only because the economic risk is greater, but because the companies have a larger interest to see that their monopoly is respected.

If the sale of liquor can be conducted in Norway, Sweden, and Finland without resulting in private gain, there would seem intrinsically no reason why it should not also be so conducted in this country. If the Scandinavians find the company plan the most satisfactory means of reg-

ulation, why should we not try it also? Granting the principle as sound, it then becomes our care to erect the proper machinery for putting it into practice. Here is the great difficulty. The standard of municipal politics in this country is not what it is in Scandinavia, and this, in the light of what has been said of the intimate relation existing between the companies and the local government, apparently offers an insuperable objection. Many would think it better to leave undisturbed the present unholy alliance, than that liquor and politics should be more closely wed.

There need not be too many misgivings on this score. Wherever the system is in operation, notwithstanding municipal relationships, the saloon is absolutely without political significance. The reason is very simple. Under the system, licensing authorities are incorruptible; all the operations of the companies are subjected to the closest public scrutiny; and as no money is to be made by any one, there is no pecuniary interest to act otherwise than honestly. The profits belong to the community in the sense that they are distributed among objects of public utility, and thirty or forty institutions habitually in receipt of subsidies have a powerful motive to assure themselves that they get their proper share. With the committee of apportionment composed of directors of the company, representatives of its stockholders, and nominees of the municipal council, with the right of veto reserved to the governor after conference with the licensing board, and with the interested watchfulness of the recipients, it is all but impossible for leakage into the pockets of local politicians to occur.

The crucial test of the American mechanism of the system would be the constitution of the licensing authority. It must be remembered that this body would possess much more important functions than one of the same name at pre-

sent. Instructed by the community to issue a blanket license, the members of the licensing board would soon perform their duty in this respect, but they must still remain the responsible intermediary between the corporation and the public. Thenceforth they would be occupied with the number of privileges to be conceded, the company's by-laws, its selection of business places, its price lists, its rules for the conduct of business, the confirmation of the appointment of employees, and the supervision of the contracts made with them. Sub-licenses to hotels, restaurants, and clubs would need to be particularly well looked after. If the corporations sought to encourage drinking, even with the object of increasing the philanthropic dividend, or to exercise favoritism anywhere, it would become the duty of the licensing authority to check them. Further watch over the public interest would be demanded, but enough has been said to show the importance of having this body represent an exalted type of civic character.

It would not do nearly so well to fill the commission by executive appointment or by local election as to constitute it from the judges of secondary instance, for example. The judicial power in the United States has been comparatively little infected by politics, and would be by far the safest repository of the required functions. If it be objected that courts of secondary resort are already overburdened with work, an easy way out of the difficulty is to create additional judgeships. The absolute necessity for an upright, impartial, and disinterested body would offer justification for the step. To put the licensing authority into the hands of the justices of the peace, political appointees of mayor or governor, or the elect of universal suffrage, would be to jeopardize the success of the system, if not to prostitute it altogether to political ends. Whatever dangers the close relations between the commission

and the liquor selling society entail, they are a necessity in the Gothenburg plan. To leave them imperfectly provided for is to foreshadow inevitable disaster.

If the licensing authority, or, as it should properly be called, the board of control, is made unimpeachable, the Norwegian method of distributing the surplus might be adopted. Should the way be opened, however, by which spoilsmen or henchmen of the liquor interest could be chosen, then it would be necessary to have the specific destination of profits decreed by statute. There would be three motives which would lead men of the classes above referred to, or indeed others endowed with an imperfect sense of civic responsibility, to seek places on the board of public control: either to secure patronage; to divert a part of surplus revenues directly or indirectly to their own or their friends' uses; or, in league with the liquor element, to carry on their part in the administration of the system as odiously as possible with a view to causing repeal.

The advantage of specifying the particular recipients of subsidies is that the opportunity for diverting funds into private or political channels would be reduced to a minimum. Those possessing a legal claim would be directly interested to see that they received their full share. Public accounting and civil actions, where disputes arose, would soon disclose any irregularities. But it might be otherwise if largess depended solely upon the good will of the municipal and the company's representatives. One can conceive of a state of affairs where institutions might be given subsidies in the expectation that a portion would be returned to the donors as a voluntary (?) thank-offering. Less generous ones who had no legal claim could not enter suit, and, through litigation, disclose corrupt practices. The ingenuity of the local politician is so varied, and his ways are so devious, that he may be expected to discover the weak points of a mechanism

operating in a field where he has hitherto enjoyed particular favor. Efficient safeguards must be devised to circumvent him.

The Norwegian method of profit distribution possesses one strikingly meritorious quality. The ownership of a share of capital stock carries with it the right to vote for representatives on the committee of management, to which belongs the function of apportionment. A healthy rivalry is thus created for the acquisition of shares, and public interest in the operation of the company is stimulated. It is not far from axiomatic truth to say that whenever civic spirit is aroused, and the attention of that class of the community which makes philanthropy a preoccupation is enlisted, particular objects of scrutiny will behave with circumspection.

If it should become necessary to specify by statute the different interests to be favored with subsidies, I believe that kindergarten and manual training and agencies for healthy recreation should have the first claim. To thousands of urban dwellers the saloon is the only social institution with which they have any near acquaintance. It is made to minister to the gregarious instincts of humanity, and if in his tenement shelter a man's personal identity becomes lost, there, at least, his individuality is recognized. Number 98 becomes Mr. Smith. The conditions of city life need to be vastly ameliorated before there can be an appreciable diminution of drinking, but one of the surest ways of helping along the good work is to offset the social attractions of the bar-room with abundant provisions for recreation and amusement placed within reach of all. Our laboring population goes more often to the saloon to satisfy social cravings than to minister to a depraved appetite. Drinking, at least in the commencement, is a subordinate feature.

As regards kindergarten and manual training, they should be supported, because they have received, generally

speaking, but scant recognition in our educational polity. The one represents the ethical, and the other the industrial elements of education. Neglect of home training during the period when the character is chiefly formed, and that environment of childhood, inimical to sound physical and moral development, which obtains in the majority of our cities, emphasize the importance of the one, as the economic benefits of superior craftship delineate the advantages of the other. The family is the institution which is made most to suffer from alcoholic indulgence; indeed, the future status of children is often dependent upon the amount of liquor the father drinks. Education and recreation may not claim a monopoly in the distribution of profits, but their rights to a generous share are beyond cavil. The proprieties are quite as evident here as in the appropriation of part of the license fees in New York to the police pension fund, while the "sequitur" is perhaps still more clearly established than in the appropriation of the dog-tax to the use of public libraries.

Two or three minor features of the Gothenburg system would need to be Americanized. The artificial beverages of rich and poor must be treated alike, and there must be no upper chamber, with higher-priced liquors, kept open longer than the general bars below. The attempt to deal with the alcohol question chiefly as a social labor problem must be abandoned.

Let us not be accused of lack of faith if we say that to transplant the Gothenburg system to America will require heroic effort. Not only will liquor have to be fought on the social and economic side, but it must also be reckoned with as a political factor. In the latter respect, conditions are going from bad to worse. Why trifle further? Why not invite the struggle openly on the issue of the only plan of control which eliminates the political influence of the liquor

interest, and abolishes altogether the saloon as we know it to-day? If ever municipal politics are permanently purified, it will not be through outbursts of righteous wrath followed by periods of supine indifference. The proper method is to apply different levers gradually to lift up the incubus of corruption. The Australian ballot and civil service reform represent two which have already been pushed under and wedged. Let the Gothenburg system be the third. By the employment of a rational policy like this, final good will be surely if slowly reached; surely, because the three agencies mentioned stand for chemical disintegration, while the outburst is but a lightning flash playing harmlessly around the mass and portraying its native ugliness, — illuminating but not destroying it. Greater purity in municipal politics, while not an absolute prerequisite, will assuredly follow the introduction of the Gothenburg system.

In many respects the United States of-

fers more favorable conditions for commencing than did Norway and Sweden. No legal obstacles oppose; liquor selling has never been considered a vested interest; nor are we hampered by life-holding privileges. Furthermore, we are accustomed to all sorts of experiments in regulating the trade in alcohol. Not infrequently are prohibition, high license, and low license tried in the same community during the course of a single decade. Climate and custom, too, are in our favor.

Very soon the eyes of a great many people in this country will be turned towards Massachusetts. A commission has been appointed to investigate the Scandinavian method, and it is to be assumed that legislative action will follow its report. In the mean time, let us not forget that a quarter of a century's trial shows it to be the most successful system yet devised where licensing prevails, and that it represents a distinct step in political as well as in social progress.

E. R. L. Gould.

THE PERMANENT POWER OF GREEK POETRY.

IN any survey of Greek poetry, epic, lyric, and dramatic, one may see how, in each successive phase, it was the voice of Greek life. The very word "literature" is fraught with associations which tend to obscure this fact. Writing was, indeed, the instrument by which the poems were preserved and transmitted; in the second half of the fifth century B. C., copies of the most popular works were diligently multiplied and widely circulated. But it belonged to the very essence of all the great poetry that it appealed to hearers rather than to readers. The Greeks of the classical age were eager listeners and talkers; they delighted in lively conversation and subtle discussion, but

they were not great students of books. It was the interchange of living speech that sharpened their quick apprehension and gave elasticity to their intelligence. There is a striking passage in the *Phædrus* of Plato which expresses the genuine Greek feeling on this subject. The written record of thought, Socrates says, is, taken by itself, an inanimate thing. There are two brothers, the spoken *logos* and the written *logos*: but the first alone is true born; the second is illegitimate; it does not inherit the full capacities of reason; if it is questioned, it remains dumb; if it is attacked, it can offer no defense. The spoken *logos*, indeed, alone is really existent; the

written is a mere phantom of it. In the place where the remark occurs, it points to the difference between a barren rhetoric and a fruitful dialectic. But the remark itself is of still wider application. In every province of intellectual activity, and in that of poetry among the rest, the Greeks of the classical age demanded a living sympathy of mind with mind. What they felt in regard to the poet can be best understood by comparing it with the feeling which not they alone, but all people have in regard to the orator and the preacher. The true orator, the great preacher, speaks out of the fullness of genuine conviction and emotion to the minds and hearts of those who hear him; through all variations of mood and tone he keeps in mental touch with them. The excellence of the classical Greek poet was tried by the same test. No refinement or elaboration of art could sustain the poet through his ordeal if he failed in truth to nature. False sentiment may pass muster in the study, but it is inevitably betrayed by its own unveracity when it is spoken aloud before listeners whose minds are sane, as those of the Greeks preëminently were; the hollow ring is detected; it offends; and the exemption of the best Greek poetry from false sentiment is a merit secured by the very conditions under which that poetry was produced.

The form of expression, again, was controlled by this tribunal of sound-minded hearers. A style might be novel and bold in any degree that the poet's faculty could reach, but at least it was required to have in it the pulse of life; it would be repugnant to his audience if they perceived the artificial outcome of mechanical formulas, a style which sought to impress or surprise by mere tricks of phrase, having no vital relation to his thought. When Aristophanes quotes such tricks of phrase even from a poet so great in many ways as Euripides, we seem to catch

an echo of Athenian laughter; we feel how strong and how sober was the control which the Athenian theatre exercised in this direction. When the work of the composer failed to be vital and sincere, this, the unpardonable fault, was described by the expressive word *ψυχρός*, frigid. The composition was then no longer a living thing, which spoke to the hearers and elicited a response. It was stricken with the chill of death.

Thus the Greek poetry of the great age was not merely inspired by life; it was regulated by life; the instinct of the hearers was a restraint operating upon the poet, a safeguard against affectation or unreality. The freshness, the charm of nature, the immortal youth, which belong to such Greek poetry, are due not simply to the qualities of the Greek mind, but also to this relation between the poet and his audience. This fact cannot be too much emphasized, for it at once constitutes an essential difference between the best Greek poetry and such as has been produced under the conditions of a literary age, one of books and readers. In a literary age the influence of criticism upon poetry operates through the individual critic, who either speaks for himself alone or is the exponent of a school or a coterie. Such criticism, working on the sensitive temperament of a poet, is too apt to check his spontaneity; on the other hand, it does not necessarily help to keep him in accord with nature, that is with the first law of poetical truth and beauty. But the Greek poet's spontaneity was in no way checked by his audience; they only required that he should maintain a living relation with them. It is a familiar experience that the collective impression of intelligent listeners to a speech, let us say, or to a sermon, has a critical value of a certain kind which can seldom be claimed for the judgment of any single critic. There is a certain magnetic sympathy, generated by the

mere presence of fellow-listeners, which more or less influences each member of such a company. He can scarcely avoid considering how that to which he is listening is likely to affect other minds beside his own. The very atmosphere of human companionship tends to preserve the sanity of the individual judgment. In the case of people with the unique gifts of the Greek race, — their obedience to reason and their instinct for beauty, — the critical value of the collective impression was exceptionally high. Their poets were subject to a test which, while leaving them the largest freedom, also warned them, with unfailing accuracy, when they were in danger of going wrong.

Further, it should be remembered that poetry, orally delivered, not written for readers, had been from the earliest times the very basis of Greek education. The Greek genius had reached full maturity before written literature became important, and before literary prose had been developed. There is no more significant testimony of this fact than is afforded by the manner in which Greeks of the classical age conceived the office of the poet. They regarded him as primarily a teacher. Aristophanes frequently expresses this view of his own calling, and is a true interpreter of orthodox Greek sentiment when he enumerates the lessons which may be learned in various departments from the older poets. Aristotle was the first who formally asserted that the aim of poetry, as of all fine art, is to give noble pleasure, and that its didactic use is accidental. But the older conception held its ground, and often reappears in the later Greek literature. Strabo, in the Augustan age, can still describe poetry as an elementary philosophy, which instructs us — pleasantly, no doubt — in regard to character, emotion, action. With the same meaning, he observes that no one can be a good poet who is

not first a good man. Plutarch gives still more forcible expression to the same sentiment; poetry, he says, is a kind of twilight, — a soft light in which truth is tempered with fiction, — to which the young are introduced in order that their eyes may be gradually prepared for the full sunshine of philosophy. In the Roman writers, too, this old Greek view can be traced, though sometimes blended with the Aristotelian, as when Horace insists equally on the *utile* and the *dulce*. And from the Roman world it passed on to the Renaissance. The prevalent view of the Elizabethan age, as given by Sir Philip Sidney in his *Apology for Poetry*, was that the end of poetry is "delightful teaching." Dryden was something of a heretic when he ventured to say, "I am satisfied if" verse "cause delight; for delight is the chief, if not the only end of poesy." It may seem strange that the view of poetry as primarily didactic, a view which might be deemed prosaic, should have been that which was generally held by the Greeks, the most artistic of all races, in the age when their artistic faculties were at the best. But it is needful to distinguish between this view as it was held in Hellenistic or Roman times and as it was held by the Greeks of an earlier period. What it really signifies, in its old Greek form, is that poetry was interwoven with the whole texture of Greek life. The voice of the poet was the voice from which the people had been accustomed, through long generations, to derive every thought that raised their minds above daily routine, and every sentiment that came home to their hearts with living power. When they spoke of the poet as a teacher, and of poetry as didactic, this did not imply any indifference to beauty of form, or to the delight which such form gives; it was simply a recognition of poetry as the highest influence, intellectual and spiritual, which they knew. It was not

merely a recreation of their leisure, but a power pervading and moulding their whole existence. The ethical aspect, to which they habitually gave prominence, was in their conception inseparable from the artistic, and became thus prominent because, to them, poetry was a thing so potent and so serious. This was the sense in which the Greeks of the classical age spoke of poetry as didactic; it was, in reality, quite different from the sense in which the same view of it was enunciated by the literary moralists of a later time, who regarded Greek poetry as a treasure-house of maxims or sentiments wherewith to point their rules of conduct and to fill their anthologies. Between the two stands Aristotle's doctrine that the end of poetry is to give noble pleasure,—a doctrine, as we can now see, itself a testimony to the fact of which, in his *Poetics* and his *Rhetoric*, he implies his consciousness that the creative age of the Greek genius was finished.

A broad line separates that age, in respect of its poetical work, from every other. In no second instance has the world seen the most perfect art of expression joined to such direct sympathy with the living soul of the people whose mind was thus interpreted. The great types of Greek poetry, epic, lyric, dramatic, became permanent traditions; they passed on from one nation to another, receiving various modifications, while always preserving the traces, direct or indirect, of their origin; the Greek spirit, too, reappears now and again, though fitfully and partially, in later times; but the combination of form with spirit which distinguishes the classical poetry of Greece remains unique.

Of all the stages through which the Greek tradition passed, none is more instructive than the Alexandrian. It is so near to the great Hellenic age in time, it has so many links with it, and yet the difference is so profound. The

best poetry of Greece had been nourished by two inspirations, working together for beauty, for natural freshness and vigor, for sincerity: these inspirations were religion and political freedom. The Alexandria of the third century B. C. had no longer the inspiration of the Hellenic religion. In the religion of Alexandria, the Oriental element mingled with Hellenic forms and names, as already predominant, often in shapes which were not only non-Hellenic, but non-Aryan, being distinctly Semitic both in form and in origin. This tendency had begun, indeed, earlier, but it implied a fundamental change of thought and of feeling when cults such as that of Adonis came to be publicly and generally practiced by Greeks. Then as to civic life, it was not merely in form of government that the capital of the Ptolemies differed from the free cities of the elder Hellas. We remember Aristotle's views as to the proper limit of size for a city. "A city could not consist," he says, "of ten men, nor, again, of 100,000." A city of 100,000 (free) inhabitants would have been, in Aristotle's estimate, no longer a civic society, a *πόλις*, but something more unwieldy. It has been computed that at the end of the Peloponnesian war the total free population of Athens was less than 70,000. Aristophanes can assume that his Athenian audience will seize each of his innumerable allusions to fellow-citizens, whom we may suppose to have been, in many cases, of no public eminence, and who nevertheless were familiar to the mass of their fellow-citizens by their personal peculiarities, failings, or merits. This compactness of social life was an intellectual gain to poetry. But Alexandria in the third century B. C. was like a huge modern city. It had a population of about 800,000. Every country of the ancient world contributed its quota to that multitude. There was a native Egyptian quarter, prolific in beggars

by day and burglars by night. There was a large Jewish quarter, harboring chiefly men of business or men of letters. Soldiers from Greece, Italy, Sicily, and Asia were enrolled among the guards of the Ptolemies. Merchants from the farthest East brought the porcelain of China and the choicest products of India to the marts of the great capital. Literature, like art, was no longer a public delight, prepared by citizens for citizens; it was now mainly the pleasure of princes and millionaires, and was produced by men who might be described as professional men of letters. The Alexandrian age is the earliest that can be called, in a modern sense, literary; the earliest in which a literary class catered for select through numerous readers. The learned poets of Alexandria wielded the classical Greek language with complete mastery of its vocabulary; their models, the classical Greek writers, were thoroughly familiar to them; they had explored all the paths of Greek mythology, even the most devious and obscure. Yet, in reading Callimachus or Apollonius Rhodius, we speedily become aware that the difference between them and the older poets is not merely one of degree, but, in respect to what makes poetry vital, a difference of kind. They are ingenious, elegant, copious; their gift of expression is often brilliant; but the thing which is not there is the breath of life. Their work is the work of the study, artificial, elaborate, charged with allusions gathered by their wide reading, embellished with words and phrases culled from all the highways and byways of poetical diction; but if, in the great age of Greece, such poems had been tried by the sound natural instinct of a Greek audience, they would not have been saved by their occasional beauties; taken in the mass, they would have been condemned as frigid.

The Alexandrian age can show only one poet who has a true affinity with

the great past of Greek song, and that is Theocritus. His rural idyls are no sham pastorals, but true to the sights and sounds of his native Sicily. The Sicilian sunshine is there; the shade of oak trees or pine; the "couch, softer than sleep," made by ferns or flowers; the "music of water falling from the high face of the rock;" the arbutus shrubs, with their bright red berries, above the sea-cliffs, whence the shepherds watch the tunny-fishers on the sea below, while the sailors' song floats up to them; and if the form given to the strains of shepherd and goatherd is such as finished poetry demands, this is a very different thing from the affectation of the mock pastoral, as it existed, for instance, at the court of Louis XIV. The modern love-songs of Greek shepherds warrant the supposition that their ancient prototypes commanded some elegance of expression; and whatever may be the degree in which Theocritus has idealized his Sicilian peasants, at any rate we hear the voice and breathe the air of nature. His twenty-first idyl is a dialogue between two old fishermen, who wake before daylight in their wattled cabin on the Sicilian coast. One of them tells the other a dream that he has just had: he had caught a golden fish, and had vowed that he would give up his hard calling. His comrade advises him to go on with his work, for dreams of gold will not feed him. Of this idyl Mr. Lang truly says: "There is nothing in Wordsworth more real, more full of the incommunicable sense of nature, rounding and softening the toilsome days of the aged and the poor. It is as true to nature as the statue of the naked fisherman in the Vatican. One cannot read these verses but the vision returns to one of sandhills; of the sea; of a low cabin roofed with grass, where fishing-rods of reed are leaning against the door; while the Mediterranean floats up her waves that fill the waste with sound. This na-

ture, gray and still, seems in harmony with the wise content of old men whose days are waning on the limit of life, as they have all been spent by the desolate margin of the sea." But the idyls of Theocritus are not all rural, and he, too, when he handled epic material, had to write in the Alexandrian manner; as in his hymn to the Dioscuri, and his two idyls on Heracles, the serpent-strangler and lion-slayer. The general Alexandrian character is seen in the adaptation of the subjects to a small framework, the avoidance of the large epic style, the prettiness of detail given by a number of pictorial touches. It is a significant fact that Theocritus, the last genuinely inspired poet of Hellas, draws his true inspiration not from civic, but from rural life, and is least Hellenic, in the old sense, just when he is most in accord with the taste of the great city in which he dwelt.

In the Alexandrian age, with all its close study and imitation of the classical models, nothing is more remarkable than the absence of any promise that the Hellenic spirit which animated those masterpieces was destined to have any abiding influence in the world. If that spirit was already so languid or almost dead in Greek-speaking men so familiar with its works, how could it be expected that aliens in blood and in language, aliens further removed from the great days of Greece, not merely in time, but in all the conditions of their lives, should prove more appreciative disciples or more faithful guardians of the Hellenic tradition? And yet it is true that the vital power of the Hellenic genius was not fully revealed until, after suffering some temporary eclipse in the superficially Greek civilizations of Asia and Egypt, it emerged in a new quality, as a source of illumination to the literature and the art of Rome. Early Roman literature was indebted to Greece for the greater part of its material; but a

more important debt was in respect to the forms and moulds of composition. The Latin language of the third century B. C. was already in full possession of the qualities which always remained distinctive of it; it was clear, strong, weighty, precise, — a language made to be spoken in the imperative mood, a fitting interpreter of government and law. But it was not flexible or graceful, musical or rapid; it was not suited to express delicate shades of thought or feeling; for literary purposes, it was, in comparison with Greek, a poor and rude idiom. The development of Latin into the language of Cicero and Virgil was gradually and laboriously accomplished under the constant influence of Greece. That finish of form, known as classical, which Roman writers share with Greek, was a lesson which Greece slowly impressed upon Rome. The Roman character was far too distinctive and too vigorous to be merged in any foreign influence. A peculiarity of the Roman mind was indeed its capacity to receive new impressions and to assimilate foreign influences without losing its own powerful individuality. On the other hand, a close and prolonged study of the Greek models could not end in a mere discipline of form; the beauty of the best Greek models depends too much upon their vital spirit. Not only was the Roman imagination enriched, but the Roman intellect, through literary intercourse with the Greek, gradually acquired a flexibility and a plastic power which had not been among its original gifts. Through Roman literature the Greek influence was transmitted to later times in a shape which obscured, indeed, much of its charm, but which was also fitted to extend its empire, and to win an entrance for it in regions which would have been less accessible to a purer form of its manifestation.

In the earlier period of the Renaissance, the scholars of Italy, where the

revival had its chief seat, were engrossed with Latin literature; they regarded it as their Italian heritage, restored to them after long deprivation. Greek studies, though ardently pursued by a few, remained, on the whole, in the background. And it may be said that the general spirit of the classical revival continued to be Latin rather than Greek down to the latter part of the last century. Even where Greek scholarship was most cultivated, there was comparatively little sense of what is characteristic and distinctive in the best Greek literature. This sense was developed, in the second half of the eighteenth century, chiefly through two agencies. One was the study of Greek art as advanced by such men as Winckelmann and Lessing, bringing with it the perception that the qualities characteristic of the best Greek art are also present in the best Greek literature. The other agency was the reaction against the conventional classicism, wearing a Latin garb, which had so long been in vogue. Minds insurgent against that tyranny turned with joyous relief to the elastic freedom of the Greek intellect, to the living charm of Greek poetry and Greek art. Goethe and Schiller are representatives of the new impulse. The great gain of the movement which then began was that, for the first time since the revival of letters, the Greek originals stood out distinct from the Latin copies, men acquired a truer sense of the Hellenic genius, and the current of Hellenic influence upon modern life began to flow in a clearer channel of its own, no longer confused with the somewhat turbid stream of Renaissance classicism.

Meanwhile, however, literature and art had experienced the influence of other forces, acting in very different ways; and with these forces the Hellenic influence had to reckon. One of these was the product of mediæval Catholicism, which had given art a new genius. A new world of beauty had

arisen, even more different from the pagan world than the Empire of the twelfth century was different from that of the first. Greek art had sprung from a free, cheerful life, open to all the bright impressions of external nature, — a life warmed by frank human sympathies, and lit up with fancy controlled by reason. The lawgivers of mediæval art were men withdrawn from communion with the outward world by the rapture of a devotion at once half mystic and intensely real; instead of flexible intelligence, they had religious passions; instead of the Greek's clear and steady outlook upon the facts of humanity, they had a faith which transfigured the actual world, which adjusted every relation of life by its own canons, made itself, indeed, the standard by which the impressions of senses were to be judged. The Greek artist, even in portraying passion, was mindful of balance, and placed certain limits on the expression of individual character; the mediæval artist strove before all things to express the intensity of the individual soul. In poetry Dante is the great exponent of this spirit. And mediæval Catholicism deeply colored the sentiment of all the literature known by the general name of romantic. In Goethe's younger days the conflict between the classical and the romantic schools raged fiercely. The interlude of *Helena*, which forms the third act in the second part of *Faust*, was the work of his old age. *Faust's* nature is to be elevated and purified by developing in him the sense of beauty. *Helena* represents the classical, but especially the Greek element in art and literature; and when *Faust* at last wins her, their union typifies the reconciliation of the romantic with the classical. Goethe himself, as one of his critics says, dated a new life, a complete mental regeneration, from the time when he first seized the true spirit of the ancient masters. In his own words, speaking of Greek art and literature:

"Clearness of vision, cheerfulness of acceptance, easy grace of expression, are the qualities which delight us; and now, when we affirm that we find all these in the genuine Grecian works, achieved in the noblest material, the best proportioned form, with certainty and completeness of execution, we shall be understood if we always refer to them as a basis and a standard. Let each one be a Grecian in his own way; but let him *be* one." In the allegorical strain which pervades the *Helena*, Goethe has not failed to mark that, while the Hellenic idea of beauty is supreme, the romantic element has also enriched modern life. The gifts are not all from one side. The symmetry, the clear outlines, the cheerful repose of classical art, are wedded to the sentiment, passion, and variety of the romantic. The great German poet felt, and has expressed with wonderful subtlety, the truth that no modern can absolutely dissociate the Hellenic influence from the others which have contributed to shape modern life; no one can now be a pure Hellene, nor, if he could, would it be desirable; but every one should recognize the special elements with which the Hellenic ideal can ennoble and chasten the modern spirit, and these he should by all means cultivate. To do so successfully is to educate one's sense of beauty; and to do that aright is to raise and purify one's whole nature.

This great lesson, taught half mystically in the second part of *Faust*, is apt to be obscured by a contrast much deeper than any that ever existed between the romantic and the classical schools, — one of which Goethe took little account, since it did not much concern him, — the contrast between Hellenism and Hebraism. As Mr. Matthew Arnold says in *Culture and Anarchy*, the governing idea of Hellenism is spontaneity of consciousness; that of Hebraism is strictness of conscience. Both seek, in the Hebrew apostle's

words, to make us partakers of the divine nature; but Hellenism seeks to do this through the reason, by making us see things as they are; Hebraism insists rather on conduct and obedience. The Renaissance was a movement away from mediæval Catholicism, in the direction of Hellenism; the Reformation was a movement in the direction of Hebraism. In countries where the Reformation took strongest hold, and owing to the qualities of our race, more especially in England, the intellectual influence of the Renaissance was crossed, and for a time checked, by the Hebraizing tendency. The Puritan conception of righteousness, with all its moral nobleness, was at that moment adverse to the acquisition of the best things which the Hellenic influence had to bestow; and in this sense it could be said, with a melancholy truth, that the English "entered the prison of Puritanism, and had the key turned upon their spirit there for two hundred years."

But though there is a profound difference, there is no necessary antagonism, between the ideal, broadly described as Hebraic, and the permanent, the essential, parts of Hellenism. The Greek influence has acted upon modern life and literature even more widely as a pervading and quickening spirit than as an exemplar of form; and it has shown itself capable of coöperating, in this subtle manner, with various alien forces, so as neither to lose its own distinction nor to infringe upon theirs.

In respect to Hebraism Milton illustrates this. By temperament no less than by creed Milton was a Puritan of the higher type; he had an austere belief in his own mission to be for England a prophet, a mouthpiece of moral teaching and moral warning, just as he believed, and said, that the English nation was, in the Hebrew sense, a chosen people. He was also steeped in classical culture. In an age of classicism which, outside of Italy, was

usually superficial, he was the first Englishman who had joined a thorough appreciation of all the classical literature (especially Latin) to a first-rate original genius for poetry. I do not forget Ben Jonson, at once scholar and poet; but in neither quality was he Milton's equal. How, then, is the Hellenic influence seen in Milton? It cannot be said to have determined the pervading spirit of his work; that is rather Hebraic, or, when it is not Hebraic, Latin. The *Lycidas*, for instance, is a pastoral elegy on the Alexandrian model; but how strangely is the temper of the Greek original changed when the English poet blazes forth in Puritan indignation against the corruptions of the Church! The poet himself shows his consciousness of this in reverting from the digression to his theme:—

"Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,

That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse."

The *Samson Agonistes* has the form of a Greek drama, but its inspiration, like its subject, is far more Hebraic than Hellenic: it concerns the mysterious dealing of Jehovah with his servant; it is full of questionings and strivings like those of Job, followed by such a triumph as rings through the song of Miriam or of Deborah. Yet no one familiar with the best Greek poetry can read Milton without feeling what its influence has contributed to his genius; it has helped to give him his lofty self-restraint and his serenity.

Another modern poet who illustrates the coöperation of the Greek influence with foreign influences is Keats. Unlike Milton, Keats knew Greek literature only through such scraps as he might find in classical dictionaries, or at most through translation, as he knew Homer through Chapman. His grasp of Hellenic things unavoidably lacks that sureness which is found, for instance, in Landor, who, besides being much of a Greek in feel-

ing, had also an intimate familiarity with Greek literature. On the other hand, Keats had a native sympathy with the spirit of Greek mythology; and even a Landor could not achieve what Keats sometimes reached by flashes of insight. The Greek element is, however, only one of those which are present in the poetry of Keats. The romantic element is not less vital in it; *The Eve of St. Agnes* is not less characteristic than the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. And his manner, even in treating Greek subjects, is not Greek, except occasionally and for brief spaces. His style has not the harmonious and lucid simplicity of the best Greek style, which gives clear outlines to the central thought, dispensing with all ornament which might confuse or obscure it. Keats, like the Elizabethan poets, delighted in a luxuriance of decorative detail; his style is essentially romantic. In *Hyperion*, for instance, the description of the god's palace,

"Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,"

is throughout romantic in its splendors and its mystery rather than truly Hellenic. So, also, is this passage from the same poem, beautiful in itself, but charged with imagery of an Elizabethan type, and lacking Hellenic simplicity:—

"As when, upon a tracèd summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir."

But in one quality of his genius Keats was truly a Greek, namely, in his vivid, spontaneous sympathy with the life of external nature. Take, for example, his *Ode to a Nightingale*: there we see the joy in nature for nature's own sake, penetrated by a feeling which is purely Hellenic; not with the feeling of Shelley, that the visible world is but the veil of the unseen. Like a Greek, too,

Keats loved to embody the powers of nature in human shapes of more than human loveliness; unlike Wordsworth, to whom the influences of nature were emanations, not persons, and whose joy in nature was also inseparable from those aspirations of his own mind which he read into the scenes around him:—

"The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;

Another race hath been, and other palms
are won."

The natural affinity of Keats with the Greek mind is curiously illustrated by a letter to a friend, in which he argues against distrust of the imagination as a guide to truth; saying, in effect, that when a beautiful vision rises before the imagination, it is the imperfect reflex of a divine prototype, which will be seen hereafter. Keats had not read Plato, and yet here is the tendency which received a more scientific expression in the theory of ideas. When the poetry of Keats was described as "the wail and remonstrance of a disinherited paganism," the criticism was singularly unjust. A strain of imaginative regret there indeed is in him, when he thinks of what has gone out of the world with the inspirations of the ancient poetry:—

"Glory and loveliness have passed away."

But his regret is for the beauty, not for the paganism; and no one feels more finely the sense in which the spiritual existence of that beauty has been prolonged.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone."

Other poets there have been, and are, who have consciously sought, and sometimes with exquisite results, to blend the Hellenic grace with a romantic coloring: as in Dante Gabriel Rossetti's

sonnets on Greek subjects the language has a Greek clearness, lightness, and finish, while the spirit is rather that of the Italian middle age; or as Mr. William Morris clothes Greek stories in a mediæval garb. Thus his Jason derives a peculiar charm from the mediæval traits. When the Argonaut heroes move through the streets of Ioleos to embark, bells are ringing in the town, and ladies shower roses

"From windows glorious with the well-wrought
hem
Of many a purple cloth."

It is as if the poet were singing in the latter part of the middle age, when its enchantments were about to pass away before a clearer illumination; like the wreaths on the helmets of the Argonauts, the poet's fancies seem

"wet
With beaded dew of the scarce-vanished night."

The distinction of such poetical work is the use of romance to bring Hellenism into relief; the inner contrasts between the romantic and the Hellenic spirit are hinted rather than expressed.

But the deepest and largest influence of Greece is not to be sought in the modern poetry which treats Greek subjects and imitates Greek form; that influence works more characteristically when, having been received into the modern mind, it acts by suggestion and inspiration, breathing a grace and a power of its own into material and form of a different origin.

"Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se in corpore
miscet."

This influence has been all-pervading in modern life, in modern literature and art.

Yet those who most appreciate the true value of Hellenism will never claim for it that, by itself, it can suffice for the needs of modern humanity. In the intellectual province its value is

not only permanent, but unique: it has furnished models of excellence which can never be superseded; by its spirit, it supplies a medicine for diseases of the modern mind, a corrective for aberrations of modern taste, a discipline no less than a delight for the modern imagination, since that obedience to reason which it exacts is also a return to the most gracious activities of life and nature. Of such a power we may truly say, —

"It will never

Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower of quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet
breathing."

But in the province of religion and morals Hellenism alone is not sufficing. Greek polytheism, even as ennobled by the great poets, was incapable of generating religious conceptions which could satisfy the mind and heart, or of furnishing an adequate rule for the conduct of life. These must be sought from another source.

Yet there is no inherent conflict between true Hellenism and spiritualized Hebraism, such Hebraism as has passed into Christianity. Such a notion could be entertained only where the apprehension of Hellenism itself was superficial or defective. There has, indeed, been some poetry in which the direct imitation of Greek form has been associated with unhealthy tendencies; there have been transient vagaries of modern fashion which have seemed to assume that Hellenism is to be found, as has been neatly said, in eccentricity tinged with vice. But the distinctive quality of the best Greek poetry and art, that by which it has lived and will live, is the faculty of rising from the earth, from a soil which nourishes weeds along with flowers, into a clearer air. "The divine," says Plato in the *Phædrus*, "is beauty, wisdom, goodness, and the like: by these the wing of the soul is nourished, and grows apace; but when fed upon

evil and foulness, and the like, wastes and falls away." Greek poetry in its noblest forms was indeed the *πτεροῦ δῖναμις*, the power of the wing, for the human soul; the visions to which it soared were such as that described in the *Phædrus*, where beauty is beheld dwelling with *σωφροσύνη*, modesty, in a holy place, as in a shrine; and in the emotion which this divine beauty stirs love is blended with reverent adoration. The spirit of the highest Greek poetry, as of the best Greek art, is essentially pure; to conceive it as necessarily entangled with the baser elements of paganism is to confound the accidents with the essence. The accidents have passed away; the essence is imperishable. Nor is it purity alone that can be claimed for such Greek poetry; it is capable of acting as an intellectual tonic, and of bracing us for the battle of life. There is truth in the words with which Mr. Gladstone concludes his *Studies on Homer*: —

"To pass from the study of Homer to the business of the world is to step out of a palace of enchantment into the cold gray light of a polar day. But the spells in which this enchanter deals have no affinity with that drug from Egypt which drowns the spirit in effeminate indifference; rather they are like the *φάρμακον ἐσθλόν*, the remedial specific, which, freshening the understanding by contact with the truth and strength of nature, should both improve its vigilance against deceit and danger, and increase its vigor and resolution for the discharge of duty."

A like tribute might be paid, with not less justice, to the classical Greek poetry as a whole. True to Aristotle's principle for art, this poetry deals with the universal, — with those elements of human character and life which are not transient or abnormal, but of interest for every age and every land. What Mr. Lowell said of the ancient classical literature generally applies especially to the Greek: "It is

as contemporary with to-day as with the ears it first enraptured; for it appeals not to the man of then or now, but to the entire round of human nature itself. . . . We know not whither other studies will lead us, especially if dissociated from this; we do know to what summits, far above our lower region of turmoil, this has led, and what the many-sided outlook thence."

The claims of classical Greek poetry to a permanent hold upon the attention of the civilized world are of two kinds, intrinsic and historical. Viewed in regard to its intrinsic qualities, this poetry is the creation of a people in whom the gifts of the artist were more harmoniously united than in any other race; it bears the impress of their mind in the perfection of its form; it is also the spontaneous and profoundly suggestive expression of their life and thought. Viewed historically, this poetry is the fountain head of poetical tradition in Europe; it has supplied the typical standards of form; it has also furnished a varied wealth of material and illustration; even where it has not given a direct model, it has operated by the subtle diffusion of an animating spirit; it has become blended with various other influences of later origin, and to every such alliance it has contributed some intellectual distinction which no other element could have supplied. So far from being adverse to those religious and ethical influences which are beyond the compass of its own gift to modern life, it is, rightly understood, in concord with

them, inasmuch as it tends to elevate and to refine the human spirit by the contemplation of beauty in its noblest and purest form. On the high places of Greek literature, those who are worn with the troubles or disturbed by the mental maladies of modern civilization can breathe an atmosphere which, like that of Greece itself, has the freshness of the mountains and the sea. But the loneliness of Oeta or Cithæron is not there; we have around us, on those summits, also the cheerful sympathies of human life, the pleasant greetings of the kindly human voice. The great poets of ancient Hellas recall to one's mind the words in which Æschylus described the kinsmen of Niobe who worshiped their ancestral deity on the mountain heights of Mysia:—

"The seed of gods,
Men near to Zeus; for whom on Ida burns,
High in clear air, the altar of their Sire,
Nor hath their race yet lost the blood divine."

Humanity cannot afford to lose out of its inheritance any part of the best work which has been done for it in the past. All that is most beautiful and most instructive in Greek achievement is our permanent possession, to be enjoyed without detriment to those other studies which modern life demands; no lapse of time can make it obsolete, and no multiplication of modern interests can make it superfluous. Each successive generation must learn from ancient Greece that which can be taught by her alone; and to assist, however little, in the transmission of her message is the best reward of a student.

Richard Claverhouse Jebb.

NEW BOOKS ON MUSIC.

Of biographies of Richard Wagner there are already a good many. There is the master's own Autobiographical Sketch, published in Volume I. of the *Gesammelte Schriften und Dichtungen*, and translated into English in Burlingame's *Art-Life and Theories*; then there are the biographies by Dannreuther, Gaspérini, Glasenapp, Hueffer, Jullien, Kobbé, Muncker, Nohl, Pohl, and Tappert. Yet few of these works have made much way with the general reading public: the Autobiographical Sketch, although eminently good reading, is but cursory, and extends only to the year 1842; the biographies, except those by Glasenapp and Jullien, cover more ground, but are all more or less summary and incomplete. The charge of sketchiness can hardly be brought against Glasenapp's book, though it, too, is not complete, ending as it does with the first Parsifal year (1882); but, with all its careful detail, it has the disadvantage of being unreadable; none but the maddest enthusiast for the subject would care to wade through that morass of words. It also deals almost exclusively with Wagner the poet and composer; there is little in it concerning Wagner the man. Jullien's work is by far the best of them all: it is masterly in style and arrangement, thorough, easily readable. Unfortunately, Jullien, as a Frenchman, had little appreciation of, and less sympathy with, so inveterately Teutonic a nature as Wagner's, well as he estimated him as an artist, and the picture he draws of his character is all too distorted and trivial; now and then, too, he is not entirely accurate. At last comes Mr. Finck, of New York, with a two-volume biography,¹ which is even more detailed than Glasenapp's or Jullien's, and may

be accepted as exhausting all the documentary material as yet available; beyond this, it goes more fully into an examination of Wagner's personal character than any of its predecessors. It is at once a life and a critico-biographical essay.

Mr. Finck's book has conspicuous merits. The author is an acknowledged Wagnerian, even a pretty ultra Wagnerian; but he has not the would-be-philosophical cloudiness of most of his fellows in faith; neither has he that fondness for a ponderous and involved style that makes most Wagnerian writing next to impossible reading. No one can say to him, as Hanslick once said to Hans von Wolzogen: "My dear Hans, if you would only go over your manuscript carefully and strike out every third adjective, then go over it again and do the same once more, and then repeat the process a third time; then, when you had thus cleared away the worst underbrush of your style, you might perhaps be able to see clearly *what was still lacking!*" Indeed, Mr. Finck shows distinct native literary ability, even talent; his book is eminently readable and interesting. To be sure, his style is in general rather careless, often slipshod; he writes on in what seems to be a desultory way, without very apparent plan or method. But this makes surprisingly little trouble for the reader. Mr. Finck is so thoroughly possessed with his theme, writes at such a white heat of enthusiasm, and tells his story so vividly that you follow him willingly and without effort; he impresses facts and ideas so clearly upon your mind that you feel none of the evil effects usually incident to an ill-considered literary plan. The picture he draws of Wagner the man

¹ *Wagner and his Works. The Story of his Life, with Critical Comments.* By HENRY T.

FINCK. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

and of Wagner the artist leaves nothing to be desired in clearness of outline and vividness of color. He can be witty, too, at a pinch. What could be more delicious than, for instance, this about the quondam estimate of Wagner in Germany? "The funniest part of this business is that, in a country where almost every man suffers from megalomania, the one man who had the best claim to the title of genius should have been pronounced a lunatic!" Of humor he has less; he is too desperately in earnest for that; and though he does a good deal of laughing at times, his laugh is rather bitter, and has no very spontaneous ring.

Upon the whole, it is a lack of humor more than anything else that prevents his book being thoroughly good. He wholly ignores what was really the most serious difficulty in his task, his proximity to his subject. He shuts his eyes to the fact that Wagner and his works are still too recent to be viewed in due historic perspective. As mathematicians arrive *per saltum* at a point they name "infinity," for the practical purposes of calculation, so does he often appear to be looking back upon Wagner from a coign of vantage in the as yet dim future, where he has set up an imaginary *pou sto* from which to work his critical lever. He regards the fierce controversy over Wagner as not only ended, but so completely ended that not a scar remains to show that any of the surviving combatants were wounded in the mella; he not only assumes that Wagnerianism is triumphant along the whole line, with all the enemy's guns spiked, but that all the world—that is, all the world worth mentioning—knows it and cries "*Io wæan!*" with him. The humorous element in this attitude of his does not seem to strike him.

It may be that he really feels quite secure in his position; but it must be admitted that he behaves rather suspiciously, as if he had a sub-conscious ink-

ling of something being the matter. He has a nonchalant way of saying the most astonishing things as if they were mere every-day commonplaces, which *sounds* very like gasconade; he keeps his countenance remarkably well, but you cannot help feeling that he is pretty well aware that his hair-raising utterances will excite wonder, and that his impassive manner is assumed, partly *pour épater la galerie*, partly to shame contradiction into submissive silence, as much as to say, "If you don't see these things as I do, you really are not in the swim at all!" In a word, he is often very saucy indeed. Take, for example, the way he has of speaking of Mozart's, Beethoven's, and Weber's melodies as "dance tunes;" this is pure sauciness, for it is really nonsense. The classic melodic cut, based on four-measure sections, may have been originally derived from the dance; but there is no more propriety in calling Beethoven's melodies "dance tunes" than there would be in calling Wagner an ape because he probably had simian ancestors. Mr. Finck ignores a whole important process of evolution.

With Mr. Finck's frankness no one need quarrel. If, for instance, he really considers Tannhäuser and Lohengrin greater operas than, say, Don Giovanni or Fidelio, there can be no earthly objection to his saying so; but when he adds, "To-day it seems funny that any one could ever have doubted this," he implies a general consensus of opinion, the existence of which is at least open to question. The time is not yet come when the man who still thinks Don Giovanni a greater masterpiece than Tannhäuser is to be looked upon in a merely humorous light. Mr. Finck is also characteristically incautious as to whom he ranks on his side. He makes capital out of Robert Franz's well-known outburst of enthusiasm over Lohengrin in 1852, his glowing letter published in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and his

dedication of a book of songs "to the Composer of Lohengrin," to prove that Franz was essentially a Wagnerian. Now, the fact is that this Wagner enthusiasm of Franz's was exceedingly short-lived, and that, from not long after 1852 to his dying day, Franz was about as thorough and determined an anti-Wagnerian as could be found in all Europe. Mr. Finck is very careful to show how Wagner outgrew some of his earlier opinions on music; but of Franz's change of heart *in re* Wagner he says nothing, and does not even hint at the possibility of the Halle master's regarding the imputation of Wagnerianism as little short of an insult.

Still, if Mr. Finck's boundless enthusiasm for and faith in Wagner somewhat obscure his sense of humor, — think, for instance, of his printing a chapter of quasi-Messianic prophecies, foretelling the advent of the great master! — they are a genuine source of strength to him as a biographer. The eye of sympathy sees more keenly than the circumspect eye of calm criticism! The picture he draws of Wagner as a man, of his personal character, is probably the best and most lifelike that has yet been given to the public; it shows Wagner as essentially a noble, high-souled nature, furiously concentrated upon one single aim in life, terribly sensitive to criticism, and ever yearning for sympathy. His volcanic petulance, which often seemed like spite, was but a symptom of persistent ill health. Mr. Finck flatly denies the charge of meanness and ingratitude often brought against him. To be sure, here as elsewhere, Mr. Finck looks obstinately on the sunny side, and gives the impression of being rather preternaturally *naïf*; some of the instances he gives to show that Wagner was not unmindful of benefits conferred upon him look a little as if he were bent on making an ounce of gratitude go a long way, and his rehabilitation of the great man's character would have been more

convincing had he shown a little less zeal. But, with all its redundancy of rose tints, the portrait is probably a far better likeness than Jullien's. His estimate of Wagner's works will most likely be accepted by Wagnerians only; but this is by no means to be urged against him. He has followed the wisest course, putting his own side of the question as strongly as possible, and leaving the opposite side to be defended by others who know more about it than he.

The pains Mr. Finck has evidently taken with his work deserve the fullest recognition; his accuracy — saving an occasional error, perhaps a slip of the pen, in matters of minor importance — seems unquestionable. The book is handsomely got up, paper, type, and paging being equally good; in the matter of proof-reading, however, it leaves something to be desired.

Hadow's *Studies in Modern Music*¹ is a book which has its reason for being more in the author's admirable and finished literary style than in anything else. It comprises four essays: Music and Musical Criticism, a Discourse on Method; Hector Berlioz and the French Romantic Movement; Robert Schumann and the Romantic Movement in Germany; Richard Wagner and the Reform of the Opera. Of these the first is incomparably the best; the others contain little, if anything, that is new. The essay on Musical Criticism is well worth anybody's reading: its general tendency is to extend the basis of modern criticism commensurably with the larger and wider scope of modern music, to establish standards of musical value by which modern works can be more justly measured than by the pedantic misapplication of once valid rules. In his whole discourse on the subject Mr. Hadow gives evidence of immense common sense, backed up by innate and cultivated

¹ *Studies in Modern Music.* By W. H. HADOW, M. A. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

artistic perceptions. He does not give one the impression of being a specialist; indeed, what he says sometimes has a slight tinge of amateurishness; but his judgment is in general admirably well poised, his critical method excellent, and he shows a special aptitude for making nice distinctions between things which the more careless observer might be in danger of confounding with each other. No doubt the application of Mr. Hadow's method will make the professional critic's business decidedly more arduous than it has generally been considered to be heretofore; but this is wholly in its favor. As Oscar Wilde once said, criticism should be an art, if it is anything, and, as was equally well said by a certain late lamented musician, "the very worst method in any art is that which tries to *make it easy*." Upon the whole, this essay of Mr. Hadow's is one of the best things regarding the art of music we have seen since Edmund Gurney's *The Power of Sound*; it has many of the same conspicuous merits, if possibly also some of the same shortcomings.

The other essays are all interesting; more so perhaps to readers unacquainted with the subjects they treat of than to one already well up in them. Still, Mr. Hadow's style, his way of putting things, makes them excellent reading; and though they contain less fine and original thought than the essay on Musical Criticism, one now and then comes across a sentence in them such as would make even longer articles worth reading. For instance, the whole world has been long waiting for such an admirable characterization of Hector Berlioz as that he was a man of "a keen though rather intermittent sense of humor." This one touch is worth its weight in gold. Mr. Hadow's accuracy of statement in the biographical parts of his work is not invariably unquestionable, and he sometimes leads one to suspect him of a bent toward romancing. But the

lives of Berlioz, Schumann, and Wagner have already been written with all-sufficient care for accuracy of detail, and Mr. Hadow's sometimes rather fanciful statements can easily be corrected by referring — especially in Berlioz's case — to Hippeau's *Berlioz Intime* (which Mr. Hadow seems to have ignored) rather than to Jullien's *Life*. Still, as has been said, the best part of the book is unquestionably the first essay.

In *Zahm's Sound and Music*¹ is to be found a thoroughly good compendium of the results of ancient and modern scientific research in the field of musical acoustics. The book comprises ten lectures delivered by the author before the students of the University of Notre Dame in Washington, which lectures were copiously illustrated by experiments with perfected instruments made by Dr. Rudolph Koenig and M. G. Masson, of Paris. These experiments are carefully described in the book, the description being accompanied in every case with diagrams or woodcut illustrations. The explanations given are for the most part unusually clear and easy to follow; now and then they may remind one a little of the old "*tigna bina sesquipedalia*;" but lucidity is the rule, and obscurity the exception.

The author is especially to be thanked for assuming a less bumptious tone in what he says of the art of music than has been the habit with acousticians. From his remarks on Playing in Pure Intonation, in Appendix II., it is easy to see that he quite agrees with Helmholtz and other men of his craft; but he lays less irritating stress upon his opinions. Indeed, throughout the book one can see that he has some appreciation of the fact that the science of music is not quite synonymous with the science of acoustics, although it is equally evident that he does not wholly appreciate the exact relation these two sciences bear to

¹ *Sound and Music*. By the Rev. J. A. ZAHM, C. S. C. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1892.

each other. As far as the present writer has been able to discover, the musical acoustician¹ is yet to be found who will recognize the fact that the science of music is, or properly should be, a distinct science by itself, having to do with the methods of research by which the phenomena and laws of the art of music are to be explained; that, although many of these phenomena and laws can be in greater or less part explained by musical acoustics, the province of the latter science ends strictly there. Musical acoustics should always rest content with explaining musical phenomena and laws, but should never attempt to impose its own special laws upon the art, through the science, of music. From Pythagoras down to the present day acousticians have continually been falling into the error of trying to tell musicians what they ought to do; which is quite on a par with the unscientific absurdity of which Kepler would have been guilty had he tried to tell the solar system what it ought to do. Musical phenomena are but so many data for the man of science to study, but upon them he should never attempt to exert a controlling influence. And if musical phenomena and laws seem at times to run counter to acoustical phenomena and laws in matters of detail, so much the worse for acoustics; just in so far does it fail to explain them. Neither Helmholtz nor any other acoustician has the faintest scientific right to find fault with the equally tempered scale after Sebastian Bach has said that it was good; no more than Professor Huxley would have any scientific right to find fault with the anatomical structure of the horse, nor Chasles with the imperfect isochronism of the rigid pendulum.

¹ By "musical acoustician" is here meant the scientist whose special department is what should properly be called musical acoustics. This latter term, on the same principle as chemical physics, should apply to that department of the general science of acoustics which has

Still, be it said to Professor Zahm's honor that he has made far fewer attempts *ultra crepidam* than most of his compeers; his book is distinguished by a praiseworthy modesty in its dealings with the art of music. In so far as musical acoustics is concerned, the work is as comprehensive, well planned, clear, and readable as could be desired.

Mrs. Rogers's *Philosophy of Singing*² contains much that is of great value, both in the way of precept and suggestion. According to the author, the gist of the philosophy of singing, as of all art, — art being the expression of emotion, — is that the emotion to be expressed should be profound, genuine, and absorbing, and all the physical or mechanical means of expression so much a matter of habit as to be purely automatic.

In the philosophical parts of the book Mrs. Rogers often betrays the 'prentice hand: one finds in them a good deal of rather dilettante philosophizing. But they are none the less valuable: they are full of admirable suggestiveness. The want of philosophical balance, of clear logic, in them does not affect Mrs. Rogers's fineness and correctness of artistic instinct; and if she does not succeed in giving her thought complete and logically convincing expression, her thought in itself is really profound and fruitful to him who can take a hint and develop a suggestion for himself. The whole spirit of the book is high, noble, and inspiring.

The technical part of the work is distinctly excellent; in all Mrs. Rogers has to say about the use of the voice, methods of training, and everything that regards the singer's technique, she shows herself a thoroughly competent special-

a more or less direct bearing upon the science of music.

² *The Philosophy of Singing*. By CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.



ist, and yet a specialist of sufficient largeness of mind and culture to appreciate the true relation her chosen domain bears to the art of music in general. The book does not pretend to

be a "method of singing;" it is rather an essay on the art of singing, which all singers, and indeed all musicians and music-lovers, can read and ponder over with profit.

THE GERMAN ALLIES IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

In giving us a translation of Von Eelking's *Die Deutschen Hülfsstruppen im Nord-Amerikanischen Befreiungskriege*,¹ Mr. Rosengarten has rendered good service to historical literature bearing upon the American Revolution. His selection of a subject is apt, and his task has been admirably performed. We now have a narration affording a comprehensive view of a subject which is by no means attractive, but which is exceedingly important.

Not until 1863 did Eelking give his work to the world; yet down to this period there had been no history of the German allied or subsidiary troops in the British service in America which aimed at giving more than a partial and incomplete view of the subject. A few diaries or journals, the chronicles of a campaign or the history of a contingent, a scrap of paper from some war office, a howl from outraged Whigs on the floor of the House of Commons, with its faltering rejoinder from shamefaced Tories, — such were the scant materials from which one could form a conception of the part performed by the Germans in the British army, and its relations to the *tout ensemble* of the war. There had been nothing from which a general view could be obtained, and little from which the sentiment or spirit that animated the allies could be derived. The moral force of the alliance lay buried

in the diaries and journals which existed in plenty, but which their owners were loath to exhibit. Moreover, it was not until recently that governmental sensitiveness, at last alive to the malodorous traffic in mercenaries, permitted the inspection of records which set forth the naked and offensive truth. Even German investigation, not always nice in the selection of its subjects, shrank from inquiring too closely into things which Klopstock and Lessing had condemned, which provoked Kant into crying aloud his sympathy with the Americans, and which Schiller had stigmatized in his *Kabale und Liebe*; and the inference is that the subject was so persistently shunned because investigation and publication would not reflect credit upon the German name. The Americans could not reveal the whole truth, and the Germans dared not do so.

In 1863 the silence was broken by the appearance of Eelking's work, and it attracted attention at once. There was universal desire to see whether or no these mercenaries were as black as the Americans, and even their employers, had painted them. They had been despised by ally and damned by foe so long and to such an extent that the world had grown tired of objurgation; it betrayed signs of reaction, and began to think that it was high time to relax the frown which greeted the name "Hes-

¹ *The German Allied Troops in the North American War of Independence, 1776-1783.* Translated and Abridged from the German of

MAX VON EELKING by J. G. ROSENGARTEN. Albany: Joel Munsell's Sons. 1893.

sians," and to set about making an apology for these men.

The event, however, does not justify this humane anticipation. With the best intentions in the world to lift the mercenaries upon their feet and to stand them in the most favorable light, Eelking's charitable efforts are thwarted by the weakness in the knees of the patients, who collapse during the operation. He always puts the best face on a matter, but, this done, he considers his duty to his countrymen completed, and he leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions. Conspicuous illustrations of this characteristic are to be found in the descriptions of the affairs of Trenton and Bennington, and of the march of the prisoners southward. The result of the author's conscientious painstaking is a readable narrative, and one that inspires such confidence in the writer that we are conscious of few distortions, and are rarely suspicious of suppressions of the truth. There is no question that the historian owes much to the crisp and vigorous English of his translator; nevertheless, he deserves credit for subordinating his zeal to the truth, for a lively sense of historical veracity is the strength of this work.

Eelking has gathered a mass of materials which is creditable to his diligence and capacity for investigation. The nature of the topic forbids great variety of authorities, and the writer upon military subjects cannot be exacting in his demands, but generally must take what comes. In the composition of this work, Eelking has drawn from twenty-three manuscript authorities that were Hessian, eleven that were of Brunswick, and four of Waldeck, Ansbach-Bayreuth, and Anhalt-Zerbst. These are the private sources of information; the public ones, such as the treaties and official correspondence, being the records of the war and state departments and of the administration offices in the different principalities.

"The Germans," says Eelking with

simple-minded frankness, "were used to being sent outside their own country to serve under foreign flags." And well they might be, for this was the tenth treaty of the kind that Hesse alone had made within three quarters of a century. Recruits for such distant service could be procured by bounties and pay, and twenty dollars and one hundred acres of wild land were the price for which certain Germans in the last quarter of the eighteenth century were willing to sell themselves. The treaty money went to the sovereigns, who appear to have pocketed the whole of it; but it would be unfair to pass over in silence the solitary exception to this selfishness, particularly as it manifests a touching regard for the spiritual welfare of the vassal: "The Waldeckers received from their prince each a hymn book, in addition to the prayer book given him as part of his regular outfit."

Those who have deluded themselves with the charitable notion that the men went upon this service reluctantly will be surprised to learn that there were many volunteers, especially in the Hesses, and that the outbreaks which occasionally occurred among the contingents on their way to the ports of embarkation had no reference to any moral objections to their task, but to the fact that the commissariat proved inefficient, or that the performance of the supply contractors fell short of their promises. Nothing equals in repulsiveness the eagerness of the English to buy except the readiness of the Germans to be bought. Neither officers nor men balked at such a trifle as the nature of the business they were on, for we have the word of no less an authority than the adjutant of Donop and Knyphausen that "no one found fault with our going into the British service for pay;" and thus sustained by public sentiment, they went off gayly and with light hearts, indifferent to everything except short commons, close quarters, and raging seas.

Nevertheless, before they left their country, the subsidiary troops were made to feel (if such a thing as sensitiveness were possible with them) the contempt of their fellow-Germans, the Prussians, and that of their neighbors, the Dutch, and upon their arrival in England they were speedily taught their proper place by their faithful friends and allies. These impressed upon the hapless mercenaries the propriety of keeping at a respectful distance, and every infraction of this rule was inexorably punished by the cold shoulder; moreover, they were fleeced at every step, the very shoes which were issued to them being found, when the packages were opened at sea, where redress was impossible, to be ladies' shoes. Eelking does not mention this, but the indignant diaries and journals of the sufferers do so. At last, followed by the scorn of their neighbors and accompanied by the contempt of their allies, they were crowded into transports, and were buffeted by the gales of the North Atlantic towards an enemy who made ready to welcome them with something more effective than imprecations, as the very first order they received on landing goes to show. This order enjoined the removal of all silver, gilt, and conspicuous ornaments and trimmings from their uniforms, so as to lessen the risk incurred in attracting the attention of the American riflemen; an order imbued with salutary prevision, and one which doubtless caused the pious Waldeckers to transfer as speedily as possible their hymn books from knapsack to left breast pocket, to serve as corporeal breastworks. Thus were these awe-inspiring warriors stripped of their feathers and deprived of the consolations of religion at the outset.

It is ludicrous, in the light of events, to look back at the sensation among the Americans which was caused by "the Hessians;" for under this name all the six contingents were lumped. The case was a genuine one of *omne ignotum pro*

magnifico. Their approach caused consternation, and long before the fleet had reached "the raging forties" the mothers of the republic were putting them to use in quelling the rebellions of their nurseries. The dread of these troops arose from an assumption that men of their stamp would give no quarter; a belief illustrated by the refusal of captured Americans to surrender to Germans in the first encounter, which occurred on Long Island. Yet within one hundred days thereafter public opinion had undergone a change, as is shown by the following extract from Corporal Reuber's diary: "Big and little, young and old, looked at us sharply. The old women cried out that we ought to be hanged for coming to America to rob them of their freedom; others brought us bread and wine. Washington had ordered our American guard to march us through the whole city, but the mob was so rough and threatening that the commander said, 'Dear Hessians, we'll go to the barracks,' and then drove the mob off."

The explanation of this revulsion of sentiment on the part of our old women is to be found in the affair of Trenton, which had occurred only ten days before, and which was a very inglorious one on the part of the Hessians. Rall, a brave and soldierly man, but a great blusterer, headstrong and unfitted for his position, lay at this place with his brigade, a company of Yägers, or riflemen, a small body of light dragoons, and a battery of six fieldpieces. These forces were divided by the Assanpink, a large stream. The troops were in houses, with their arms piled outside. The guns were parked in the middle of the village, and though the Americans occupied the country on the opposite bank of the Delaware, no outworks were thrown up, the flanks and rear remained unprotected, no reconnaissances were pushed, nor was constant communication with Donop at Bordentown maintained; and, worst feature of all, the cautions of the old and

experienced Von Dechow were brusquely rejected. "Let them come. What, out-works! We'll meet them with the bayonet. . . . I hope that Washington himself will come over, that he may be taken prisoner." For several days the rumor had run that this was the very thing Washington then had in mind, and the Americans themselves had conveyed a strong hint to that effect by a sharp reconnoitring attack. Yet Rall's disdain of his enemy remained unruffled, and, in spite of positive information of the American preparations and of reiterated warnings, he weakened his right wing at the Pennington Hills, and thus walked into the pitfall which Washington had dug for him. The disaster so richly merited was complete and irretrievable; in two hours all was over. Rall paid with his life for his self-will; and well it was that he did so, for Munchhausen, Howe's adjutant-general, asserted that had he not lost his life, he would have lost his head. The Hessian loss was 963 out of 1361 men and the Yagers. The American loss was two killed, four or five wounded, and two frozen. This frightful disparity tells the story.

If the Hessian fiasco at Trenton was serious, that of the Brunswickers at Bennington was ludicrous. Burgoyne ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Baum to make a hurried march to Bennington, partly to gather supplies, and partly to make a diversion in favor of Colonel St. Leger's movement on Fort Stanwix by preventing Arnold from reinforcing the garrison. Baum was to seize at least 1300 horses, and the Brunswick dragoons were to go with him on foot, in order to ride back the horses that he was to capture. They were utterly unsuited for the rapid march necessary for success. They were equipped with long, heavy riding-boots with big spurs, thick leathern breeches, heavy gauntlets, a hat with a tall feather, at the side of each a strong sabretasche and a short, heavy carbine, while a big pigtail was an important part of this

extraordinary costume. The poor dragoons had already been the laughing-stock of the army, and now they were to carry their supplies along with them. Instead of getting 1300 horses they met 1800 men, who were not troubled by the compunctions that paralyzed Macduff's weapon when he exclaimed,

"I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms

Are hir'd to bear their staves,"

but who, upon recovering from their astonishment, and regaining the gravity which for a moment had been upset by the apparition of "these warlike men," set upon the intruders, and made short work with them.

When the surrender of Burgoyne occurred, a few weeks after, the Hessians and those of the Brunswickers that were left were marched off, as prisoners of war, to join their brethren who had preceded them from Trenton, and to be joined, still later, by those captured at Red Bank and other places. Thus, within a year a large part of the subsidiary troops of 1776, north and south of the St. Lawrence, had been united, and were safe and sound in American prisons, or were serving as peaceful hinds upon the farms they were brought over to devastate; and whatever the illusions which had once lent terror to the Hessian name, these were now dissipated forever in America.

The depleted ranks of the contingents were more or less supplied, yearly, by fresh levies from home. Eelking repeatedly speaks favorably of their discipline, by which he seems to mean merely the submission of the men to their superiors; and their conduct in pitched battle does not appear to be censurable. They were employed, whenever practicable, in relieving English garrisons, by which substitution better men were enabled to take the field. In looting and bootygathering they were unsurpassed, as Döhla sets forth with great particularity, while in wanton burning of villages

they nearly attained the bad eminence of the English; the burning and plundering of Springfield, New Jersey, being almost as wanton as were the firing and devastation of Kingston, New York. The officers of the two races composing the British army were continually complimenting each other, but rank and file indulged in more emphatic and more direct expression. The Germans, on their side, hated and feared the English, who met these feelings with supreme contempt, and who, when not making the Hessians their laughing-stocks, made them their scapegoats.

Taking the work of Eelking as a faithful reflection of the spirit and sentiment of the subsidiary troops, we cannot but be glad that this contribution to the literature bearing upon the Revolution has been made, and assuredly we are indebted to the author for supplying what was greatly needed, an exposition of the whole subject by which a comprehensive view is obtained, and the relations of this subordinate element to the principal one become certain and defined. Eelking sets at rest, too, any misgivings we may have had respecting the opinion of these mercenaries entertained by our forefathers. It is quite natural that they should have been feared when unknown, and unfearful when known: in the former case they were regarded with the terror which the imagination always bestows upon the invader, and in the latter with the con-

temptuous indifference which the victor bears toward the vanquished. How many remained in this country after the war is still undetermined. Eelking does not fail to record the instances of those who, rejecting Yankee temptation, rejoined their colors, but he is silent concerning those who bowed in the house of Rimmon. One thing is certain,—that we took the lion's share of the "missing." The influence these men exerted upon the art of war in Europe must not be overlooked: they took back with them, and they impressed upon the Continental armies, the conviction that greater attention should be given henceforth to dispersed formations. The revolution in tactics, stimulated by the invention of the iron ramrod, is going on under the same cause, namely, the improvement of gunnery, and still in the same direction, the dispersion of lines.

The great benefit of the Hessian service in America was that which it bestowed, not upon the art of war or the science of human destruction, but upon humanity at large. It was the conviction among the European peoples that mercenaries are dear at any price, and that, be their effectiveness as soldiers what it may, it is more than counterbalanced by the adverse moral effect of so sordid an alliance. Mercenaries have fallen into disrepute, and civilization has gained thereby, and this base traffic may be said to have got its deathblow upon American soil.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Joan of Arc, by Lord Ronald Gower, F. S. A. (Imported by Scribners.) Recent English lives of Joan of Arc are not lacking, but they are neither so numerous nor so important as to render superfluous another essay in the same field. The materials which have

been placed at the disposition of the Maid's historians within a generation are not only voluminous, but are, even without considering the distance of time, extraordinarily clear and definite in character. One need only refer to the great work of Quicherat, supplemented by Fabre, not to mention oth-

ers of less note, and Wallon's invaluable, though, truth to tell, rather heavy biography. Lord Ronald Gower has made a diligent study of these authorities. He has a very genuine enthusiasm for his subject, and though in the matter of literary style he is somewhat of an amateur, he has produced a readable, well-proportioned, and trustworthy record of one of the most inspired and inspiring lives in all history. He is, however, a careful and sympathetic narrator of facts rather than a student of the profoundly interesting historical, religious, and psychological problems connected therewith. The volume—a handsome one in its typography and make-up—is well illustrated by etchings and photo-etchings of places memorable in the history of the Maid.—The French Revolution, by Charles Edward Mallet. University Extension Manuals. (Scribners.) An admirable handbook, so well arranged and well written that the enforced limitation in space does not lead to baldness of style, nor to any want of lucidity and precision in the narrative. After setting forth the political and economic condition of eighteenth-century France, and explaining the immediate causes of the Revolution, the writer traces the course of public affairs from the meeting of the States-General to the establishment of the Directory, incidentally giving clearly outlined sketches of the principal actors therein. The book is eminently fair and temperate in tone, and seeks neither to belittle the evils of the *Ancien Régime*, nor to palliate the enormities of the Terror. The author does not attempt to tell for the hundredth time what may be called the story of the French Revolution,—some knowledge of which is taken for granted on the part of the reader,—but to summarize in an easily accessible form information and suggestions to be found in the more important and philosophic histories and commentaries, to the study of which this little volume will, we think, often prove an incentive.—Napoleon, Warrior and Ruler, and the Military Supremacy of Revolutionary France, by William O'Connor Morris. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) Mr. Morris believes that the most trustworthy judgments which have been pronounced on Napoleon were those formed by the writers who flourished between 1830 and 1860, and

in reading the earlier portion of his book one finds a revival of the feeling existing when Thiers began his History, and his hero's second funeral made its progress from St. Helena to Paris. But the writer, with all his hearty admiration for his subject, is a conscientious historian, and midway in his task he begins, at first reluctantly, and later with more emphasis, to admit the existence of such shadows in the picture he is giving us as will, we think, by their contrast somewhat confuse the unsophisticated reader. Of course a biography of this length of so crowded a life can be but an outline sketch; but the author can condense skillfully, and his rapid but intelligent survey of the Napoleonic campaigns is very well done, though some of his conclusions in regard to the battle of Waterloo may be open to question. Special mention should be made of the clear impression given throughout the work of the mutual attitude of Napoleon and his powerful, constant, and never-conquered enemy. The unmilitary aspects of the Emperor's career are more slightly treated, and his private life is but briefly glanced at. However little we may share the writer's enthusiasm, we must own that it has helped to make his book one of the most spirited and interesting volumes of the series to which it belongs. We must utter a mild protest against the version given of the famous words spoken at the battle of the Pyramids. Napoleon never made so inadequate a use of a rhetorical opportunity as "forty generations" would have been.—The Story of Poland, by W. R. Morfill. The Story of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) A book not only excellent in itself, but having a special value in view of the superficial and fragmentary knowledge of its subject which prevails even amongst tolerably well-informed readers. The author, whose work, we need not say, bears marks of thorough and accurate scholarship, traces the whole course of Polish history, dwelling upon the more striking and noteworthy episodes, and passing rapidly over less important details. That the country which held in the seventeenth century the position of the great power of eastern Europe should, before the close of the eighteenth, have disappeared from the commonwealth of nations is to many a hard matter to understand. To these readers the picture here given of the social con-

dition of Poland — its oligarchic nobles, intolerant priesthood, alien middle class, and enslaved peasantry — will show that disintegration and decay were at work even when the body politic seemed most vigorous. An interesting and suggestive chapter is devoted to Polish literature. — A fourth edition appears of Dr. Henry Charles Lea's masterly work on Superstition and Force. In this study the learned author treats of *The Wager of Law*, *The Wager of Battle*, *The Ordeal and Torture*. It would be a most melancholy commentary on human infirmity were it not so historical, not to say antiquarian, in its character. But as physiologists tell us of processes in the human frame which are the survivals of earlier stages of development, so Dr. Lea is able to point out traces in contemporaneous law of these abandoned processes of human society. — *The Story of the Atlantic Telegraph*, by Henry M. Field. (Scribners.) When the transatlantic cable was first known to be a success, Dr. Field set forth in a modest volume the history of his brother's achievement. Now, twenty-seven years later, the death of Cyrus W. Field gives occasion for a fuller account of the enterprise. The story has never been allowed to grow unfamiliar, and Dr. Field's excellent new presentation of it ought to fix it more permanently than ever in men's minds. It is a story the world cannot afford to give up in days when deeds of high enterprise become more and more limited to the stock exchange. Dr. Field does not slight the part finance played in the undertaking, nor does he fail to give a vivid impression of that yet greater factor of success, the overpowering will which brought men and the elements at length into the service of the world. A spirit of fairness to all, no less than of stanch brotherly loyalty, marks the book.

Poetry and the Drama. *The Dread Voyage, Poems*, by William Wilfred Campbell. (Toronto, William Briggs.) Thoreau's saying that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation" is comforting in comparison with the poem which gives this volume its title; yet Mr. Campbell's nearness to nature in some of his verses, the lyrical grace of others, and again their vigor, leave one quite without a feeling of despair regarding his book. There is something too much of strenuousness in thought

and phrase to give the volume any quality of repose. Such, however, could not have been Mr. Campbell's purpose; else he would never have chosen the subject of one of the longer poems, *Unabsolved*. It is the dying confession of a man of one of the expeditions for Franklin's relief, who, at the farthest northern point, alone saw signs of the lost explorers, and out of cowardice did not tell his leader. The dramatic possibilities in the story of the rest of that man's life are not hard to see, and Mr. Campbell, but for some blunders in the structure of his narrative, makes excellent use of them. It is in the far north, by the way, that Mr. Campbell's verse seems most at home. And why should we not have a Boreal Muse? — *Ranch Verses*, by William Lawrence Chittenden. (Putnams.) "Larry" Chittenden, as the book's cover invites us to call him, has apparently not always been a ranchman, for the joys and disappointments of the East have tempted him into verse quite as often as the mysteries of "cow-punching." Nevertheless a hearty Western spirit gives the book such individuality as it has. It might have had more, if mere facility, rather than poetic power, were not clearly the writer's gift. — *Songs and Sonnets, and Other Poems*, by Maurice Francis Egan. (McClurg.) It is usually hard to separate a new book of verse from the mass of its kind, to point out any really distinguishing quality. Mr. Egan's volume is not a collection of religious poems, yet what one will remember about it is the clear note of devout Roman Catholicism, the genuine religious feeling, which rings through the book. It is grateful now and then to find a volume, failing even of rare poetic value, yet possessing something which belongs peculiarly to itself. — *In the Shade of Ygdrasil*, by Frederick Peterson, M. D. (Putnams.) One does not learn from this book that Ygdrasil, in Norse mythology, is the ash-tree which binds together heaven, earth, and hell; nor do the verses convince one that their writer has spent most of his life under the tree's branches. The light that has fallen on his page, through whatever leaves it came, wavers from strength to weakness. Some of the verses would not be at all out of place in a work of the higher order; but by their side are lines which drag Dr. Peterson's little volume to a level not far removed

from the average. — Horatian Echoes, Translations of the Odes of Horace, by John Osborne Sargent. (Houghton.) The combination of a little Latin and less poetry sets many persons translating Horace. Thorough scholarship and skill in verse separate the few good translations from the many, and among the few are certainly some of Mr. Sargent's. Fortunately, he made no grave attempts to reproduce the Latin rhythms. It would have been better if he had never departed from the simplest forms. Prior could beg of his Chloe, —

"Let us like Horace and Lydia agree,
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me;"

but the very sublimest of writers of English light verse have had a struggle to keep their dactyls and anapests from leading them into either stumbling or sing-song. Mr. Sargent in general chose the least ambitious of English measures, and translated with accuracy and melody. A lifelong lover of Horace does a good work in leaving behind him such a book as Mr. Sargent's. It is by the help of such books — if the graceful conclusion of the translator's introductory verses may be turned against himself — that

"The Roman Swan is wafted where
The Roman Eagles never flew."

— *Barberine, and Other Comedies*, by Alfred de Musset. (Chicago, Charles H. Sergel & Co.) The trail of the French-English Dictionary is upon these six comedies rendered into English. The translation is none too careful; the printing is not careful enough. But the translator has the better of the printer in that his name is not given. — *Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen*. A Collection of some of the Master's best known Dramas, condensed, revised, and slightly rearranged for the Benefit of the Earnest Student, by F. Anstey. (Macmillan.) Punch has had nothing so deliciously funny as this satire since the first series of Mr. Burnand's Happy Thoughts. Mr. Anstey has condensed a year's criticism of Ibsen in this little volume. It is, to be sure, insular criticism; and after all the fun has been poked at the Scandinavian philosopher, the one who laughs hardest will still return to the problems in art and philosophy which Ibsen propounds. But what quintessence of wit is there here, in place

of the dreary diatribes against the Ibsen school!

Art and Illustrations. The Genesis of Art Form, by George Lansing Raymond. (Putnam's.) "Classify and conquer" is the author's heroic motto. In living up to it he shows how all art, music, poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture are merely coördinated expressions of the same principles. His pages, in consequence, have a peculiarly variegated look. Opening the book at one place, for example, the reader takes in at a glance parts of the music and the words of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, a Vitruvian scroll, and a section of an ornamented doorway from Khorsbad, Chaldea; going back a page, he finds a bit of The Passing of Arthur, and, a page ahead, a landscape by Turner. Keats generalized and conquered in the field on which Dr. Raymond is engaged when he said, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty;" but the conqueror by classification could never add, "That is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

— We again call attention to the even excellence of the successive numbers of *L'Art* (Macmillan) as seen in the fortnightly issues of the past three months. A group of Van Ostade's pictures illustrative of Holland; abundant examples of the art in the Paris Salon of 1893; engravings and etchings after Singleton and Sir Joshua Reynolds (The Ladies Waldegrave); architectural drawings; studies in charcoal; notes on the Madrid exhibition; a paper on Poussin; notes on books, music, and the drama, — these are some of the contents which make the periodical both a record of contemporary art and an historical review. — *Modern Painting*, by George Moore. (Scribners.) One of the best things Mr. Moore says in this book is that "the criticism of a creative artist never amounts to more than an ingenious defense of his own work." One may then know the nature of a man's creative work from his criticism? A novelist of Mr. Moore's vein — he is better known as novelist than painter — would naturally be expected to say many of the things Mr. Moore says about art. The burden of them is an arraignment of England, especially in contrast with France, as a horrid, Philistine land, dominated in artistic matters by a *bourgeois* royalty and a commercial Academy. There may be more truth in all this than many a loyal Briton would

care to admit. Certain it is that Mr. Moore, being confident of his ground, defends it boldly and amusingly, if with a spirit perhaps too aggressively Gallic. In many technical criticisms of individual pictures and men he speaks particularly to artists; yet whether a person who cares for pictures is perfectly sure or not of his *idée plastique*, or even his values, he must find Mr. Moore's remarks definitely suggestive. — Picture and Text, by Henry James. (Harpers.) Mr. James says the pages of the Harper periodicals "have again and again, as it were, illustrated the illustration." This little book carries the process a step farther, and illustrates the illustrator, for it is in the main a collection of Mr. James's happy analyses of the work of several such artists as Abbey and Du Maurier. To these reprinted papers is added another, After the Play, which illustrates neither picture nor text, but is merely a clever talk of clever people about the theatre.

Literature and Literary History. The dainty edition of The Works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, in twelve volumes (J. M. Dent & Co., London), has reached the halfway house in Vilette, which occupies two of the little volumes. Each has a photogravure frontispiece, and each, also, in view of the rather free use of French which Miss Brontë allowed herself to employ in a story whose scene was laid in Belgium, has an appendix with translations of the French phrases, a somewhat superfluous aid to the reader's pleasure. The old-fashioned air of these pretty books is very becoming to them. — The History of Early English Literature, by Stopford A. Brooke. (Macmillan.) The title of this work defines it, for it is the history of a literature, not of a language. Its sub-title gives its scope: Being the History of English Poetry from its Beginnings to the Accession of King Ælfred. Mr. Brooke expresses his hope that it is also the beginning of a history by him of all English poetry. By translating many of the poems, instead of writing about them, Mr. Brooke tries to show what they are, rather than what they are like. If the specialist in philology feels defrauded by treatment of this sort, he may comfort himself with the thought that his labors have made it possible, and that, thanks to

them, hundreds may read Mr. Brooke's work for one that would care to master the philologist's. — There is a break of five hundred years between the point at which Mr. Brooke drops English literature and that at which Bernhard Ten Brink, in the first part of his second volume, takes it up. Ten years ago his first volume appeared in English. This new division of his History of English Literature, translated by William Clarke Robinson, Ph. D. (Holt), has to do with Wyclif, Chaucer, the Earliest Drama, and the Renaissance. Though there is more of the description of works, and less of the works themselves, than in Mr. Brooke's volume, it is also a history of thoughts rather than of words, and brings its aid to the English and American students who seek to know something of the real life of their early ancestors. Before his death Ten Brink brought his work in German up to the time of Queen Elizabeth's accession. — Outlines of English Literature, by William Renton. (Scribners.) One feels like saying with Miss Emily Dickinson,

"It's so unkind of Science
To go and interfere;"

for, like her heaven, which now "is mapped and charted too," English letters receive austere mathematical treatment in this new University Extension Manual. The diagrams with which the author seeks to illuminate his classifications of literature fairly make one's head swim. There are cubes, triangles, intersecting circles, a cycloid, and some isopathic lines, — to which the reader's attention is especially called, — all as inexorable as Euclid. In a Scheme of Historical Succession in American literature, one finds as the step leading on to Humor, represented by Leland, the division Realism tending to Humor, represented by Motley, Twain, and Howells! Such a grouping of names would lead one to think the author capable of almost anything but the really judicious analysis of individual writers which the book also contains. Is the cause of University Extension best served, however, by teaching the learners to believe that literature is a thing to be classified like a collection of birds' eggs, and by showing how one man, at least, can twist every book into a diagram?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Words of Color. As two young men were taking an evening walk, one of them chanced to remark on the noise the frogs were making. His friend, an Englishman not long in America, asked what had been said.

"I said the frogs were in great force to-night; the bullfrog concert, you know."

"It is frogs that make this noise!" exclaimed the other; "and you hear it, too! Thank Heaven! Here I have been thinking for a week past that these sounds were all in my own head, and that I was going crazy."

Although not with the like actual relief, it was yet with great satisfaction that I read in the August Atlantic a Contributor's remarks on the interdependence of sounds and colors. I have all my life felt what is there described, every word having always for me its proper color; and I had not known that any other person shared this whim or habit, but supposed that it was entirely "in my own head." I have never regarded this as an infirmity, in my case, but rather as a compensation for being deficient to an unusual degree in a sense of form. I am unable to shape anything except in mere Chinese imitation of a pattern; I do not distinguish handwriting; I am at a loss to find any article I may seek for, because I have no mental picture of its looks; and alas! I cannot, save rarely in a dream, represent to myself the face of an absent friend. Has the Contributor any lack of this kind?

In the perception of color in words, my palette is differently set from either of those mentioned. With me the vowel *a* is black, *e* is white, *i* red, *o* yellow, and *u* brown. Abraham is a black word, Everett all white, Abyssinia and icicle are red, Solomon is bright yellow, Russia and truth are both brown. It seems to be the accented vowel that gives color to the word; the vowel preceding or following may or may not affect its shade. The obscure *e* has little influence, though Anderson and Carpenter are not so black as Hathaway. Webster and Clement are clearer white than Elbridge, which ends in a tinge of red. *O* appears as the strongest vowel, and such

words as Harold, Gladstone, adorn, and Strathmore are dark gray, nearly black, with a bright ending, as if gilded. Carlyle is not so full a gray, terminating in a bright red. The diphthong *ow* is orange in color, so that while Lowell is a yellow word, lightened a little by the *e* into lemon color, Howells is deep orange, like owl or tower. "Old Grimes is dead," but his color is brighter than that of Smith or Hill, who may be alive.

I have tried to frame a theory or to find a law explaining this matter, but without success; I am met by so many contradictory appearances. For instance, Waldo should be black and gold, but the sound presents itself all yellow; and why then should Walter be almost black? Is it because the *e* has slight effect? There is no blue connected with any sound, unless it may be detected in the purplish color of Detroit, boy, noise, etc. This purple occurs, too, in Louisa and other words of more than two vowels not separated by a consonant.

It would interest me to know if, in the Contributor's scale, the spelling of words interferes with the vowel color. With me it sometimes does so, as thus: Brooks and Fuller, having the same sound, should look alike to the inner eye; but Brooks is uniformly yellow, having *o*, and Fuller's *u* stamps him brown.

Perhaps the chief use of this our "fad" is in helping the memory to arrest fugitive proper names, but it serves us also with common words. For instance, a word would not come at command; in vain its definition was given, and answers suggested. "No, not sauce or spice." "Is it flavor?" "No, no; a longer word than those, and it begins yellow." The sought-for word appeared at last; it was condiment. Here let me say, the stretch or extent of color has some relation to the length of its word. Take Montgomery, for example: the number of syllables might not be remembered, but the spread of color beyond that made by Cook or Jones would be noticeable.

I forgot to say there is no green as well as no blue in my color-box. There is a lilac, produced by some sound of *a* following the vowel *i*, as in the word lilac or Isaac. This is not the color when the *a* comes first, as

in Carlyle before mentioned, where is a distinct black or gray followed by red ; so in admire, abide, activity, and others.

There is much pleasure given by this whim or possession. In reading verse, there is a play of color, akin, I suppose, to modulations in musical compositions, which is not due to the image meant to be produced by the poet, but to the mere sound of the words employed. Take Campbell's verses on *Hohenlinden*. When he tells us that "all bloodless lay the untrodden snow," he sees and makes us see, at near the time of sunset, a vast white expanse of new-fallen snow ; but as I hear or repeat it, on that second line, or beginning with the word "low" in the previous line, is a clear, golden flush of color from the recurrence of the *o* four times. Again, in the even more familiar "Mary had a little lamb," we begin with the demure Mary in black, and go on to gray ; and when we are told that "its fleece was white as snow," I suppose most hearers think of a little creature standing by with very clean, white wool. I can see this, but I also see — or do I hear in the sound of *e*, *i*, and *o*? — a pure white, a vivid red, and a gold color.

In the attempt to write verse there is the pleasure of playing with one's vowels. One may use them all in succession, and describe a face in a picture as "pale, gleaming 'mid soft curls."

It is to be observed that the meaning of a word does not denote, still less command, its color. While white is bright red, green is pure white, snow a clear yellow, blue a smooth brown, and sky is not azure, but vermilion, and I wish I knew why.

I should very much like to know if the Contributor is similarly affected by the color of voices. With me they are never destitute of color. None sound actually black, but there are several shades of gray and of a purplish slate ; the white, too, is not that of words, never snow white or like paper or cloth, but like silver. And, by the way, people often use the expression "a silvery voice." What do they mean by it ? The shrill voices of children are in shades of red ; men's voices, numerous browns, from pale dead leaf down to mahogany. Women often speak in buff. I have heard pink and delicate fawn color and lilac voices ; sometimes these are sadly faded, as if not warranted fast. I hear no yellow voices, but

we know, for we have been told, that it is not speech, but silence that is golden. Considering this, let me now be silent.

— My brother crank, who has
Color ex- tended to the given the Club an account of
Five Senses. his strange habit of associating
color with letters and words, will be glad to learn that he need not reach all the way across the Atlantic to grasp a sympathetic hand. From my earliest childhood I have had colors for most of the letters of the alphabet and for many sounds, but I was not until recently aware that I had a sympathizer in the wide world. The only thing that troubles me is that my friend sees different colors from mine. It is painful to hear a called pale green, when it is red ; *e*, pale red, when it is white ; *i*, lemon or orange yellow, when it is black ; and *o*, indigo, when it is a very light shade of blue. In regard to the color of *u*, he is right in seeing it brown. For most of the consonants I also have colors. Thus, *b* and *w* are green ; *c*, *p*, *s*, and *v* are yellow ; *d* and *m* are almost black ; *f* is white ; and *h* and *k* are red.

Not long ago these peculiarities of mine were mentioned in the presence of a young girl, who was astonished to hear that they were peculiarities at all. She had supposed that every one had colors for letters and words. I talked with her about the matter, and found that she estimated the beauty of a name not, as most of us, by the euphony of its sounds or its romantic associations, but by its color. Thus, *Wirt* was a beautiful name because it bore her favorite color, that of the crape-myrtle. I noticed that she wore this color in her hat. The color of a name depended, with her, upon the color of the vowel in its stressed syllable, the shade being bright for a long vowel, and lighter for a short one. *Rosa*, for example, was bright red, but *Otway* a paler red.

In my own case, I have colors for other sounds besides those of letters and words, though these colors are only two, gray and yellow. A series of colors passing through successively lighter shades into a pale yellow, and thence into a bright yellow, represents exactly the colors of the notes of the musical scale from bass to treble. A woman's voice is a more or less pale yellow ; a cricket's chirp, a bright yellow ; while a man's voice or a bull's bellow has a dark color.

This I know appears very "cranky" to those who are unendowed with our quality; but what will become of my reputation for sanity when I go further, and say that I have colors for the sensations of pain, taste, and odor? Yet I must make a clean breast of it, and confess that my tooth-aches are yellow, and my headaches dark; that vinegar tastes and smells yellow, and that pepper (including red pepper) tastes and smells almost black. Where shall I find a companion in these idiosyncrasies?

I regret that I am utterly unable to offer any explanation of this phenomenon. I once thought that my impressions of the letter-colors were due to a colored card alphabet from which, I am told, I learnt my letters in infancy; but this does not explain my other associations nor the similar experiences of my fellow "seers." The German *Klang-Farbe*, which my Club friend suggests in connection with this, is, I think, innocent of any such associations as ours. Color is above all things prominent for delicate differences, and the word is naturally transferred to express a nice distinction of any sort, as when we speak of the color given to the meaning of a sentence by a nice turn of language.

The Students' — The article on *The Moral Academician*. Revival in France, in the September Atlantic, and the special reference to Vogüé, must be my excuse for a few words regarding Ernest Lavisse.

The Forty Immortals who make up the French Academy are important men in the world of letters. They represent the scholarship, signed and sealed, of a great nation. Into the other learned Academies — of Sciences, and the like — special scholars may enter; but this is the Academy of France, reserved for the chosen Forty.

Surprise was naturally felt when a simple professor of the Sorbonne, whose writings were little known to the general public, was elected to a vacant chair in the Academy. Even now, the press outside of France seems not to understand the true position of this sturdy, open-faced, offhand, hard-working professor. Observant men in France, on the contrary, rank his influence above that of almost any other living Frenchman. They consider that the spirit with which he inspires so many of the French youth is, perhaps, the only present offset to the deadly marasmus which people are beginning to

associate, rightly or wrongly, with the name of Ernest Renan.

Ernest Lavisse was a young member of the University — he had not yet taken his doctor's degree — when the great war of 1870 came to reveal to Frenchmen the selfishness and greed and the irresponsible love of pleasure which were eating away the nation's life. Shortly afterwards, he went to study the history of Prussia on the spot. German scholars were surprised to see in their midst this matter-of-fact Frenchman, patiently and persistently at work among the most neglected documents of their archives. They spoke of him as "the Frenchman who is studying the Mark of Brandenburg." After a time a book appeared from his pen, — a book not likely to become known to others than serious students of history. It treated of the "origins of the Prussian monarchy."

Meanwhile, the student was eking out his income by letters on the Germany of to-day in the *Journal des Débats*. These were conceived in such a spirit of fair, dispassionate observation that only the thoughtful attended to them. Among the mass of readers there was still too much feeling against "the enemy" for them to give ear to lessons drawn for their benefit from German practice. The student was not dazzled with what he saw. He noted the tendency of the new Empire to change its old laborious morals for an easy-going luxury among the higher classes, and the growth of a strongly disciplined socialism among the lower. But, chiefly, he pointed out to his own people that it was the spirit of labor and unselfish love of country which had made the Germans their conquerors.

In a few years other serious works appeared from the same unwearied pen. To those of his countrymen who were willing to read his pages he showed the elements of Prussian success found in their militarism, beginning with the half-mad father of Frederick the Great, and exemplified in all his descendants. It is, perhaps, his volume on the great Frederick which will best reward the study of the general reader who is not greatly interested in the welfare of France as a nation. For, in all his writings, Professor Lavisse has ever before him how best to read a lesson for the present from the experience of the past. He is not of those historians who shut themselves away

from the real life around them, the better to live again the life of ages past. This may have helped to prevent an earlier recognition of his valuable labors among foreign students. But the importance of his teaching of history is light in comparison with the making of history which seems likely to result from it.

On his return to France, Ernest Lavisse was named to a chair of modern history, which he still holds. By the general public he was less heard of than ever. In the University world he soon drew all eyes on himself.

There was no teacher whom the students heard so willingly. In his lectures, as in his books, it is the actual life of our day which he explains, in its needs and defects and in its glorious possibilities. It matters not that he speaks professedly of the events of a past century. He is a professor, as he has been an historian, joined with a journalist. Yet his course shows none of the fireworks of eloquence which draw so many benevolent hearers to the lectures of his fellows. He speaks to the students alone; he demands serious work, such as he himself has given.

His jealous watchfulness over the work of his students has naturally inspired them with confidence in his direction. Little by little, there has sprung up around him the giant Association of University Students, which now numbers many thousands. A Philistine like Francisque Sarecy, a chronicler of *Paris qui s'amuse* for the last thirty years, declares that he knows nothing in our century comparable to the influence of Ernest Lavisse over the youth of France.

It was impossible that the government should not recognize the importance of such a man. Professor Lavisse was a stanch Republican from the beginning. But the ultra-Republicans, who have ruled France to their own advantage for so many years, have vainly tempted him with offers. He has continued to stand aloof from the game of politics, though he has worked hard and with some effect at many needed University reforms. His real work, with which he is content, lies deeper than passing politics.

The first lesson which he draws from history for the benefit of young Frenchmen is that men cannot afford to live for themselves alone. It is egotism, self-indulgent, cowardly, heartless, that has brought France

within an ace of her ruin. This is a direct condemnation of the literature which is built up on the principle of "art for the sake of art." Literature and art are for the sake of life, and life is not for self.

The second lesson follows naturally. It is the lesson of patient labor and lofty ambition; man must have an ideal, and live for it. This is against the spirit of empty and scornful dreaming over life and its mysteries with which Renan inspired nearly all the younger men of his day. In the eulogy of his predecessor in the Academy, which custom demanded of Professor Lavisse on his reception to the vacant chair, he summed up tersely a career based on truer principles:—

"Admiral Jurien de la Gravière did in this world what he ought to do; he went into the next world tranquilly."

His final lesson, beyond which a man in his place should hardly be expected to go, is the necessity of an earnest and enlightened patriotism. It is this which makes his influence over the students of such importance to the future of France. He said to them, not long since, words which they received with frenzied applause:—

"As for me, I well know that if I withdrew from myself certain feelings and certain ideas, the love of my native soil, the long remembrance of our forefathers, the joy of finding my own soul in their thoughts and their actions, in their history and their legend; if I did not feel myself part of one whole, whose origin is lost in the mists, and whose future is without limit; if I did not thrill to the singing of the national hymn; if I had not for the flag the worship of a pagan for his idol which wishes incense, and on certain days hecatombs; if there should grow up in me forgetfulness of our national sorrows,—truly, I should no longer know what I am, nor what I do in this world. I should lose the chief reason for living."

To the colder Anglo-Saxon this may seem to smack too much of French enthusiasm. But it is essentially different from the French Radicalism which, in the name of the Revolution, would root up all the past of France, including what remains of religion and morality, to make everything new according to some system written on paper.

Perhaps the theorists of universal peace may make their reserves about a peculiar-

ity of the new spirit. This is the hearty recognition of the necessity of war, as a consequence of healthy national life. It supposes that the evils of war are less than those of selfishness triumphant in a whole nation, and that patriotism alone can furnish the motives necessary to self-sacrifice on the part of the community at large. The discussion of this would lead too far afield. It belongs to the sphere of Melchior de Vogüé, who shares with Professor Lavisse the directing influence in the new movement of minds in France.

With Variations.

—Some twenty-five years ago there was a style of musical composition much in vogue known as "variations." It appeared in dozen-paged sheets entitled *Home, Sweet Home* — with Variations; *Coming through the Rye* — with Variations; *Let Me Kiss Him for his Mother* (also "with Variations"); and scores of others, all "with Variations." The distinctive plan of these compositions — and whatever their individual characteristic, they were, as a whole, without variation — consisted, first, in a brace or two of banging prelude, closely followed by a simple little air that somebody else had written. This definitely announced the theme to be "variated," which was next heard behind a thin screen of artfully arranged arpeggios. Then it donned a deep disguise in the bass, to become barely recognizable in the treble with trills, ditto in bass, in the treble with runs, ditto in bass, and finally lost itself in a company of crashing chords so overpowering that one could not be certain whether the original air had been *Coming through the Rye* or *Let Me Kiss Him for his Mother*.

A similar sort of treatment has now invaded the art of letters; that is to say, it has affected the entire twenty-six, as well as the select seven to be found upon the piano keyboard. It does n't nowadays satisfy a writer to say merely, "One summer morning, fine and early, I was walking through the woods." He immediately goes on (taking the word "early" as his keynote), "The sun had not been long above the horizon, and the air was yet fragrant with last night's dew." Then, with "fine" and "summer" as texts, he tells us, "Everywhere were the green and luxuriant footprints of light-stepping Summer." Starting next from (1) "I," (2) "walking," and (3) "woods," he informs us, "As my

feet pressed the soft moss, faint forest odors filled the air, the crackle of a dry stick was heard, and a startled gray squirrel scampered up the giant oak on my left." *Da capo*, "On such a glorious morning I was glad simply to be alive, as were we all, — young-risen sun, trees, flowers, moss, and little gray squirrel."

After so diluting and further diluting an idea, it is hard to tell just what degree of strength it may originally have possessed.

The strength of the writer, it is, however, more easy to determine.

The Inheritance of the Centaur. — In listening to the lilt and sway of conversation in the

Spanish language, I have often been struck by the resemblance it bears to the trampling of many horses. A certain cantering cadence is characteristic of the easy flow of speech, where all is harmonious, and the topics discussed are, as it were, on the highway. But when it is the fervid eloquence of the Spanish political orator that is under consideration, or the mixed cries and resonances of a Spanish quarrel on the streets, the similitude may even be carried so far as to suggest the cavalry charge. All this might go to show that a nation which has for more than a thousand years lived on horseback must feel the impress which belongs to a race of riders, whose every gathering is a cavalcade, and with whom every battle is a "storm of steeds." Nor is this impress restricted to special classes. Any one who has witnessed an encounter between two Spanish beggars in the plaza, or market-place, must have noted with what fervor of courtesy each one calls the other *caballero*, and seeks to atone by lofty speech and stately gesture for the unpardonable sin of being on foot!

Spanish literature teems with pictures of gayly caparisoned horses mounted by men who ride like centaurs; while, to proceed to a modern illustration, the grace and ease of the cowboy, or, still more, of the prairie Indian, are by imitation derived direct from his Mexican neighbor, to whom has descended the gift of equitation, as has also the mustang steed whereon he rides.

Lieutenant Revere, writing of California in the *ante-aurum* days, when Indian, Mexican, and Californian lived and had their being on horseback, relates a mishap which befell the governor of a province. This dignitary, having for once ventured on

foot from the *residencia* to the billiard-room on the other side of the street, fell down and broke his leg, from some cause which history fails to mention. His exclamation revealed his habits, — "Caramba ! eso es camina sobre tierra." (This is what comes of walking on the ground !) And Lieutenant Revere here reinforces his views by another anecdote, scarcely so credible, in which a carpenter in a Mexican village was sent to Coventry because he could n't shove the jack-plane on horseback !

Turning to Spanish literature, what do we see in the famous ballads translated by Lockhart but a history of the loves, adventures, and combats of mounted men ? Nay, more, a not inconsiderable space is devoted to a ballad in which the horse Babieca is the sole character, as in many other poems he is the chief hero. The Avenging Childe is a mounted homicide. Lara, Mudarra, and heroes of every sort and degree, including Bernardo del Carpio and King Roderic himself, wore ornaments of the cavalry of the period. The foot soldier, if any such existed, was probably that discomfited warrior, a dismounted cavalryman, who did much of the fighting, but gained neither glory nor booty. The Wandering Knight, whose plaint is one of the gems of this collection, does his wandering astride his war-horse, and is actually depicted in the accompanying illustration as riding between sea and mountain, in the act of "kissing thy token" — on horseback. The doings and happenings of the Cid are very fully recorded ; but if that personage ever dismounted or stood upon the ground, no mention is made of the circumstance ! Among the Moors, Calaynos and Gazul the bull-fighter, or picador, appeared on mettled chargers, which were largely responsible for their prowess.

For something like two thousand years the Spanish horse was bestrode by Celt and Roman, Goth and Christian, varying in name, not at all in their deeds or habits, which were simply those of rough riders. No trait of the Spaniard of olden time, as illustrated in the characteristics of Cortez, Pizarro, or their followers, remains so indelibly fixed upon Mexican and South American as does this same habitude of horse-flesh. The clang and clatter of myriad hoofs resound in almost every verse of

Spanish heroic poetry ; and even Charles V. is painted on horseback, by Titian, for the Galeria Real of Madrid, probably the only equestrian picture that Titian ever painted.

Don Quixote, although the avowed purpose of the ætiology of this personage was the destruction of a fantastic chivalry whereof the horse was a central figure, goes forth on that mission mounted upon Rosinante, whose fame nearly equaled his own. Even the pathetic tilt against the windmills, typical of so much valorous but hopeless endeavor, was enacted with Rosinante, who was the chief sufferer in the episode. All this communion of man and horse could not fail to produce results ; it would be impossible that two animals so inseparably united should not resemble each other, from mere force of habit as well as community of interest ; and we may recognize something of the horse's honesty of purpose — shall we say deficient subtlety ? — on the part of his long-time rider, the Spaniard, when the latter is contrasted with the lissome-witted Italian, who seldom rides. Spain's heroes, in the days "when Spain had heroes," have indeed too often rushed like the "unthinking horse" into battle ; even their warfare partook too often of the kind of strategy which simply hurls thunderbolt after thunderbolt, masses of men and horses against men and horses, to the end that the prowess of the individual knight came to outvalue all considerations of war as a science. Furthermore, we learn from Don Quixote that the romance writers of three hundred years ago actually lied on horseback, as it were, their heroes being knights-errant who rescued maidens, punished tyrants,

"And made all giants dance !"

But with the advancement of those great moral ideas which culminated in the Peace Society, — when swords came to be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks, — the occupation of knight-errantry, like other forms of irregular justice, passed away. Let us hope, however, that the day is far distant when readers, young and old, will cease to feel an absorbing interest in the doings of that centaur we call Chivalry, or in that language which seems so fitly to describe and typify the Horse and the Rider.

